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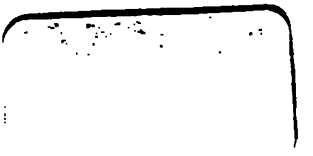

Yours very faithfully
Carlisle

The Collegial Speeches and Address, Lectures and Poems

OF THE LATE

EARL OF CARLISLE, K.G.

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

J. J. GASKIN,

AUTHOR OF "GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY MADE INTERESTING," &c.

Dublin:

McGLASHAN & GILL, 50, UPPER SACKVILLE STREET.

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Printed at the University Press,
BY M. H. GILL.

TO

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF SUTHERLAND

This Volume

OF

THE LATE EARL OF CARLISLE'S

SPEECHES, ADDRESSES, LECTURES, AND POEMS,

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY

HER GRACE'S

MOST FAITHFUL AND MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

JAMES J. GASKIN.

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PREFACE.

"We conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them; sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
And make the impossibility they feel."

THE Author respectfully presents this Volume, containing the Speeches, Addresses, Lectures, and Poems of the late Earl of Carlisle, to the Noblemen, Ladies, Gentlemen, and "Etonians" whose names appear on the Subscription List*—a roll of subscribers which in number, and in the social position and literary eminence of its names, has never been surpassed—to all of whom the Author tenders his most grateful thanks.

To the Noblemen and Gentlemen who contributed to the "Publication Fund" his thanks are most especially due, as well as to the Archbishops, Bishops, and Clergy who have honoured this work with their patronage and support.

The difficult and arduous task of collecting and arranging the Viceregal Addresses, and the various subjects treated of, might well have discouraged a less sanguine temperament, and deterred the Author from proceeding with an undertaking which necessarily involved much labour and continued research.

---

* See Appendices.

No labour has been spared to render the work worthy of the memory of the good Lord Carlisle, and a faithful record of his official life.

The classification of the Speeches has been adopted with a view to render the subject matter more intelligible to the reader, and for facility of reference. The Introduction contains a commentary on the official career of Lord Carlisle; on his Viceregal Speeches; on his Statesmanship; on his Scholastic Attainments, Literary Productions, and Parliamentary Career. His Lordship's Lecture on the Poetical Works of Gray, his Oxford Prize Poems, and his arguments on the supposed claim of Bounar Bachi to be considered the veritable site of Troy, have been added as an Appendix to the Introduction.

The Author hopes that his humble but earnest efforts, and his ardent zeal to make the work as complete as possible, will justify the general encouragement he has received from the first announcement of his intention to publish the work till its final completion. This favourable reception is solely to be ascribed to the high estimation in which his fellow-countrymen of all denominations held the genial nature and amiable qualities of the late Earl of Carlisle.

During the entire period of Lord Carlisle's official connexion with Ireland, the Author was honoured with his patronage and abiding friendship. He trusts, therefore, that he will be excused for giving the following brief narrative of the commencement and continuance of the friendly relations which subsisted between that lamented nobleman and himself.

In the year 1835, National Education in Ireland was yet in its infancy. Lord Carlisle, then Lord Morpeth, and Chief Se-

cretary for Ireland, accompanied the Lord Lieutenant, Earl of Mulgrave (the late Marquis of Normanby), on his first visit to the Normal Model School at Mornington House, Lower Merrion-street, Dublin, the birthplace of the illustrious Duke of Wellington, which was opened under the management of the eminent professor and teacher, Dr. MacArthur, and of Mr. Lawler, now Inspector of National Schools. The Author, then an humble youth, who had been selected to give instruction to one of the classes in the establishment, had the gratification of receiving from both noblemen on the occasion the highest commendation for the system of *vivâ voce* examination adopted by him in the course of his teaching. On several subsequent occasions Lord Carlisle expressed similar approbation. Thus, at this early period of his life, he had the happiness to attract the attention of this gifted and kind-hearted nobleman.

In 1837, at the suggestion of Lord Morpeth and the late Archbishop Whately, the Author, while yet a mere boy, was appointed to instruct the teachers, then in training, in his method of teaching geography, history, &c., by inductive interrogation—a system of instruction which afterwards called forth the flattering approbation of many of the highest personages in the British Empire, including his Royal Highness the late Prince Consort, Lady Noel Byron, Miss Edgeworth, Harriet Martineau, Combe and Spurzheim, the eminent phrenologists, and Turner, the great painter. In 1841 Lord Morpeth, who never lost sight of an occasion to promote the advancement of the boy whom he had heard teaching in Mornington House, wrote from the Irish Office, London, to the Right Hon. Anthony Richard Blake, Chief Remembrancer of the Irish Exchequer, and one of the Commissioners

of National Education in Ireland, to ascertain if the Author would be willing to go to London, to acquire "Wilhem's Scientific System of Vocal Instruction," then being developed there by Hullah, under the Committee of Privy Council for Education (in order to qualify himself for carrying out Lord Carlisle's special desire and purpose of introducing that popular system of vocal culture into Ireland); and having received a reply in the affirmative, his Lordship remitted a cheque for £50 towards defraying the expenses. The opportunity, thus auspiciously presented, of acquiring an honourable and useful profession, was cheerfully embraced.

On the day of his arrival in London, February 7th, 1841, the Author received the following letter:—

"Lord Morpeth is glad to hear of Gaskin having arrived. In the course of this afternoon he had better go to Battersea—a village three miles from London—ask for Dr. Kay,* and present to him the enclosed note, or to one of his family, if he is absent. Lord Morpeth is sorry he cannot come to see him now, but he will hope to do so before long. . . . . Lord Morpeth earnestly trusts he will keep out of harm and temptation, and not abuse the confidence he has placed in his discretion.

"*Feb. 7th*, 1841."

After a due course of study and training under Mr. Hullah, and a constant attendance at the Norwood Industrial School, the Greenwich Naval Schools, the Battersea Educational Institute, and the Choral Classes at Exeter Hall, and also having paid a visit to Paris, to observe and compare the system as carried out in the various Schools, and Orpheon Societies of the French Capital, the Author returned to Ireland, and devoted himself zealously and

* Now Sir James Phillips Kay Shuttleworth, Bart., late Secretary to Committee of Privy Council for Education.

successfully to the introduction and general diffusion of Wilhem's effective and scientific method of musical instruction.*

During the course of his professional career, nothing has been more grateful to his feelings than the continued and unvarying friendship of Lord Carlisle, who was the means of shaping and directing that career.

The following letters clearly manifest the sincere interest his Lordship felt in the prosperity and professional success of his *protegé*.

Having been some time occupied with the formation of the "Royal Irish Choral Society," the Author received the following letters of congratulation :—

"CASTLE HOWARD, *Jan.* 12, 1843.

"DEAR GASKIN,

"Many thanks for your enclosures, and the best wishes for the new year. . . . . I am very glad to hear you have had so favourable a reception in high quarters. If you happen to have my last letter on the subject [choral music] still by you, have the goodness to enclose it to me, and I will return it.

"Very faithfully yours,

"MORPETH."

"TRENTHAM, STAFFORDSHIRE, *June*, 1846.

"DEAR MR. GASKIN,

"I have indeed had great pleasure in reading of those marks of honourable appreciation you have received in connexion with the spread of choral music in Ireland.

"Very faithfully yours,

"MORPETH."

---

* "COUNCIL OFFICE, WHITEHALL, *Oct.* 22, 1842.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have written to the Commissioners of Education on your behalf; but, if it will be any satisfaction to you to receive from me the expression of my confidence that your recent visit to England has qualified you to teach the method of Wilhem, I readily express my conviction that you are prepared to introduce it into the Model Schools of Ireland.

"I cannot do so without adding that I trust your visit to England will have given

The Author's work on "Geography and History made Interesting," based on the inductive system of interrogation practised by him at the Model Schools, Mornington House, so much admired and commended by Lord Carlisle, being ready for publication, he requested permission to dedicate the work to his Lordship, and received the following reply :—

"LONDON, *May* 16, 1846.

"DEAR GASKIN,

"I accept the Dedication with very great pleasure.

"Faithfully yours,

"MORPETH."

"*DEDICATION.*

"TO THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT MORPETH,

"Whose literary tastes and high lineage are only surpassed by his benevolent exertions to carry out the maxim that 'to educate is to govern.'"

The year 1847—the famine year—was a period of great privation and suffering in Ireland. Misery and desolation overspread the land. The trading, mercantile, and professional classes equally felt the fearful pressure of this awful visitation. The Author's profession is of all others peculiarly liable to suffer from any serious national calamity or depression. He now feels mingled emotions of pleasure and regret, when calling to mind and recording the thoughtful kindness of his ever-benevolent patron, Lord Carlisle, who, unsolicited, under the impulse of his own kind heart, remitted the Author a cheque for fifty guineas.

---

you a title to respect for the steadiness of your conduct, your amiable manners, and intelligence; nor without expressing a hope that you will be as successful in securing the good wishes and support of your patrons in Dublin as you have been in England.

"I am, dear Sir, very truly yours,

"J. P. KAY.

"*Mr. James J. Gaskin.*"

From this sad era in Ireland's sufferings to the year 1852 [*in the interval Lord Carlisle had succeeded to the Earldom of Carlisle*], Lord Carlisle continued to hold a familiar and friendly correspondence with the Author on the various questions of interest relating to the welfare of Ireland.

One of his Lordship's letters is as follows:—

"CASTLE HOWARD, *Dec.* 18, 1852.

"DEAR MR. GASKIN,

"I was very glad to hear that you approved of my letter, and still more so to find that your discharge of your official duties meets with such honourable recognition.

"Your faithful well-wisher,

"CARLISLE."

After the Earl of Carlisle had been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and previous to his arrival in Dublin, the Author received the following letters:—

"CASTLE HOWARD, *March*, 1855.

"DEAR MR. GASKIN,

"Many thanks for your valuable and suggestive *Heads* and *Hints*. . . . . Your friend the critic treats me most handsomely. I beg to mention that the work was not sent to any of the publishers of papers to my knowledge."*

"Very faithfully yours,

"CARLISLE."

"MY DEAR GASKIN,

"I am extremely pleased to have your useful publications, and gratified by the place I continue to hold in your recollections.

"Yours, very faithfully,

"CARLISLE."

On the resignation of Lord Palmerston's Ministry, the Earl of Carlisle was succeeded by the late Earl of Eglinton as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, March 9th, 1858. In the beginning of May the Author received the following letter:—

---

* "A Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters," by the Earl of Carlisle, Longman and Co.

"CHISWICK, *May* 8, 1858.

"DEAR MR. GASKIN,

"I am extremely obliged by your timely and friendly vindication.*

"Yours faithfully,

"CARLISLE."

Small service is true service, while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, spurn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

On the resignation of the Earl of Derby's Administration, in June, 1859, the Earl of Carlisle was again appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The Author was honoured with the following letters relative to his exertions in vocal culture during the second Viceroyalty of the Earl of Carlisle :—

"DUBLIN CASTLE, *Jan.* 25, 1861.

"DEAR MR. GASKIN,

"I rejoice most sincerely in your success. Just now my time is very much engrossed, but I shall hope to have some opportunity shortly of hearing your Classes.

"Yours truly,

"CARLISLE."

"DUBLIN CASTLE, *Feb.* 27, 1861.

"DEAR MR. GASKIN,

"I regret much that my leisure time in this country has not admitted of my oftener witnessing your exertions in vocal culture. I cordially wish you all success and prosperity.

"Yours very faithfully,

"CARLISLE."

Having composed a work entitled "The History, Theory, and Practice of Vocal Music made Interesting," the Author applied to the Earl of Carlisle for permission to dedicate it to his Lordship, and received the following reply :—

---

* Vide "Dublin Evening Post," May 6th, 1858.

"VICEREGAL LODGE, *Oct.* 19, 1861.

"DEAR MR. GASKIN,

"I shall feel much gratified by the Dedication.

"Very faithfully yours,

"CARLISLE."

Accordingly, the Author inscribed the following

"*DEDICATION.*

"TO HIS EXCELLENCY GEORGE FREDERICK WILLIAM, EARL OF CARLISLE, K.G.,

"Lord Lieutenant General, and General Governor of Ireland, &c. &c.

"MY LORD,

"A life devoted to the noblest and most philanthropic purposes, in raising the standard of our social, moral, and educational institutions—a life of purity, charity, and Gospel benevolence—a life illumined by the sunlight of literary fame and exquisite taste, so worthily employed in adorning the numerous incidents of our growing prosperity—a life on whose every page is written the maxim, '*To educate is to govern*'—a life affectionately wedded to the spirit of *unity* in the regeneration of our country, so happily anticipated by Moore, in the melody—

"'Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in Heaven's sight
One arch of peace.'

—this life, realized in the exalted person of your Lordship, has completely changed the spirit of your ancestral motto, '*Volo non Valeo.*' Under your Lordship's benign rule, every branch of popular knowledge has been advanced—and none more so than vocal music—as an essential branch of primary education. Milton, in his well-known letters on Education, speaks of music, and of 'elegant voices, tuned to religious, martial, or civic ditties, which,' he says, 'if wise men and prophets be not extremely out, have a great power over dispositions and manners, to smoothe and make them gentle from rustic harshness and distempered passions.' In our own day this truth has been more generally received. The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone thus testifies to its humanizing influence:—

"'They who consider music to be a powerless thing, who think it ranks amongst the trifles of existence, are in gross error; because, from the beginning of the world down to

the present time, it has been one of the most forcible instruments both for training, for arousing, and for governing the mind and the spirit of man. The foundations lie deep in our nature; they have been placed there by the Author of that nature; and it is, in an humble sense, doing His work, and cultivating the gifts with which He has endowed us. There was a time when letters and civilization had but begun to dawn upon the world. In that day music was not unknown. On the contrary, it was so far from being a mere servant and handmaid of common and light amusement, that the great and noble art of poetry was essentially wedded to that of music, so much so, that there was no poet who was not a musician; there was no verse spoken in the early ages of the world but that music was adopted as its vehicle, showing thereby the universal consciousness that in that way the straightest and most effectual road would be found to the heart and affections of man. So long as fourteen hundred years ago, the greatest and most eminent of all Christian men, the great St. Augustine, left upon record, as one of the auxiliary instruments of his conversion from Heathenism to become a preacher of the Gospel, the influence which the sweet strains of the Christian Church exercised upon his yet untutored soul.'

"The distinguished patronage and support which your Lordship has so generously bestowed on all our musical and art societies, coupled with heartfelt gratitude for past favours, have induced me to dedicate this work on the Early History, Theory, and Practice of Vocal Music, to your Lordship, whose life is so pleasingly intertwined with the recent history of this country. To pray for its prosperity and the continuance of your life is my duty, as it is my ambition to appear on all occasions

"Your Lordship's
"Most obedient, grateful, and devoted Servant,
"JAMES J. GASKIN."

The Author, having presented Lord Carlisle with a copy of the work, had the honour of receiving the following gracious acknowledgment:—

"VICEREGAL LODGE, *Nov. 26th*, 1861.

"MY DEAR MR. GASKIN,

"I have received your beautiful book. I wish I deserved half the things you so kindly say. I fear you have more than repaid any little kindness I was formerly able to show. . . . . .

"Your honourable career has been essentially your own merit; but my complacency cannot help mixing a slight degree of credit with the genuine satisfaction it has afforded me.

"Yours very faithfully,
"CARLISLE."

Kind and noble Carlisle, thy gracious and valued testimony shall ever remain deeply—indelibly—impressed on the Author's mind.

For some few years longer, during which the Author enjoyed his Lordship's unvarying friendship and confidence, the mild administration of Lord Carlisle continued in Ireland; then followed his Lordship's afflicting malady, consequent resignation, and retirement from the cares of public life to the calm and necessary repose of his ancestral home.

The Author might add a great many incidents, proving the sincere and generous friendship of Lord Carlisle. It will, however, suffice to state that, up to the sad day of his departure from Ireland,* Lord Carlisle continued to favour him with his friendship, kind patronage, and cheering words of advice; and he reasonably hopes to be excused for giving a place in this narrative to personal

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* On the day of Lord Carlisle's final departure from Ireland the Author sent the following letter to his Lordship:—

"My Lord,

"I stood on the 'Carlisle Pier' this morning at six o'clock, my heart laden with sorrow and regret, to look a last farewell, and at a distance to bid a mental adieu to the generous and pure-minded patron and friend of my youth, whom I may never see again. My prayer night and morning shall ever be—May the Great Father of Mercy—the Almighty and Eternal God, bless, protect, and speedily restore your Lordship to good health."

To which he received the following reply from Lady Elizabeth Grey, the affectionate sister who accompanied him from Ireland:—

"Castle Howard, *Aug.* 15, 1864.

"Dear Sir,

"Lord Carlisle wishes me to thank you very heartily for your kind words of farewell. We hope he is beginning to recover from the fatigue of the journey; and that, through God's blessing, he may find benefit from the repose he can enjoy here.

"Yours, obliged,

"Elizabeth Grey."

feelings, in order to indicate the impelling motives of affection and gratitude which, besides public considerations, induced him to pay his humble tribute to the memory of his noble benefactor, whose name will ever be held sacred and revered by a grateful heart.

October, 1864.—Shadows are now deepening round the life of the noble Earl. He is surrounded by affectionate sisters and brothers, whom he tenderly loved. Within the princely halls of Castle Howard all is anxiety and hope for his recovery. At this period of Lord Carlisle's illness, the Author—unconscious of the dangerous nature of the crisis—wrote the following letter to his Lordship on the subject of the publication of this Volume :—

"40, GREAT BRUNSWICK-STREET, DUBLIN,
October 19, 1864.

"MY LORD,

"A 'labour of love,' extending over a period of nine years, is finished. A work containing a faithful and interesting record of the various incidents in Ireland's history since the first hour your Lordship arrived in this country as the representative of our beloved Queen, is now completed in classified sections, ready for publication—in a style somewhat similar to the Speeches and Addresses of his Royal Highness the late Prince Consort. The two MS. volumes, which I have the honour of forwarding for your Lordship's perusal, contain nearly all those charming Speeches, which you so happily delivered during your long and prosperous Government of this country. The volumes also contain your Addresses and Lectures at Mechanics' Institutes, and a few of your Occasional Poems. To perpetuate those chaste and elegant effusions in a collective form, so that they may reach the homesteads of the humble as well as the mansions of the wealthy, is now and has been for years past the aim and object of my mind; and, with God's blessing, I shall publish this work in a style worthy of your Lordship's brilliant genius and exalted position, accompanied as it is by a pure and benevolent life, which knows no selfishness, but has rather blossomed and nobly expanded in large-heartedness and universal sympathy for your fellow-man in every clime. I undertake the publication of this really national work *con amore*. I have already received assurances of support from gentlemen representing all shades of political opinions. Your Lordship's warmhearted and affectionate friend, the Right Hon. Alexander Mac Donnell,

is much pleased that I should have thought years ago of compiling and classifying those official addresses and spirited speeches, which at the present time it would be impossible to procure, and which for style and purity of diction may be truly said to be UNEQUALLED in the annals of Viceregal Government in this country.

"In conclusion, allow me to assure your Lordship that I have earnestly prayed for your recovery since the sad day you quitted the shores of Ireland; and I sincerely hope, through the goodness and mercy of God, that the day of your restoration to health is near at hand.

"I have the honour to be, my Lord,
"Your Lordship's most devoted and faithful Servant,
"JAMES J. GASKIN.

"*The Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle.*"

Lord Carlisle manifested much pleasure on hearing of the Author's intention. The state of his Lordship's health did not admit of a direct reply. His sister, Lady Caroline Lascelles, graciously supplied the Author with some of Lord Carlisle's Addresses, Lectures, and Poems, including "The Second Vision of Daniel" (a paraphrase in verse); "The Last of the Greeks," a drama in five acts, very few copies of which were published. To Lady Elizabeth Grey he is specially indebted for her valuable aid, and many important suggestions. The sanction and approval of the beloved and affectionate sisters of the illustrious Earl of Carlisle have afforded the Author infinite gratification. He has used his best exertions to prove himself not unworthy of their confidence.

All hope of Lord Carlisle's restoration to health soon vanished. After a few months of painful suffering—borne with Christian fortitude and calm resignation—his mortal remains were deposited in the silent tomb.

The good and generous Lord Carlisle never desired more tha ngratitude for kind services ; and gratitude, when sincere

and unaffected, gave him infinite pleasure and satisfaction. The long and kind friendship of Lord Carlisle for the author was, alas, too soon to be dissolved by the Divine Being whose supreme will disposes the destinies of mankind. There is something consoling and inspiring—something truly grand—in the vivid recollection and contemplation of a friendship like this—founded on true magnanimity and good will—on respect, admiration, and a profound sense of gratitude :—

"What is grandeur, what is power?
Heavier toil, superior pain.
What the bright reward we gain?
The grateful memory of the good.
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasures sweet.
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet,
THE STILL SMALL VOICE OF GRATITUDE."

GRAY.

40, GREAT BRUNSWICK-STREET, DUBLIN,
The Queen's Birth Day, 1866.

INTRODUCTION.

"The sayings of great men, in their public discourses, have somewhat in them which is worthy to be transmitted to posterity."

IN the Addresses, Lectures, and Writings of the late and lamented Lord Carlisle, there breathes a certain air of benevolence. We must admire the copiousness of learning displayed, the sweetness and graces, the elegant simplicity and perspicuity of his style, the purity of his taste, his sentiments lofty and vigorous in expression, his persuasive eloquence, close and solid reasoning, his earnest sincerity. Nor were the ornaments of poetic imagery, nor fine and attractive similitudes, wanting to adorn and illustrate his discourses and varied compositions, in both of which he instructs as well as pleases, or rather pleases that he may instruct. His addresses were delivered with feeling and animation. He stood forth an ornament to truth and virtue,—the fervid glow of enthusiasm mantling his cheek, his fine expressive countenance beaming with good will and charity.

The claims of the late Lord Carlisle to rank as a great man—to have his sayings transmitted to posterity—rest on a sure and solid foundation. On his appointment to the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, Mr. Disraeli, his Lordship's political opponent, said in the House of Commons:—

"I sat in this House for ten years with Lord Carlisle, and let me remind the House that those were not ordinary times. This House then reckoned amongst its Members probably a greater number of celebrated men than it ever contained at any other time. At other times, indeed, there may have been individual examples of higher intellectual powers; but a greater number

of great men never flourished than during those ten years. Lord Morpeth met them on equal terms; he took a great part in the greatest debates; and he was a man remarkable for his knowledge, his accomplishments, and his eloquence."

His knowledge and accomplishments were universal. Benevolence was the sustained purpose of his life. He had, like the late Prince Consort, "an abiding aspiration towards the beautiful, and, like most men of genius, possessed a certain innocency of character, and a power of taking interest in what surrounded him. No form of human adversity would have been able to harden his susceptible nature, or deaden his soul to the widespread interests of humanity." The claim in respect of the people of Ireland is based on his happy administration in that country during the period of his Secretaryship and Viceroyalty, on the vast progress of prosperity, but, above all, on the love and veneration of the people.

The high estimation in which Lord Carlisle was held as a kind and indulgent landlord, and a truly courteous resident nobleman, when his official duties permitted him to reside on his patrimonial estates, the following extract from the "Carlisle Journal," of the 9th December, 1864 (a few days after the sad intelligence of his decease) will amply attest:—

"Although Lord Carlisle's principal residence was in Yorkshire, the fact that he had extensive possessions in Cumberland, that he derived his title from its chief town, and that he ever cherished a warm affection for his old Border keep, with all its quaint and rudely romantic associations, made Cumbrians invariably regard him as one of their own worthies. The traditions of Naworth Castle, indeed, had always endeared it to the Carlisle family . . . In one endowed with such fine tastes as the late Earl, the love for the venerable fabric about which hovered so many traditions of the famous ancestor of his family was naturally very strong. . . Except when his official duties demanded his presence elsewhere, an autumn seldom passed without bringing him to Naworth. He delighted in the quiet seclusion of the place; and he delighted, also, in the intercourse which his residence there afforded him with his tenantry and neighbours, among whom he moved with the native ease and unaffected friendliness of true nobility—always accessible and ready to assist—entering with a keen zest into the rural athletic sports—occasionally taking part in

local meetings, and ever exhibiting an amiable and conciliatory disposition, which laid the foundation of strong personal attachment. No wonder that the loss of one possessing so many noble virtues should be deplored. He never made an enemy, because he never deceived or disappointed a friend. He was forbearing towards his tenantry, kind and considerate towards his dependents, unfailing in his desire to serve all who sought his aid. He was truly a man free from all guile, and perhaps few have carried with them to the grave so much real public affection."

Referring to his official career in Ireland, the same Journal says :—

"Few men could have been selected more likely to conciliate the good will of the Irish than Lord Carlisle; his name and his rank commanded universal respect, while the geniality of his manner, and the winning gracefulness of his oratory, confirmed that feeling of personal regard which his well-known liberal views and tolerant spirit had already created.

"His aim was ever to conciliate. He instinctively shrank from causing pain, and discouraged every movement that bore the appearance of harshness; and he has left behind him a name that will ever be cherished with gratitude and affection by the inhabitants of the Emerald Isle.

"In the various walks of his public life—as a thoughtful and accomplished writer—as a graceful and eloquent orator—as a painstaking politician—Lord Carlisle was always true to his character as an amiable and benevolent man.

"As an ornament to his class, and an unobtrusive benefactor of his race, his loss will be widely felt, and as widely lamented."

The Very Rev. Daniel Bagot, Dean of Dromore, in his funeral oration—preached in memory of the late Lord Carlisle, in the Chapel Royal, Dublin Castle, 18th December, 1864, by the special desire of His Excellency Lord Wodehouse—(after enumerating the high and distinguishing qualities of his mind; his manliness and impressive wisdom; his clear intelligence, and copious information; his integrity, stainless unbending principles, and disinterestedness; his genial affability and pleasing conversation; the sincerity of his religious convictions, and genuine charity; his sterling honour and intrinsic virtue); in speaking of his eloquence and literary productions, observes:—

"But a brighter diadem, and richer far than aristocratic birth and hereditary nobility can confer, encircled and adorned his brow. He was emi-

nently distinguished by great mental activity, by an ardent love for literature, by refined and vigorous scholarship, and by an exquisite power of discerning and appreciating the beautiful, the chastened, and the sublime, in every walk and department of classical and historic lore. Even still the echoes of that persuasive and fascinating eloquence with which he so often delighted the minds of his audience are sounding in our ears, while the soft and soothing fragrance of those poetic flowers with which he charmed the hearts of his readers still retains its infant freshness. Whatever the mild wisdom of his genius has composed is characterized by gracefulness of thought, a genial tenderness of feeling, an unassuming air of earnest enthusiasm, an elegant simplicity, a pure and softly-polished taste, a graphic and well-sustained perspicuity of style. All his productions show that he was deeply impressed with a conviction that education should not only be scientific, and religious, and moral, and practical, but eminently æsthetic—that it should impart knowledge calculated to ennoble, to dignify, and to refine the affections of the heart, to develope our instinctive tastes for order and harmony in creation, and for admiring 'whatsoever things are lovely' in the works of nature and of art, as well as to convey instruction to the mind."

CHIEF SECRETARYSHIP OF LORD CARLISLE.

The Earl of Carlisle commenced official life in 1835. The Melbourne Administration, succeeding the Grey Ministry, inherited the "Irish difficulty." They resolved to grapple with the difficulty by governing the country with equal justice to all, and absolute impartiality. The affable and good Lord Mulgrave, afterwards Marquis of Normanby, was appointed Lord Lieutenant; and Lord Carlisle, then Lord Morpeth, Chief Secretary for Ireland. Thus commenced the first official connexion of Lord Carlisle with our country—a connexion which subsisted for nearly thirty years. In this important office his Lordship was most assiduous, accessible, and laborious in the discharge of his various duties. The genuine liberality of his political opinions, his frank and courteous demeanour, and the justice and impartiality with which he administered the patronage of the Irish Executive, rendered him extremely popular. The important bills which he introduced and carried through the House for the settlement of Tithes, on the subject of Irish Municipal Reform, and the Irish Poor Laws, had the effect of tranquillizing the disturbed minds

of the people, elevating all classes to a just equality, and relieving distress. The appointment of stipendiary magistrates, the nomination of sheriffs, the selection of jurors, and various regulations for the administration of the laws, owe their origin to his impartial and sound policy. During this period were engendered the deep mutual love and attachment which, increasing in growth and strength, endured to the close of his official life,—forming a grand and attractive feature in his subsequent Viceregal career—the golden bond which so firmly and fondly united the noble Lord and the people of Ireland, who hoped that he would long continue in the discharge of his useful functions. In the summer of 1841, however, there was a change of Ministry. The late Sir Robert Peel became Premier, and, of course, Lord Carlisle ceased to hold the office of Chief Secretary. He retired from that office with the sincere regret and good wishes of the whole nation, including many of his political opponents; and was presented with a farewell Address, previous to his departure, September 12th, 1841.

The Duke of Leinster, on presenting the Address, said—"It gave him the greatest pleasure to have had the honour of being Chairman of the meeting at which the Address was adopted. To the Address were 257,000 names—57 Peers, 29 Honourables, 25 Baronets, 97 Deputy Lieutenants, 102 Magistrates, 12 Roman Catholic Bishops, together with a considerable number of Protestant and Dissenting Ministers of various denominations."

When His Grace had concluded the reading of the Address, Lord Carlisle said:—

"My Lord Duke, and Gentlemen—It would be unnecessary, even if it were at all possible, for me to inform you with how deep and penetrating a feeling I have listened to the words of such an Address as that which has just been pronounced—made so remarkable and so precious by the circumstances of the time at which it has been presented, and by the number and character of the parties to its adoption. It cannot be said to have been merely framed upon trust, as it truly records that a connexion of above six years has subsisted between us; it cannot be referred to any interested motive, as it is addressed to a functionary despoiled of power; it can hardly be thought to pander to any revolutionary tendency, when it was first ushered into notice under auspices

which combine the most constitutional patriotism with the loftiest lineage of the land; it does not confine itself to aristocratic sympathies, because I have reason to believe that it has been affirmed and echoed by the Irish people. I trust that the pleasure I could not fail to derive from the favourable and candid appreciation of the acts and intentions of the Administration just brought to a close, can only be enhanced and heightened to me when I reflect how much of the credit assigned to it must be absorbed by those under whom it has been my privilege to serve, and by those with whom it has been my good fortune to act. Still, with whomsoever I have shared, I have at least been surpassed by none in the desire to give both permanency and efficacy to every development of the paramount principles of civil and religious freedom, and the practical exercise of political and social equality between man and man, between class and class, between creed and creed, and between country and country. These were the sentiments which inspired the first accents which I had publicly an opportunity of uttering in this city, before my official connexion with the country had commenced. Now that it is closed, it is gratifying for me to think that they have been familiar to my practice, and to know that they are close to my heart. It is impossible for me to refrain from mentioning, with humble thankfulness, that the sincere, though imperfect, and not wholly unobstructed endeavours to carry those principles into real operation, have been crowned with more than corresponding effect on the disposition and conduct of the nation on whose behalf they were made; and I believe that I may affirm, without the risk of misrepresentation, that at the moment in which we are called upon to transfer the Government of Ireland to the charge of our successors, we have the satisfaction of leaving the country, with respect to internal tranquillity and order, in a more undisturbed and promising condition than was hardly ever before experienced. It is my most earnest hope that the people, by their perseverance in such courses, may invite and compel a grateful and adequate return from any rulers under whom they may be placed. For all that refers more directly to myself in your Address, I thank you most feelingly. I have found among you everything that could most excite and rivet attachment. And now, all that remains for me is to renew my assurance that through the whole course of my life I shall seize with alacrity any opportunity that passing events may supply for evincing it; and I shall retain this honoured document as its best memorial and incentive, and as the richest heirloom I could bequeath to the name I bear."*

* "I remember once visiting Castle Howard, accompanied by the late Alderman Meek (of York), when the Earl of Carlisle showed us his masterpieces of art, and all the beauties of Castle Howard; but the one thing that he appeared to take most pride and pleasure in, was the Memorial that had been presented to him on 400 feet of parchment on his leaving Ireland."—*Earl Catheart, at the Yorkshire Memorial Meeting, November* 29, 1865.

A grand Banquet was given to his Lordship in the evening, at which the Marquis of Clanricarde presided. To the toast,

"Our distinguished guest, Lord Morpeth,"

the Noble Lord replied as follows:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—I think that I may easily gain credit when I assure you that all the circumstances attending the present meeting and the present spectacle—all that has been done or has been said upon this occasion—or, to sum all up at once, that this present moment must to me, as I now stand here, wear a character and produce an effect altogether overwhelming. At such a time it could not fail to recall vividly to my memory—even if you, my Lord, had not reminded me of it, being, as you were yourself, a gracious witness on both occasions—that at the interval of thirteen years ago, it was my lot—an Englishman, and a stranger—to be received in the same city to an entertainment of more slender dimensions indeed, but somewhat partaking of the same character and description as the present. An Englishman I still remain; but it is, perhaps, the most gratifying portion of the honours which have this day been poured so thickly around me, that as a stranger I appear before you no longer. At the period to which I have adverted, comparatively unknown and inexperienced, I must have been indebted for the distinction then accorded to me wholly to the persuasion that I shared in the sentiments upon the great subject of civil and national rights which you yourselves considered as peculiarly consecrated; and that I was disposed, in any sphere that might be open to me, to act honestly on all occasions. But I am here to-night, Gentlemen, having filled for a longer period than any of my predecessors the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland; and—knowing, by my personal experience, the responsible and difficult nature of the delicate duties which it involves, and remembering the feelings of anxiety, and even of misgiving, with which I first entered on their discharge, and conscious, above all, of the many errors and imperfections which a retrospect of the whole intervening period affords, and which I cannot fail to conjure up before my memory—I own I cannot wholly suppress the thrill of pleasure and exultation with which I look at this brilliant scene before me as the rich reward of all my exertions.

. . . . . .

It has been my especial pleasure and pride to act here in Ireland under an Administration headed by the gallant and chivalrous bearing of the Marquis of Normanby—by the steady and deep-seated patriotism of Earl Fortescue. I will not descant here—because the list would be too long—the matter would be too copious—on the eminent conduct and services of the successive advisers with whom it has been the good fortune of the Government within the period

of my experience to be connected, and who have brought to their services the most distinguished natural endowments and professional attainments, as well as that keen sense of justice and that high thirst for truth which have outshone even these. There are, Gentlemen, recollections of services and attachments, not yielding to any of these, which, amidst each good and flattering accompaniment, would be too painful and too tender to dwell on. But as the mage of the absent Brutus impressed itself most prominently on the minds of the spectators at the pageant of the living Emperor, you would have sensibly felt the void if I had altogether withheld the allusion. Gentlemen, that which has been the main support and strength of the Ministry—which has given them confidence in the struggle, and served as a rallying point amidst discouragements, and has given animation to the victory—has been the generous and unswerving fidelity of the Irish people. I have the gratification of seeing around this board many of Ireland's most ancient nobility. I also see many of her popular representatives, many of whose voices have been lent to give utterance to the feelings of their constituency in our support, and all of whose votes have been given in defence of those just and legitimate principles which are held by the people. The support which the Government has received from them has been an honourable and an availing one, because it has been responsive to the popular feelings, and true to the popular cause. Gentlemen, I must not forget that I come before you here to-night as a member, not of a standing or existing, but of a beaten Ministry; and, though I have happily proved to-day that I am not yet excluded from your streets—from your places of public concourse—from your halls of pleasure—from the warm grasp and the friendly greeting—from the social board and the flowing wine-cup—yet into the guarded precincts of the Castle of Dublin I am no longer privileged to enter. Into the general causes of the defeat and downfall of the Government to which my colleague and I belonged, I do not think this would be an appropriate time for me to enter. It is gratifying to me to reflect that, whatever may have been the other contributing causes, the immediate occasion of that overthrow has been an endeavour to do what we conceived was justice—perhaps against prejudices, and certainly in despite of partial and particular interests—to the struggles of industry in all its branches—to the wants of the entire people. If we have judged and acted wrongly, we have probably sealed our own doom; but if otherwise, I most firmly believe that time will work our vindication, and that, too, in as full a measure as the utmost ardour of party could desire. In this place, before the present auditory, and on this precise occasion, I feel that what further remarks I have to offer ought to have reference to the connexion of passing events with the fortunes of Ireland; and, Gentlemen, on this subject I hope you will bear with me, or rather that you will take the blame to yourselves, if I form a less modest estimate than I

ought of past transactions. Now that our day of office is closed, and that we have to transfer the reins of Government into other hands, I have no hesitation to come forward and say that, backed and supported as I have described ourselves to have been by the Irish representatives and Irish people, our time of stewardship has not been unfaithfully or unprofitably spent. We come not empty-handed to the reckoning, and some of our sheaves are with us.

. . . . . .

I believe on this subject I may say, without the imputation of boasting, that we leave the administration of justice in Ireland without leaving on it the slightest stain of partiality to creed or party, but leaving respect and confidence in it more deeply seated in the breasts of the people than we found it. And I may here be allowed to notice, perhaps, one of the most important improvements of all other in this country—I allude to our giving, by every means that in us lay, our utmost development to a system, the best we could devise, of National Education. On this point, notwithstanding my conviction of its superior importance over many other measures brought into operation in this country, I shall not dilate further, because I should shrink from giving to it any party complexion, and because that much of the principles upon which it is founded, and by which it is regulated, are attributable to Lord Stanley; and, as I before coupled that nobleman's name with an unpopular measure, I now accede the more willingly to him, that that system introduced into this country by the Noble Lord, has effected the most important good; and I fondly cherish the hope that it will continue to be encouraged by the Noble Lord by whom it was founded, and by his colleagues. I say this, feeling fully convinced that, no matter from what quarter a blow to injure that institution might be aimed, it would render the author of such liable to a responsibility the most serious that could possibly occur. We now come to the period when we had to transfer the power we held into other hands; and I am entitled to say to our successors—'Improve upon the errors of which we may have been guilty in our management; correct the abuses which we may have left unremoved, and carry the fortunes of the Irish people further and higher than we have been able to do; but, above all, do not suffer the sacred deposit which has been intrusted to you to be tarnished in your hands. But I say to you, above all, keep clear—knowing, as I do, some of the companionship with which you are connected—I say keep clear of the blighting breath of bigotry—foster the seeds of religious peace and good feeling which have been generally disseminated throughout the land, and which, with prudent and careful culture, may fill the furrows of the country with plenty, and its heights with verdure, and make this great people happy and united. I consider that it would be going beyond the sphere of my province for me to venture to offer to the representatives of the Irish people in Parliament any advice or suggestion with respect to the course which it is right for

them to pursue on important political questions; and that it would be as presumptuous in me, as it would be unnecessary, to remind them of the necessity of a strict adherence to legal and constitutional means, and to the plain and obvious dictates of social duty. Such a course would in me be impertinent, as well as superfluous; but, in the midst of all the elements of dissension and disunion which are thrown amongst the people, I place my reliance for perseverance in good in their own good feelings, and in the great and manifest advances in moral improvement which they have exhibited. Yes, and when I look to the mighty and most striking development of the progress of moral improvement—and I do not here refer to anything arising from the ordinary measures of politics—I recall to mind that it was my lot, my good fortune, to have, in my place in the House of Commons, to bear testimony to the wondrous and astounding effects which have been attendant on the efforts of that great and good man, the Rev. Mr. Mathew. Although I fear that the present assembly bears too convivial an aspect to meet the entire approval of that good man, yet I am glad to take the opportunity to speak of the singular merits of his labours in the presence of so many gentlemen who can confirm, by their own testimony, the marvels of his glorious mission in extending the blessings of temperance through the land. He needs not—as he looks not for—our praise or approbation—he has higher motives to actuate him in his labours; but this I will say, that, when I examine this mighty reformation, I feel there is nothing too great to hope for—nothing too brilliant to expect to see realized in Ireland. These are the themes the contemplation of which fills me with hope that good will yet come to Ireland, and that the interests of this much-injured country will ultimately prevail. When I look back on the past history of this country, and her present capabilities—on all she has suffered, on all she may be destined to become—when I perceive how much she has contributed in some ways to the weakness, in other ways to the strength of England—how she has shed on every page of their blended history the traces of her power and her intellect—the light that still flashes from the sword of Wellington, and plays around the lyre of Moore—when, I say, I recollect these things, I can form no wish but that two nations so circumstanced should enter into mutual participation of every civil right, and every national privilege. They should flourish from the same sources of prosperity, and more and more encourage each other to essay the task of honour, and the way of greatness. Gentlemen, whatever may have been the object, and wheresoever the spot where the energies of the empire may have been called into action—whether men were called to place the standard of the British arms on Candahar, or above the ruins of Acre—whether it was necessary to open the Euphrates and the Niger to our missionaries and our merchants, or to disseminate amid the four southern seas the light of Christianity, Ireland has ever stood foremost in every high achievement, and let her blood flow freely on the crest of the billow and the bayonet of the foeman. And as she has shared

in the suffering, so, I trust, she will participate for many an age in those triumphs which will establish in the abode of the Heathen the religion of the Cross, and impart the blessings of civilization to distant nations. And now, Gentlemen, having been led to say thus much by the occasion, in taking leave of those with whom I have been associated, and by whom I have been supported, I can express my unshaken reliance on the main links which cemented our sympathies. I believe these may be resolved into ardent attachment to civil and religious freedom—not in the cold letter, but in the living spirit—not in the formal language of the lips, but in the deep devotion of the heart. Such is our cause, grounded on immortal principles; and you may rest assured that it will bring its adherents no shame. As for myself, individually, it is a painful, yet a grateful office to bid farewell to those associates whose prompt and active zeal has lightened the load of business and soothed the responsibilities of office—to friends whose steady and assiduous kindness has gladdened my hours of recreation, and furnished me with stores of pleasurable recollections—and to the Irish people, who must ever command my respect, affection, sympathy and gratitude, whenever I have the means of serving them, and as long as I have the power of remembering them."

THE VICEROYALTY OF THE LATE EARL OF CARLISLE.

The appointment of the Earl of Carlisle as Viceroy of Ireland was hailed with delight. His immense popularity insured him a warm welcome from the Irish people, who received him with unbounded acclamation. His courteous disposition, his genial good nature, and sense of justice, inspired hope and a firm faith in the just administration of the law; and the Roman Catholic portion of the people, who had just emerged from religious proscription, revered him for the sincerity and earnestness of his efforts in regard to Catholic Emancipation. They admired his unswerving principles in favour of religious equality and constitutional liberty, and his firmness in denouncing bigotry and intolerance, and believed in their hearts that a new era had arrived for the prosperity of the country, and the perfect equality of all, without religious distinction, and for the redress of many administrative evils which still continued to exist. How the Earl of Carlisle fulfilled these anticipations, and by his impartial, firm, and conciliatory administration, gained the good will and esteem of all, and left his memory hallowed in the minds of the people, requires no comment. The

Earl of Carlisle, in assuming the office of Viceroy, brought to the discharge of his arduous duties a practical experience of the condition of the country he was about to govern. During his office of Chief Secretary a solid foundation had been laid for the just and impartial administration of the laws; the people reposed confidence in the justice, wisdom, and benevolence of the administration; he was the founder and principal promoter of the new system of governing Ireland; he was beloved and revered by the people; his popularity and influence were unbounded; his genial kindness of temper, the chivalrous generosity of his disposition, his devoted attachment to Ireland and its people, the bland suavity and courtesy of his manners, his love of civil and religious liberty, the purity of his nature, the enlightened principles of his mind, all contributed to endear him to the nation; whilst his long and successful experience, his firmness and prudence in administration, were the surest safeguards for the preservation of tranquillity, the suppression of crime and disorder, and the promotion of the material interests of the people, their prosperity and happiness. No Viceroy ever assumed the government of Ireland under happier or more favourable auspices—no nation ever felt more confidence or reliance upon the justice of the administration, or more hope in the progress of the national prosperity, under the care and fostering charge of the distinguished nobleman to whom that charge was intrusted. He acquired the esteem and confidence of all classes of Irishmen, even those most opposed to his political views.

The Irish people—who never forget a favour or prove ungrateful to a friend—will preserve a lasting memory of the "good and amiable" Viceroy, the Earl of Carlisle. He was a true example of the sentiment,

"Ipsis Hibernicis Hiberniores."

Lord Carlisle's great object was to consolidate and unite; to disperse the elements of discord; to create a generous oblivion of past dissension and animosity; to bring together in social harmony and genial intercourse all classes and parties, and so era-

dicate the acerbities and bitter feelings that for ages had disunited men of the same nation, who only required to be known to each other socially and politically, in order to the removal of those rancorous feelings of intolerance with which their minds were so deeply imbued as to prevent their concord, and a general co-operation for the improvement and welfare of their common country. He felt that his great mission in Ireland was to conciliate, to harmonize, and to unite in the bonds of peace and friendship a brave and generous people, hitherto a prey to the evil genius of prejudice and party strife. Nobly did the Viceroy, "so universal in all sorts of excellent qualities," fulfil this mission of peace and conciliation.

VICEREGAL ADDRESSES.

The subject matter of this volume is divided into various sections; the first in order contains the Addresses of Lord Carlisle in connexion with the all-important question of

EDUCATION.

"Knowledge is power."—The peace, prosperity, safety, and existence of a nation depend on its power of protecting its trade and commerce, and sustaining its interests and the various dealings of its people with other nations which must necessarily subsist. Every member of society is entitled to the protection of the State; and, on the other hand, every person is bound to contribute to the safety and welfare of the whole community, to the preservation of the peace and order of society, and the observance of the laws. Education produces our ministers, our statesmen, our ambassadors, our generals; these govern the State for the good and well-being of the people; regulate our many and important relations with foreign powers; remonstrate when wrong and injustice have been done to any subject of the realm, and punish the unjust aggressor. In proportion to the extent of dominion, of trade and commerce, will be the value and neces-

sity of attending to the education of the people. If England is to maintain her pre-eminence, that must be the first and chief object of government and legislation. If Ireland is to participate in the prosperity of the empire, in the government and administration, and to have a fair share in commerce and manufactures (in order to qualify the people to discharge the different offices of state, and to fulfil the duties of citizens and subjects with advantage to the empire and the general welfare), a sound *National Education* should be provided by the State. In Ireland the greatest necessity existed for the removal of absurd prejudices, which long prevailed, and the diffusion of liberal opinions, "by a mixed education, whereby the youth of the land may gradually unlearn the prejudices, antipathies, and mutual injustices of one-another, which a separate education might engender."* Too long had the people of Ireland been neglected, their prosperity and happiness lost sight of, the national resources undeveloped, and education totally overlooked by the State.

At length a better spirit appeared to animate the councils of the Government; they turned their attention to the importance of National Instruction. The National Schools were established; and now, under Divine Providence, the people in general receive a good and excellent education. But the education of the mass of the people was not (although a great step in advance) sufficient to satisfy the claim of Ireland in this respect. A more extended education was required for the benefit of those who desired to attain a *higher* position in the ranks of society, and whose ambition aimed at an ampler and wider field of action. To meet this requirement, the Queen's University was founded by letters patent in the year 1850, with power of granting Degrees in the several Faculties of Arts, Medicine, and Law. The University consists of a Chancellor and Senate, and is established as a Corporation, with perpetual succession. The Senate meet at St. Patrick's Hall, Dublin Castle, for holding Examina-

* Visitation Charge of the Most Rev. R. C. Trench, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin.

tions and conferring Degrees. In connexion with the University are the Queen's Colleges at Belfast, Cork, and Galway, which are liberally endowed by a Government grant. The merit of originating these noble institutions is due to the late illustrious and lamented Sir Robert Peel, who had ever the real welfare of Ireland at heart. Nothing more truly contributed to the advancement of education than the foundation of these much-needed Colleges.

Sir Robert Peel, in propounding the system of united education in the Queen's Colleges for the consideration of the Legislature, said:—

"You may have the opinions that you desire, but I shall relinquish with the greatest regret the hopes of an education for Ireland which will give combined instruction to the youth of the Protestant, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic creeds."

Lord Carlisle, in his Address at the meeting of the Senate, on the 11th October, 1861, with much truth and feeling observed:—

"It will be in the knowledge of those whom I address that the Act which established the Queen's Colleges in Ireland was passed during the Administration of the late Sir Robert Peel. Amongst the witnesses of their early progress, I rejoice to see at my side to-day the son of that eminent statesman and friend of Ireland. There is no one who has left a deeper mark on the recent annals of this country. There is no one whose memory is more intimately associated with the marvellous work of Irish improvement and progress. Most fervently I trust that the son is destined effectually to carry on the same beneficent and exalted mission; and that, among other subjects of hereditary labour, this Institution will largely share and reward his fostering care."

Sir Robert Peel, the talented and generous son of that great statesman, who had been recently appointed to the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland (an office so ably filled by his lamented father), then addressed the Senate. He made an excellent and admirable speech upon the prospects and progress of the Queen's University. In the course of his observations he said:—

"The public spirit of the country ought to come forward, and endeavour to place the Queen's University on the footing of other academic institutions.

"If you allow me, I wish to take this opportunity of saying that, as I am so firmly convinced of the immense advantage which would accrue to the youth of this country by offering exhibitions for competition, I will myself, with the permission of the Senate, establish three Scholarships of £40 a-year each—one for each of those Colleges—for the space of ten years. I only hope the example which I set may be followed by those who have a more direct interest in the welfare of this country. I do not take any credit to myself for doing this. I esteem it as an honour to be able to assist in the work which was commenced by my father, and I accept this position, as I may almost say, on the plea of 'founder's kin.' I have spoken with the Secretary of the University, and I have to-day placed in his hands a memorandum bearing on the subject. I hope that others will come forward and assist in establishing ten or twelve scholarships, exhibitions, or what you please to call them, for the undergraduates of this University. At all events I myself, for a period of ten years, will establish annually three Scholarships of £40 each—one for each of these Colleges."

Thus did Sir Robert Peel realize the hopes and anticipations of Lord Carlisle by taking an ardent part in the success of the institution, continuing to watch over its interests with zeal and assiduity, and devoting his best energies to its progress and welfare. The example of Sir Robert Peel was productive of great good. Large subscriptions were received for the purpose of founding several additional Scholarships. A committee was formed, which issued a circular, calling attention to the claims of the University to the consideration of the country—comparing the limited funds of the institution for conferring prizes and exhibitions with those of the older seats of learning, and soliciting the assistance of all who were interested in the moral and material improvement of the country, and, from their station and wealth, able to influence it to the public advantage.

The consequences of this appeal were the creation of a sufficient fund for the endowment of prizes and exhibitions in connexion with the Queen's Colleges, for the reward of merit, and to promote emulation in the students and graduates, which is so essential to the steady progress in learning of all educational institutions.

Sir Robert Peel was the chief promoter of this movement, and in every other respect applied his active "hereditary labour" to the progress of the great work of education. It would be interesting to describe fully the extent of improvement realized; but so many treatises of ability have been published on the subject, that no necessity exists for increasing the number.* Suffice it to say that the general progress of the system in the favour of the people was truly gratifying, and the results attained most satisfactory—fully justifying the expectations of the illustrious founder and the hopes of all interested in the eventual success of the grand experiment.

These measures for the improvement and regeneration of the people of Ireland have proved of vast benefit, and will in time effect a complete change in the condition and prosperity of the country.

Several liberal-minded and enlightened Viceroys were appointed to the Irish Government, and applied themselves to carrying out the intentions of the Legislature in passing these beneficial measures. Not one of these excellent and good Viceroys was deficient in point of duty; but none displayed the tact, the judgment, and the ability of the Earl of Carlisle, who devoted himself to the prosperity of Ireland, and the education of her people, heart and soul. The duties of supervising the National System of Education embraced the entire period of his Secretaryship and Viceroyalty. The annual meetings of the Queen's University for the conferring of Degrees and Distribution of Prizes were held at St. Patrick's Hall, Dublin Castle. On these interesting occasions the Earl of Carlisle was wont to address the assembly upon the progress of the institution for the past year, and no one can depict in colours sufficiently vivid the impression created on the minds of the students by his apt allusions. Nothing could exceed the emulation he excited; his earnest encouragement and

* See Godkin's admirable work, "Education in Ireland; its History, Institutions, Systems, Statistics and Progress."

advice must have exercised a great and abiding influence. In fact, his fostering care, unremitting attention, and wise counsels, gave an impulse to the progress of education that cannot be described. Sir Robert Peel, Chief Secretary for Ireland, in his speech at the conferring of Degrees in October, 1864, says:—

"This, I believe, is the twelfth anniversary on which you assembled in this Hall, in connexion with the Queen's University. On eight of these occasions, Lord Carlisle, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, presided here. How great, then, is his loss on this occasion! He was not the only Lord Lieutenant who has given us his countenance and support. Lord Clarendon I would specially refer to, whose name cannot be mentioned within the precincts of this University without gratitude and respect—to whom we owe the establishment of the Medical Schools in our Colleges. Lord Eglinton, when he came to Ireland, in 1852, at once consented to preside in this Hall. The Earl of St. Germans, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, said:—'When I was Chief Secretary for Ireland, I was instrumental in drawing up the Act which gave the Queen's Colleges to Ireland; and I now rejoice, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to witness their success in this country.' Although all the several Lords Lieutenant paid every attention to promote the interests which we are here to advocate, there were none after Lord Clarendon who did more service for us than Lord Carlisle. He made the country his home; his whole soul was wrapt up in the service of his Sovereign as Viceroy, and in endeavouring to promote the welfare of this country. There was nothing that could in any way advance the social and material prosperity of Ireland that he was not anxious to promote."

Professors of distinguished merit were appointed, selected according to the system of competitive examinations, which gave universal satisfaction. The interests of the students were in all respects considered. The results of this judicious mode of administering the system were shown in the increasing estimation in which these institutions were held by the people, in the augmented number of students, in the emulation promoted among them, and in the great success of many of them at the competitive examinations for appointments in the Indian and Civil Service. At these examinations the students of the Queen's University carried away many of the most valuable prizes and civil appointments, and highly distinguished themselves, adding lustre to

the system of education under which they were enabled to arrive at such excellence, distinction, and success.

The general system of education in Ireland, under the superintendence and management of the National Board, was a subject of deep interest to Lord Carlisle, and engaged his constant and most assiduous attention. Sir Robert Peel, in his speech, above referred to, says:—

"The very last official visit, I believe, which he paid in this country was to the Marlborough-street National Model Schools, with his friend Alexander Mac Donnell, in order to prove that he was in favour of that system of united education which has given such inestimable benefits."

In order to carry out the National System efficiently, it was indispensable to provide duly qualified teachers for the numerous schools throughout the country; for this purpose Model Schools for the training of teachers were established, and at the close of each half year public examinations were held, to classify the teachers, and to test their proficiency for the discharge of the important office of imparting a sound, useful and moral education. Lord Carlisle attended at these examinations, and at the close of the proceedings addressed the assembly. This volume contains some of these Addresses; they serve to show how eminently qualified he was to advance the great work of National Education in Ireland—how eloquently, how feelingly, how zealously he impressed upon those trained teachers (the pioneers of the rising intelligence of the country) the dignity and usefulness of their vocation, their responsibility, and the importance of a faithful discharge of their duties. The noble Lord, in one of his Addresses, says:—

"You are now about to separate, and proceed to your several destinations; and I am sure that all who have been concerned in the work of your training—the able and zealous professors, the members of the Board, my valued and beloved friend Mr. Mac Donnell, the Resident Commissioner—and, if you will allow me to be included in the number, I shall say, myself—shall accompany you all with the sincerest good wishes, that, whatever may be the functions or duties to which you are about to devote yourselves, they

may be fulfilled with credit and comfort to yourselves, and with advantage and usefulness to others."

In speaking of the merits of the National System, Lord Carlisle says:—

"I will only say that it seems to me to be as near an approach, as the necessary imperfection of human projects and performances will admit, to the fulfilment of that great Christian commandment of loving one another, which is to be the law for us on earth, and a habit for us in heaven."

In taking leave of the professors and teachers, the noble Lord said:—

"Great is your responsibility, and great may be the reward you may all receive, both from the visible effects of your teaching, and still more from the inward testimony of your own private consciences. You may have learned here other lessons beside and beyond those connected with the absolute abstract knowledge of which you have made yourselves masters. You may have learned—you will have learned, if the genius of the place has made itself rightly felt within you—how young persons, it may be of different opinions, whether secular or religious, can be brought together, and can entertain mutual regard and friendship for each other, without assailing the opinions of others, and without compromising their own; how you may be all things to all men, and yet belong wholly to God. This is the principle—the living principle—which has always made me deeply attached to this parent institution, and to all those throughout the land which are moulded in its form, and have embodied its spirit.

"It is now thirty years—if I may advert, for a moment, before I take leave of you, to myself—it is now thirty years since I first gave my adhesion to the system of National Education in Ireland. That system has, in all essential particulars, remained the same. It has passed through many phases of opposition, and lukewarmness, and misrepresentation—of violence blowing with strange force from the most opposite quarters—

'Una Eurusque Notusque ruunt.'

Even in the midst of all this encircling whirlwind, it has maintained for itself a tranquil inner-haven, where the moderate, the liberal, the peace-loving, might find secure refuge and pursue their appointed work. It has leavened, though not to the fullest possible extent, and with the most entire success, the intellect of the country."

THE ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, PORTORA.

Lord Carlisle's anxious desire and sustained efforts to develope the system of National Education in Ireland, and to promote the successful progress of the Queen's University, have been exemplified; there remains yet another important branch of public Education which claimed and received his Lordship's care and encouragement—the public Grammar Schools of Ireland. As an illustration may be selected his Viceregal visit to the celebrated Royal Grammar School at Portora, Enniskillen, on the occasion of the Public Examinations* and Distribution of Prizes, previous to the commencement of the summer vacation of 1863.

This famous School had made great and rapid progress in learning under the Head Mastership of the Rev. Wm. Steele, who had been appointed to that arduous and responsible office by Lord Carlisle. The proceedings commenced with the presentation of a beautiful Address of welcome, written in verse, by the Rev. H. J. Carpenter, Assistant Master, from which the following lines are extracted:—

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* University Examinations in connexion with Grammar Schools have been established in England. It would seem to be desirable to extend to Ireland a similar test of education. At the late Annual Distribution of Prizes, after the "Oxford Local Examination" of the Manchester Grammar Schools, the Lord Bishop of Oxford said:—"He believed that he might assume that that which, two years ago, was nothing more than an experiment, had now proved a great success; and he believed that not only those classes, for the sake of which specially the University Examinations had been formed, had reason to rejoice in that success, but he believed that the Universities themselves had good grounds for rejoicing with them in the prosperity that had awaited the undertaking. Nothing could be worse for the country than that the old Universities of the land should be severed by a gulf which could not be passed from the great middle classes of this great and industrious people. In many ways the advantages returned to the Universities which they hoped to render to the people. It returned to them in those links which blended the Universities with the life, the vigour, the energy, and the breadth of thought which belonged to the great middle classes, and, above all, to those centres of intelligence in our great manufacturing districts.

. . . . . .

"He rejoiced that our Universities had been permitted to take this part in helping out the education of the middle classes, who formed the distinguishing feature in so many respects of the people of England."

"He comes, our festal holiday to grace,
A noble son of Eton's noble race.
Pleased with our welcome mirth, aside he lays
His Sovereign's sword, twined in his blushing bays;
No circling coronet his brows now wear,
No courtier's pomp or statesman's public care.
He leaves the gilded footstool of the Throne,
Clad in the vesture which we love to own;
He comes with smile of letters, and mild peace,
The joyous herald of a school's release.
High rear the trophied arch, fresh garlands bring;
Cull the choice sweets of our less genial Spring;
In clustering boughs the pillared portals hide;
Spread for each breeze the banner's opening pride.
Swell high the strain, lead forth your joyous rout;
Thrice, as he enters, raise the rapturous shout;
Thrice, far and near, to every hill proclaim,
Till all have learned and echoed back his name.
Oh, welcome, welcome, noble guest, and kind!
Where shall our loyal tongues due homage find?
Never from cheering street or gathered crowd
The deafening welcomes rang more long and loud;
Never has glance, or speech, or presence poured
Such lavish gladness round our annual board.
Deign, then, great Earl, our heart's pure joys to share;
View the bold sports that make our youth more fair.
Accept their welcome; list while they rehearse
Their simple parts and tributary verse.
Hear each fond greeting, whether said or sung,
Framed on the flowing lip, or faltering tongue;
Come, void of pomp, to grace our lowlier sphere—
Come, as thou com'st, and make the day more dear;

Not as thy highborn sires in warrior state,
On fiery chargers borne through moated gate,
With bickering lance, in burnished steel arrayed,
With belt and plume for conquest or crusade;
Nor yet as they, when the full clarions' blare
Called their trained prowess to the doubtful war—
Called through the glare of battle's deepening night,
A HOWARD'S arm to crush a foaman's might."

The Rev. Mr. Steele delivered a long and lucid statement in relation to the gratifying progress and prospects of the Portora School, and observed :—

"From the moment I found myself appointed to this important office, I resolved that, with God's help, no exertion should be omitted by me to maintain to the full the high character for scholarship which the School had enjoyed for many years under the able conduct of my predecessor—a man of great energy and learning. Under him the School held the first place among the public Grammar Schools of this country; and I am now proud and happy to be able to say, that for the last six years it has maintained the high character it bore before. Whether the prosperity of the School be tested by the number of its pupils, by the academical distinctions gained by them, or by their success at the Competitive Examinations, I speak but the truth in saying that Portora School stands as high in every respect as it did at any period since its foundation."

When the proceedings had concluded, and the Prizes had been awarded, Lord Carlisle, addressing the assembly, paid a just tribute to the merits of the Rev. Mr. Steele—alluded to the advantages of a religious and moral education, and expressed his eager anxiety for the success of this great educational establishment. His Lordship said :—

"I do with confidence claim the thanks of an audience at Portora, since it was my happy privilege to place Mr. Steele in the position which he fills, and which he adorns. The best attestation of his merit is the present condition of the School.

. . . . . .

"I do indeed feel that it is of no mean importance to the gravest interests of Ireland that the rising youth of her gentry and of the mercantile classes should receive the advantage of an education that is at once religious, moral, scholarly, and gentlemanlike—wherein our young men would be initiated into all manly studies and all manly sports.

. . . . . .

"I assure you I rejoice to find that, in addition to all the historic renown of this old and loyal borough, and its associations with the military prowess of the country, it should have secured in Portora a home for the Sciences, and a haunt for the Muses. I seized with eagerness the opportunity that presented itself of coming here, because I do really feel anxious, in accordance with the sentiment that has been expressed by the excellent and accomplished Rector of this town, Dr. Magee, to employ the whole weight and effect of the

high office which it is my honour to fill, in making it a testimony to the great work Mr. Steele is doing in this country."*

MUSEUM OF IRISH INDUSTRY.

The establishment of this institution filled up a vacancy in the system of education in Ireland. Lectures on the various experimental sciences and arts are delivered by able, accomplished, and skilful professors; and the pupils are instructed efficiently and practically in the most useful arts, sciences, and manufactures. Annual meetings are held for the distribution of Prizes, and invitations issued to great numbers of distinguished personages to attend these assemblies. Lord Carlisle took a marked and brilliant part in the interesting proceedings. His Speeches will supply some idea of the aptitude he had for expressing his sentiments in the purest and most appropriate language. In addressing the assembly on the 20th October, 1859, the noble Lord said: —

"It is, I confess, very satisfactory and very refreshing for me to feel, on an occasion like this, that we are not breathing any possible atmosphere of controversy. I feel that I have not risen to-night with any fear that the words which drop from my lips will be watched with any suspicion, or interpreted with any anxious misgivings. The products of nature, the materials of industry, the deductions of science, which form the special and exclusive subjects of attention and study within these walls, have nothing in common with the passions of the parties of the passing hour. We are here treading the serene temple of knowledge, which is pursued for its own bright sake, with a homage which is perfectly disinterested.

"The laurels that are to be gathered here are twined around fair, as well as around manly brows."

Again, he says (in favour of Irish industry): —

"One expression struck rather *disagreeably* on my ears in the statement of the Director, when he told you *that some of the medals could not be delivered last year, in consequence of their not having been forwarded in sufficient time from London.* Why should it be necessary to send to London for the medals

* See Appendices.

which are to grace and adorn the possessors of Irish genius? Surely we ought not to allow it to be said—if you allow me to quote a line from the Roman poet—

'Excudent alii spirantia æra.'

Why should not Ireland cast her own medals?"

Alluding to the increase in the produce of the Wicklow mines, he introduced Moore's song on the Vale of Ovoca, and humourously remarked that there was something "more exquisite still" in the Valley than "the soft magic of streamlet or rill":—

"For what [said his Lordship] is it that it has? Copper and sulphur. Now, these do not seem at the first sound the most romantic or the most fragrant of articles; but I will take courage, and I will maintain that there is something yet more exquisite than all the soft witchery of romance, or even all the ardent loveliness of nature; and that is, honest, hearty, human industry, exercising the body, developing the intellect, bracing the energies, sustaining the family, benefiting the district, enriching the country."

In his Lordship's Address of the 3rd of October, 1861, he availed himself of that first opportunity, after the Queen's visit to Ireland, of stating "that Her Most Gracious Majesty expressed herself highly gratified with every circumstance of her visit—with the loyalty, warmth, and whole demeanour of the Irish people;" and observed, that "Her Majesty could not fail to be pleased and struck with the obvious marks of progress and improvement in this portion of her dominions."

With reference to the progress of the institution, his Lordship said, in his Address of the 1st October, 1863:—

"I believe that much work has been done here. I believe that the work has been done well. I believe that the officers attached to the Institution are able and eminent men, who zealously and conscientiously devote their time and abilities to the work set before them."

MEDICAL EDUCATION

Attracted Lord Carlisle's peculiar attention. Whether he was engaged laying the foundation stone of an Hospital,* or a

* The private visits of Lord Carlisle to the hospitals, charitable institutions, and reformatories of Dublin were frequent. He consoled the poor and afflicted, sympathizing

School of Medicine, or in distributing Prizes to the Students, he felt real pleasure in performing these duties incident to his Viceregal office. Of the Medical Profession in Ireland he entertained a very exalted opinion. "May those who fill a high place in the Medical Profession in this country," says his Lordship, "be evermore associated with the high ability and conscientious worth which have heretofore rendered it illustrious, and which have attracted to this city, from all shores, crowds who deemed it a privilege to sit at their feet and profit by their lessons!" The most distinguished members of the Faculty were noticed with honour by Lord Carlisle. He styles Dr. Stokes, of world-wide celebrity, a "living light of the Profession;" and he says of the son of this great physician, "Most pleasing it is indeed to find the son of a father, who has done so much to lighten suffering and prolong life, himself showing so much promise in the cultivation of those pursuits and humanities which so powerfully contribute to dignify and adorn it. I am sure we shall hail with pleasure the promising career of such a son of such a father."

SOCIAL SCIENCE—FIFTH CONGRESS.

The meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science in the Irish Metropolis was a scene of attraction never before witnessed in this country. The number of members distinguished in every department of literature, science, and art who attended—the important nature of the various subjects for discussion—the impulse such an enlightened assembly would

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kindly and generously with their sufferings. "Glory be to him, and may Providence reward that holy work!" to use the approving words of an organ of the French Press, when recently recording the magnanimous visits of the Emperor to the bed of sickness. May the great examples of men of rank and high station influence henceforth all those who have the power to alleviate distress and human misery! The Irish public will never forget Lord Carlisle's humane attention to the welfare of the wounded and disabled soldiers on their return from the Crimea.

give to the cultivation of science and art in Ireland—imparted an indefinable grandeur to the proceedings. The President, Lord Brougham, opened the meeting with an admirable Address.

The duty devolved on Lord Carlisle, as representative of Her Majesty, to move a vote of thanks to his Lordship.

The difficult nature of the task may be comprehended, if we consider the great celebrity of the noble President—venerable in years, illustrious for learning and the endowments of his mind—whose political career had been marked by his generous advocacy of every cause that promoted the welfare of the people, or tended to advance the principles of civil and religious liberty, and the dignity and independence of man; and who had now, with unabated energy, in eloquent and moving accents, addressed the august assembly.

Lord Carlisle was equal to the occasion. In a few, but appropriate and touching sentences, he alluded to the political career of the honoured and venerable President—to the power of his eloquence—and commented upon the usefulness of the Association, and the salutary results to be derived from the meeting of the Society in Ireland.

LORD CARLISLE'S PATRONAGE OF THE FINE ARTS.

His Lordship evinced great zeal for the cultivation of the Fine Arts in Ireland; he presided at the meetings of the Royal Dublin Society's School of Art. On one of these occasions he paid a just tribute to the memory of the late Prince Consort. Alluding to the deep interest felt by his Royal Highness in the promotion of the Fine Arts, and reminding the meeting of the Prince's last visit to the Exhibition of the Royal Dublin Society—"No one," said his Lordship, "did nearly so much to implant taste, and capacity for the enjoyment of refined pursuits, or to organize the great centres of competition which have given in our time such a large impulse to our modern industry and art."

Lord Carlisle was a liberal subscriber to the various Art

Unions of England and Ireland; he was President of the Crystal Palace Society of Arts. The Royal Hibernian Academy of Painting has lost in him a good and zealous patron. He was a constant visitor at the Academy's Annual Exhibitions, from which he made numerous purchases of the works of rising Irish artists. He frequently visited the studios of B. Watkins Kirk, Farrell, and Hogan, the great Irish sculptor (whose *atelier* was "a solitude for years")—whose genius was universally acknowledged, yet unworthily neglected in his own country.*

Lord Carlisle appreciated his genius, admired his works, and encouraged his hopes by the deep interest he evinced for his success, and by his friendly and generous patronage.†

During Lord Carlisle's Viceroyalty Statues to eminent Irishmen were placed in the open air and broad thoroughfares. Previous to his arrival in Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, the streets and squares of her beautiful Metropolis presented few mementoes of the great men of the country. At length, moved by his liberal subscriptions and wise counsels, the Irish people are now fulfilling the sacred duty of transmitting, in marble and bronze, to future ages the fame of those great men who shed a lustre on the history of the country by their noble works and patriotic deeds.

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* "I left Italy, where I would have made a fortune—where genius was appreciated—and I threw myself into the arms of my country; but, instead of pressing me with affection, she is pressing me to death."—HOGAN.

† Lord Carlisle was deeply affected when he heard of the death of the great artist. No sooner had the meek yet high-toned spirit of Hogan quitted its earthly tenement than the amiable and generous Lord Carlisle sent words of consolation and *well-timed* assistance to the widow and "little ones" of "poor Hogan," as his Lordship affectionately calls him in the following letter, in reply to the sad intelligence:—

"CASTLE HOWARD, *March* 29, 1858.

"DEAR MR. GASKIN,—I am extremely concerned to see the death of poor Hogan. I fear his family must be in a very impoverished condition. I should like to learn about them, though I should be but little able to help them. The extracts have been very interesting.

"Yours, faithfully,

"CARLISLE."

Shortly after Lord Carlisle's arrival in Ireland, he was solicited by the "Moore Testimonial Committee" to inaugurate *their* Statue of the Poet.* In delivering the inaugural Address, he said—"The affections and genius of Moore were eminently Irish;" and illumined his Address with "gleams of song" from Erin's bard (which show his Lordship's great familiarity with the splendid lyrical conceptions of the poet; and then dwelt upon the purity of his domestic relations, and filial tenderness; and, in conclusion, proposed the erection of a Statue to Goldsmith,—

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* Fortunately for his Lordship's reputation and artistic taste, he had no connexion with the selection of the design or the details of this movement, save in removing the veil which so long concealed this "disgusting piece of stupidity" from the public gaze.

CARLETON, the celebrated Irish writer, in one of his letters relative to the Moore Statue, and Hogan's beautiful design, says:—

"I now come to a circumstance in connexion with him which entails a disgrace upon the country that can never be effaced—I allude to the monument to our brilliant and illustrious poet, Thomas Moore. Models for the design of this monument were advertised for, and Hogan sent in one. Now, I have had the honour and the pleasure of knowing the great poet personally—well and closely did I study his features. I have heard him sing his own songs, accompanied by himself on the piano; and at the conclusion of each song there was uniformly an upturning of the eye, which flashed and sparkled with such a radiance of inspiration as I never witnessed before, nor expect to witness again. Whether John Hogan ever saw Thomas Moore, or not, I cannot say; but this I *can* say, that the model which he conceived and executed for his monument would have given Moore to the world in the very fervour of inspiration with which he usually concluded his own songs. He (the Poet) stood in Hogan's model, the lyre in his hand—his eyes turned up to heaven—his whole countenance wrapt, inspired. Now, the public may rely upon the accuracy of my description of it—with this exception, that it falls far short in depicting the divinity which it breathed into the attitude and countenance of the Poet. This beautiful emanation of genius was rejected by the 'Moore Committee,' and in its place was substituted such a stupid abomination as has made the whole kingdom blush with indignation and shame. The Statue of Moore in College-street is an insult to taste—to the present state of the arts—to the very progress of civilization—to his native city of Dublin, and to his country at large. This disgusting piece of stupidity was selected by a committee consisting principally of Irish artists—his enemies and maligners—no one of whom, with two or three exceptions, ever should have a brush in one hand without having a shoe in the other. Hogan's mind was too great, too grand, to flatter the biting and paltry clique, and hence their hostility."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.*

In accordance with Lord Carlisle's proposal, accompanied with a subscription of One Hundred Guineas, the Goldsmith Statue Committee was formed; and, having completed their "labour of love," the Statue was inaugurated on the 5th January, 1864. It was designed by the eminent Irish sculptor, Foley. The noble Lord adverted to the grace, dignity, and excellence of the Statue, and exclaimed with enthusiasm:—"Look on him as he stands before you, the genuine-hearted Irishman—the gentle moralist—the consummate poet."

The area in front of Trinity College was selected as the site for the Statue. Lord Carlisle, alluding to the site, observed:—

"See, the College authorities have wisely and considerately left a corresponding space, which absolutely requires some one to fill it; and who so fit for it as he who was probably the greatest intellect of Ireland—the consummate orator, philosopher, and statesman—

EDMUND BURKE?†

See, the very statue of our Goldsmith seems to invite the presence of him who was both the most cherished companion of his social hours, and the readiest and the surest friend in his sore and frequent need. I know my sympathizing hearers—men of high station, men of various bearing, men of large

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* "Ninety years ago the remains of OLIVER GOLDSMITH, of 'Brick-court,' were laid in the burial ground of the Inner Temple. Washington Irving, a living disciple of our dear countryman, could not discover the spot which received all that was mortal of the most delightful writer in the English language. He died in 1774; and, ninety years after, the Viceroy of Ireland—one of the most accomplished men in the English peerage—'inaugurated' a national monument to the poor poet, who rested from his travail in his 46th year. Could his spirit revisit the earth, how delighted he would be with the ceremonial of yesterday. The Earl of Carlisle, in an address of simple beauty, not unworthy of the subject, touched on all the various excellencies of GOLDSMITH. . . . It has been the rare fortune of the Earl of Carlisle to have originated the GOLDSMITH Statue, and to have been present at the closing ceremonial. The Monument will be always identified with his Viceroyalty, for had he not communicated the first impulse by his munificent subscription, the design would have been postponed to a later day."—FREEMAN'S JOURNAL, *Jan. 6th*, 1864.

† There is a blank in the area opposite Trinity College, in which is placed Foley's inimitable Statue of GOLDSMITH. Opposite his friend and countryman will be erected

heart, nor will I wholly omit you, fair daughters of Dublin, who have full sympathies for genius and for virtue—you will not be wanting in this obvious and patriotic duty. I know that this work has already enlisted the sympathies and exertions of many eminent and public-spirited citizens. I trust that no long time will elapse before, on this very spot, where the historic recollections, the architectural beauties, the main thoroughfares—all the pulses of Dublin life—most converge, the passer by, as he halts for a moment, may look up, not without pride and emotion, to the Statues of Oliver Goldsmith and Edmund Burke."

THE WELLINGTON TESTIMONIAL, AND ITS BAS RELIEFS—THE SIEGE OF SERINGAPATAM, THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO, AND "AN INCIDENT IN THE POLITICAL LIFE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON."

This National Monument to the great Duke—the pride and glory of the nation—remained incomplete for upwards of forty years.* Panels had been provided, according to Sir Robert Smirke's design for *bas-reliefs* to illustrate the Duke's principal exploits; these remained vacant. At length Lord Carlisle resolved that this disgraceful neglect should no longer continue; and with his

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the Statue of EDMUND BURKE—not only the greatest Irishman, but, in the opinion of Lord Brougham, the greatest man the world ever saw:—

"As in far realms, where Eastern Kings are laid,
In pomp of death, beneath the cypress shade,
The perfumed lamp with unextinguished light,
Flames through the vault, and cheers the gloom of night;
So, EDMUND BURKE, in thy sepulchral urn,
To fancy's view, the lamp of truth shall burn;
Thither late times shall turn the reverent eyes,
Led by thy light, and by thy wisdom wise." GEORGE CANNING.

Amid the cares of state and the conflict of parties, the illustrious statesman never ceased to feel the deepest interest in Ireland.

The author of this work had the honour of originating and organizing a "plan for the raising of a Statue to Edmund Burke in his native city." Whilst announcing the near accomplishment of the great object designed, he avails himself of this opportunity of acknowledging the zealous co-operation and patriotic spirit of the original Subscribers, and of congratulating them on the successful result.

* It is to be hoped that forty years will not elapse before Sir Edwin Landseer's lions *couchant* are placed at the base of the Nelson Monument, in Trafalgar Square, London—another instance of similar neglect.

usual prompt and decisive energy, had the *bas-reliefs* executed by Irish artists of genius and reputation. Major-General Sir Thomas A. Larcom, Under-Secretary for Ireland, ably co-operated with Lord Carlisle in thus accomplishing the perfect completion of the original design, by the addition of those highly elaborate and ornamental historical illustrations of the career of Wellington.

The following interesting description, by Sir Thomas A. Larcom, is an accurate history of the origin and progress of the Wellington Testimonial, Phœnix Park,* and of the proceedings adopted by Lord Carlisle in reference to its completion:—

"The Testimonial erected in the Phœnix Park originated in a meeting of noblemen and gentlemen desirous of expressing their admiration of the great military services of the Duke, then Marquis of Wellington. The meeting took place on the 20th of July, 1813. It was held in the Rotundo—no less than thirty-two peers, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and the most distinguished citizens being present. The Earl of RODEN in the Chair. The first resolution is thus expressed:—

* The Phœnix Park was selected as the site for the erection of the "Wellington Testimonial." This splendid Park, in the vicinity of the Irish metropolis, is one of the most extensive and salubrious in Europe. The merit of embellishing, planting, draining, and improving it for the amusement and recreation of the citizens, is one of the many claims which Lord Carlisle had to the gratitude of the people of Dublin. Long previous to his Viceroyalty, as Commissioner of Woods and Forests, Lord Carlisle bestowed much care on its improvement and ornamentation; and as Lord Lieutenant he took great interest in the embellishment of the Park. The Author has been informed by Sir Thomas A. Larcom, that one of the last things he examined and approved was the design for the decoration, with shrubs and flowers, of the terrace ground near the Dublin Gate. He obtained a grant to the Zoological Society of the ornamental water which fronts the Gardens, and is now becoming covered with water fowl. A new public cricket ground was also formed by his aid, for he loved that manly sport. A general plan was matured and approved by him, and is now in process of execution, for the restoration of the planting, and the formation of new plantations to contain the trees of recent introduction into Ireland—thus acting always in the spirit of Lord Chesterfield's inscription on the Phœnix column—

"Civium oblectamento
Campum rudim et incultum
Ornari jussit."

"'We deem it to be a proud duty devolving on his countrymen to record, by some public national testimonial, to be erected in the Metropolis of Ireland, the exploits he has achieved, in order that he who has distinguished himself by great services to his country may enjoy the gratitude and applause of his contemporaries, and that our posterity may be excited by the emulation of his fame to the imitation of his example.'

"A subscription was opened, and a Committee appointed. A considerable sum was raised, and various designs were received by the Committee, from which that finally resolved upon—the design of Sir Robert Smirke—was selected, consisting of an obelisk, two hundred and twenty feet in height, resting on a square base, with an ascent of sloping steps, thirty feet in height, and one hundred and twenty feet square at the base. A panel was provided in each face to receive a *bas relief*, and there was also a pedestal on the eastern side, intended for an equestrian statue; but this latter appears to have been a subsequent addition, and not in Sir Robert's original design. On either side of the pedestal a *couchant* lion was to have rested. On the 18th June, 1817, the first stone was laid.

"In 1822 the masonry was completed, wanting, however, sixteen feet of the height originally intended, owing to the failure of the funds, and in that state it has remained to our own day; for, owing to the same deficiency, the decorative *bas reliefs* were omitted, and the statue and lions were never erected. A grant of cannon, taken from the enemy, had, however, been made by the Government for the purpose; but they remained in store at Woolwich, except a small portion which was used for the names of the victories on the faces of the obelisk. The completion of these portions of the work was estimated at £12,000 by Sir Robert Smirke, and the Committee was compelled to abandon or suspend the further prosecution of the design. But there were some yet remaining of the original Committee, and they clung still to the hope of being able ultimately to accomplish the whole, for which repeated efforts were made. When the Earl de Grey, who to higher acquirements, added a love of art, and considerable architectural skill and taste, was Lord Lieutenant, he was anxious to complete the work, but the time was not propitious, and he was unable to take any effective steps towards it. Some years later, in 1852, on the death of the Duke, the Trustees revived the subject, and the Earl of Eglinton gave every support to their exertions, but without success. It remained for the Earl of Carlisle, in 1856, to bring to a close the long-unfinished undertaking. At that time the remaining Trustees were—Mr. Crosthwaite, Mr. Barton, Mr. Stewart, and their Honorary Secretary, Mr. Arthur Cane. It is due to those gentlemen to record their names, since, but for their exertions and public spirit, a yet longer delay might have occurred. Lord Carlisle speedily ascertained what means he had to count upon, and found that, in addition to about £2,500, to which the small remainder of the original sub-

scriptions had increased by accumulation of interest, there was another sum which he hoped might be made available.

"It arose from a subscription raised in 1829, with a view of erecting some testimonial to the Duke, in commemoration of his signal service at that time to the cause of Civil and Religious Liberty. Of the Committee to whom this work was entrusted Lord Dover was Chairman, and O'Connell was a member: the fund amounted to about £1,500, and was in the hands of the Duke of Leinster, the surviving Trustee. His Grace cordially concurred with the Lord Lieutenant in devoting it to the completion of the Testimonial in the Phœnix Park, premising that one of the *bas-reliefs* should be devoted to the subject of his fund—Civil and Religious Liberty. In addition to the £4,000 thus produced, His Excellency then obtained a grant from Parliament of £2,000—thus making in all a sum of £6,000. This, however, was wholly insufficient for the design of Sir Robert Smirke; and His Excellency resolved to abandon the Statue and the supporting lions, and complete the *bas-reliefs* alone. It remained to consider what they should represent. Waterloo, fought after the first subscription was raised, was not recorded among the victories whose names were already on the Monument, and it was almost essential that it should form the subject of one. His Excellency accordingly resolved—in accordance with an early wish expressed by Sir Robert Smirke, that one should be an European, and another an Asiatic victory—to devote the European panel to Waterloo, and adopt an Indian siege for the other. The third panel was allotted to the commemoration of that noble portion of the Duke's career which led to the establishment of Civil and Religious Liberty in his native country, devoting to it the fund raised for that purpose in 1829. The execution of the *bas-reliefs* was the next question, and His Excellency resolved to intrust them to Irish artists. The last work of John Hogan was the model of that allotted to the civil services of the Duke, which, after his lamented death, was carried to Rome by his son, and was completed in the studio of the celebrated sculptor, Signor Benzoni. The Indian Tablet—the Siege of Seringapatam—was assigned to Mr. Kirk; the European—the Battle of Waterloo—to Mr. Farrell; and they all have justified the selection of Lord Carlisle.

"The fourth side was reserved for the inscription. For this the classic lines of the Marquis of Wellesley were eminently appropriate, as they characterize the European and Asiatic triumphs of his illustrious brother, and consummate his bright career with the oaken leaves of the civic crown:—

" 'Conservata tuis Asia atque Europa triumphis
Invictum bello te coluere ducem;
Nunc umbrata geris civili tempora quercu,
Ut desit famæ gloria nulla tuæ.'

" ' Asia and Europe, saved by thee, proclaim
Invincible in war, thy deathless name;
Now round thy brow the civic oak we twine,
That every earthly glory may be thine.'

" It remains to be told that the guns had lain so long at Woolwich, that their destination had become forgotten, and it was found that in 1837 they had been given by the then Master-General of the Ordnance, Sir Hussey Vivian, to the City of London, for the Equestrian Statue of the Duke in front of the Mansion House. The metal, however, could be nowhere more appropriately used than in that noble work of Chantrey, and Lord Panmure, in 1857, when this was explained to him, gave an equal quantity of captured cannon, which have now been used in the Phœnix Park to record, in perpetual bronze, the achievements of the great Captain. Thus it has been reserved for our present excellent and accomplished Viceroy to bring to a successful close the most conspicuous monument which, in these islands, has been erected to the Duke of Wellington, preserving in his native country a lasting record of his bright career."

THE DARGAN STATUE.

Seldom has honour been conferred on *living* merit by the erection of a monument.

The people of Ireland have conferred this extraordinary distinction on the enterprising and industrious William Dargan.

A fine Statue, by Farrell, in memory of his services, has been placed near the National Gallery, erected on the site of the Great Industrial Exhibition of 1853, which owed its origin to the patriotism of that upright and excellent Irishman. The Statue was inaugurated and the National Gallery opened on the same day, under the auspices of the Noble Lord.

When the veil had been removed, Lord Carlisle proceeded to address the audience. In the course of his Address he referred to the "National Gallery," then just completed, and formally opened by his Lordship, immediately after the inauguration of the Dargan Statue.

The Trustees presented an Address to Lord Carlisle.

In his reply he expressed his regret for the loss of the late

Earl of Charlemont, one of the principal contributors to the fund for the noble building:—

"Such losses [his Lordship observes] naturally suggest that the delightful arts to which this building is more especially consecrated—Painting and Sculpture—besides their happy influences in charming the eye, refining the taste, and elevating the souls of successive generations, have the inestimable privilege of transmitting to distant times the lineaments of departed greatness, genius, and virtue."

STATUE TO THE EARL OF BELFAST.

The inauguration of this Statue was a ceremony of great interest, whether we consider the youth, the rising genius, the accomplishments and patriotism of the young nobleman, son of the Marquis of Donegal, or the hope which his bright career inspired—too soon, alas! to be dissolved by its "early close."

"Ostendunt terris hunc tantum fata,
Neque ultra esse sinent."

His virtues and accomplishments are commemorated, his character and modesty honoured, by the erection of a Statue designed by the Irish Sculptor, M'Dowell, to his Memory in his native city, Belfast. Thus, in the language of the family motto—

"Honor sequitur fugientem."

The Earl of Carlisle, as a tribute of personal affection and esteem, and a testimony to the worth and virtues of the deceased nobleman, delivered an eloquent, impressive, and appropriate inaugural Address.

MUNICIPAL BANQUETS—CITY IMPROVEMENTS.

The Lord Mayor of the City of Dublin is elected by the Council on the 1st of December, and enters upon office on the 1st of January following. Since the Corporation Reform Bill (passed in 1840), the Lord Mayor has been selected from the two parties of which the Municipal Council is composed, alternately. This wise and conciliatory policy has promoted much

good feeling. The Lord Mayor celebrates his election by an Inaugural Banquet, similar to that given by the Lord Mayor of London, at which the nobility, gentry, and leading members of the Irish Executive attend. At these Banquets mutual forbearance, good will, and gaiety prevail. Party spirit gives place to festivity and harmony. The principal toast,

"The Health of the Lord Lieutenant,"

is associated with

"Prosperity to Ireland,"

and duly responded to by the Viceroy.

The Speeches of Lord Carlisle at these Municipal Feasts, in all of which he inculcated a spirit of SELF-RELIANCE, extend over a period of nearly ten years. During that period many important events arose—the Crimean war; the Indian mutiny; the fratricidal war in America;* the seizure on board the Trent; the lamented decease of the Prince Consort; the visits of the Queen and Prince of Wales to Ireland, and of the British Association for the Promotion of Social Science, &c. &c. During Lord Carlisle's Viceroyalty great improvements were made in city architecture—St. Patrick's Cathedral restored by the munificence of that noble-minded gentleman, Mr. Benjamin Lee Guinness, M.P.; splendid churches, bridges, docks, a spacious cattle market constructed; museums opened; noble institutions—the "Dublin

* "*Causes are occasionally at work which appear to portend a disruption of the Federal Union;* at the same time a strong sentiment of pride about it, arising partly from an honest patriotism, partly from a feeling of complacency in its very size and extent, may tend indefiniteiy to postpone any such pregnant result; but whatever may be the solution of that question [slavery]—whatever the issue of the future destinies assigned to the great American Republic—it is impossible to have contemplated her extent, her resources, the race that has mainly peopled her, the institutions she has derived or originated, the liberty which has been their life-blood, the industry which has been their offspring, and the free Gospel which has been published on her wide plains, and wafted by her thousand streams, without nourishing the belief and the hope that it is reserved for her to do much in the coming generation for the good of man and the glory of God."—"LORD CARLISLE'S *Travels in America*" (1842).

Exhibition Palace," the Dublin Art Exhibition, and Irish National Gallery—founded; Statues to eminent Irishmen inaugurated; the great Vartry Water Works commenced;* hospitals erected for the relief of suffering and disease; schools and colleges for the education of the people; reformatories for the moral improvement of offenders; a Fire Brigade established by the Corporation. The country in general progressed in agriculture, trade, and manufacture; the enterprise and industry of the people were stimulated; peace and prosperity prevailed. Thus Ireland, laid prostrate from famine and desolation, gradually emerged from her exhausted state under the benign and fostering administration of Lord Carlisle.†

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* This great and useful undertaking is progressing to completion under the careful superintendence of the Waterworks Committee. Sir John Gray, the Chairman, M. P. for the city of Kilkenny, displayed great energy, tact, and ability in carrying out the project. At the ceremonial for diverting the waters of the Vartry from the old river channel, through which they had passed through countless ages, into the new conduit intended to convey them to the city of Dublin, a distance of thirty miles, Lord Carlisle conferred upon him the honour of Knighthood. The city of Dublin is mainly indebted to Sir John Gray for his unceasing efforts to carry out to a successful completion this great and useful undertaking. It is to be hoped that the result will be crowned with that success which his labours and devotion so well deserve.

† Lord Carlisle, during his long connexion with Ireland, zealously encouraged literature, art, music, the drama, Irish public works, manufacture, agriculture, commerce, and open-air amusements for the people. He was a great patron of cricket, which has now become a national game.

"We would desire, at the outset, in common with every Irish cricketer, to bear our humble and feeble testimony to the value of the liberal patronage so unostentatiously accorded to this noble game by him whose name in Dublin was a 'household word,' and whose princely hospitality was experienced by every cricketer who trod the velvet sod of the Viceregal cricket ground: whether he played as an opponent to His Excellency's club, or was a mere spectator—to be a cricketer was a sufficient passport to the banquets of the Nobleman who, in so exemplary a manner, for a very lengthened period, most worthily filled the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and whose recent death cast a gloom over the wide space of Her Most Gracious Majesty's dominions. Who can forget the unflagging interest with which the late Earl of Carlisle, when he had thrown off the stern duties of the State, observed the progress of the game, and maintained his chosen place as scorer through the match, or the affable manner in which he sought out even the humblest of his team, either to express his approval and thanks for a successful score, or

On these festive occasions he alluded to passing events, and congratulated the country on the existing tranquillity. On the subject of peace, and the termination of the Crimean war, the noble Lord deprecated the extortion of peace on terms not consonant with good faith and justice and the dignity of the nation, and alluded to the "services and triumphs of the sons of Ireland."

VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The memorable Visit of the Prince of Wales to Dublin occurred in the second Mayoralty of Alderman Richard Atkinson, in the year 1861. The worthy Alderman had been twice selected to fill the high office of Lord Mayor of Dublin. His first Mayoralty was in the year 1857. Lord Carlisle, in giving his Health at the inaugural Banquet, said:—

"Let us, then, drink, with the cordiality the toast deserves, 'The Health of the present Chief Magistrate of the City of Dublin;' and I feel sure that he will not resent the allusion, when I say that from my heart I cordially wish that the texture of his remaining days may be as soft, as rich, and as bright as that beautiful fabric with which he has done so much to enrich the manufactures of his native land."*

At the Municipal Banquet, on the occasion of his assuming the office of Lord Mayor a second time, Lord Carlisle again proposed his Health, and said:—

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to sympathize with an unfortunate innings? And even after he was stricken with that attack which terminated the earthly career of this most popular Nobleman, it was his pleasure to bend his feeble steps towards the ground of the Phœnix Club, and still anxiously watch this favourite pastime. Cricket in Ireland has lost a liberal patron, and the Irish Civil Service Club has to mourn a chief who, from its earliest formation, took a most lively interest in its welfare. His melancholy illness—which all hoped would be but temporary—cast a gloom over the latter part of the season, and preveuted I Zingari paying Dublin their accustomed visit."—*John Lillywhite's Cricketers' Companion*, 1865.

* Alderman Atkinson is the proprietor of an extensive establishment in Dublin for the manufacture of the celebrated Irish Poplins and Tabinets.

"He was sure they would all join in one cordial expression of admiration, not only of the general character and qualities of the Lord Mayor, but also of his splendid municipal hospitality, which on that occasion had overflowed its usual bounds."

The "splendid hospitality" of Alderman Atkinson on the occasion of the Prince's visit transcended all his previous festive entertainments. A magnificent Ball in honour of His Royal Highness was given by his Lordship, at the Mansion House, which excited the admiration of all, by the exquisite character of the art decorations of the "King's Room," in which George the Fourth was entertained by the Corporation of Dublin, on the occasion of his *only* visit to Ireland, in 1821. A brilliant assembly of all that was noble and honoured in the land attended to pay homage to the illustrious Prince—the cherished heir of a good and gracious Queen. Seldom, if ever, has a scene of equal pleasure and enjoyment distinguished the Mayoralty of the city of Dublin, and its civic festivities. The Queen also visited Ireland during Alderman Atkinson's year of office, accompanied by the Prince Consort—

"Albert the Good."

Her Majesty, remaining, however, a few days only in the city of Dublin, proceeded to the "Curragh," where the Prince of Wales had been performing military duties; and, having visited the Lakes of Killarney and other scenes of attraction, departed for Balmoral.

The Lord Lieutenant desired to confer upon Alderman Atkinson the honour of Knighthood, as a testimony to his worth, the magnificence of his hospitality as Lord Mayor, and his generous and unbounded benevolence; and with that view addressed to his Lordship the following letter:—

"VICEREGAL LODGE, *September* 14, 1861.

"MY DEAR LORD MAYOR,

I FEEL that I ought not at least to withhold my expression of admiration for the liberal and munificent hospitality which you evinced in your recent entertainment to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. It would have been

very agreeable to myself if I could have conveyed to you an intimation that you were to receive the same honour which was conferred upon the Chief Magistrate of Dublin upon the occasion of Her Majesty's first Visit to that capital. As, however, that precedent was not followed upon her second Visit, and as it is our hope that Her Majesty's future arrivals in Ireland may not be looked upon as rare or exceptional circumstances, it has not been thought advisable to adopt the course which was pursued in 1849.

"Your Lordship is aware that the highest mark of distinction by which it would be in my own power to prove how much I appreciated at once the general feeling and bearing of the whole population of Dublin during the visits of Her Majesty and her august family, and the manner in which you personally represented and embodied the loyal sentiment of the community, would be by conferring upon your Lordship the honour of Knighthood. I do not, however, directly make that proposal to you, in case it might not be agreeable to you to accept it. Upon the slightest intimation, however, that it would not be unacceptable, I need not say how much pleasure I should feel in bestowing it.

"I have the honour to be, my dear Lord Mayor,
"With great respect and regard,
"Your very grateful Servant,
"CARLISLE."

The Lord Mayor—solely desirous of discharging the duties of his office faithfully and honourably, and for the benefit of his fellow-citizens—respectfully declined the distinguished honour.

AGRICULTURE.

The vast importance of agriculture to Ireland cannot be overestimated. In the absence of Manufactures, the principal reliance of the country is based upon the cultivation of the soil. The comparative advantages of pasturage and tillage have long engaged serious attention.

Geographical position, the character of the soil, and moisture of the climate, would seem naturally to point out pasturage, and the production of live stock, as the most remunerative source of profit—more especially since the abolition of the Corn Laws. Hence, a vast impulse has been given to the increase of stock, and improvement in the quality of the breed of every variety of

animal. The increase of cattle does not necessarily lead to the decrease of tillage. The necessity of an adequate supply of manure is an obvious and important consideration, mainly affecting the proper cultivation of the soil; and stall feeding is a most material element in the increased production of manure.

In Ireland the variety in the quality of the soil admits of the production of the different species of cereals and green crops.

The great extent of waste lands reclaimed by arterial and surface drainage has enabled the farmers to apply themselves to the cultivation of green crops, so essential to the improvement and fattening of live stock, without materially diminishing the production of cereals; and compensates, in some measure, for the land withdrawn from tillage for the purposes of pasture. The Agricultural Statistics, obtained from the Constabulary returns, show the progressive increase in cereals and green crops, and in the numbers of live stock. These returns are extremely useful, and prove the progress of Ireland in agriculture during the Viceroyalty of Lord Carlisle.

The cultivation of Flax, for which the climate is most suitable, also occupied the attention of the country. The Russian war gave a great impetus to this branch of agriculture, and subsequently the deficiency in the supply of cotton arising from the disastrous war in America.* Flax is a most remunerative crop to the producer, but requires great skill and care in the various

* From the fibre of this valuable plant, linen, cambric, lawn, lace, threads, &c., are produced; and it may be spun to the fineness of silk. Previous to the events alluded to above, the cultivation of flax in Ireland was confined to the province of Ulster—Belfast being the principal emporium of the flax and linen trade. The necessity having arisen for extending the cultivation of flax, to supply the unlimited demand now existing, determined the other provinces to embrace the opportunity, and so to participate in the rapidly extending prosperity of the North of Ireland, by a more general cultivation of flax. Skilled teachers were engaged to give proper instructions for preparing the fibre for market. Lord Fermoy and most of the noblemen and landed proprietors in the various districts of the country amply contributed to the erection of the requisite scutching mills and machinery. The finer qualities of the material are purchased throughout the country by the agents of the Messrs. Finlayson and Bousfield, the eminent and enterprising flax spinners of Johnstone, Glasgow.

processes, and the outlay of considerable capital in the erection of scutch mills and machinery.

The importance of drainage to the improvement of the climate and the fertility of the soil is manifest. The formation of the soil—mountain ranges surrounding a limestone plain, and affording little out-fall for deep drainage—presents many difficulties; yet a great deal was effected by the deepening of the beds of rivers, preventing the overflowing of the banks and the inundation of the land.

The improvement of agricultural implements and machinery materially affects the progress of agriculture; and we find, by the test of experience, that the introduction of machinery has not interfered with the welfare of the labouring classes in Ireland—as the increase in wages, their improved social condition, and the superior class of dwellings which are replacing the miserable mud cabins or hovels wherein they previously lived., clearly prove.

Taking a retrospective view of the former state of Ireland, and the wasting years of famine, pestilence, and general prostration, we must observe a gradual and steady progress in agricultural prosperity, the employment of the people, the decrease of pauperism, and the diminution of crime and agrarian outrage.*

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* The "Times," in an editorial article on the past and present state of Ireland, quotes the following figures to establish the fact that the country has prospered during the administration of Lord Carlisle:—"People are aware that Ireland has improved; but they are hardly prepared to find that, from an abyss of misery, she is now in prosperity equal, if not superior, to a great part of England. An Irish paper has just published some statistics on this subject which are worth consideration, as showing that the progress is beyond what the most sanguine might have calculated. It reminds us that in the five years succeeding 1830 the number of paupers in Ireland was a third of the population, while in 1858–59 it was only a 32nd part. Since 1830, 2,000,000 acres of land out of 3,500,000 capable of being reclaimed have been brought under cultivation. The revenue has risen from £4,000,000 to £7,000,000. The tonnage of Irish shipping has increased since 1853 from 333,700 tons to 786,000. The wages of agricultural labourers, which averaged half-a-crown a week, are now 7s. a week. A quarter of a century ago the catalogue of crime was frightful; in 1860 there were only five convictions for homicide, and the judges everywhere congratulated the grand juries on the general tranquillity. In this prosperity there does not seem likely to be any change."

These satisfactory results owe their origin to the beneficial and stimulating effects of Government aid, and the co-operation and harmonious working of two useful and efficient Societies—

"THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY," AND "THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY."

The Earl of Carlisle was *ex-officio* President of the Royal Dublin Society. His Lordship attended in state nearly all the Spring Cattle Shows of this Society, the Exhibitions in Dublin, and the Annual Cattle Shows of the Royal Agricultural Society in Athlone, Waterford, Dundalk, Cork, Belfast, Limerick, and Kilkenny. In his Addresses he dwelt upon the excellence and utility of these Exhibitions, the extension of accommodation, and the enlarged sphere of the Royal Dublin Society—the mutual co-operation of both Societies—the importance of a systematic culture of agricultural science and art. The self-reliance and kindliness of the people, arising from the ordeal of suffering and calamity through which they had recently passed; the advance in the science of Agriculture; the improving character of the seasons; "the bright prospect of golden harvests, and overflowing granaries;" and generally discussed the whole subject of Agriculture, displaying a practical knowledge and experience of its various details.

At these annual meetings, harmony and good temper prevailed; all parties were animated with an emulous desire to promote the objects of these useful institutions.

Lord Carlisle devoted his best energies to advance the objects and increase the usefulness of these Societies. The noble Lord's first wish was the prosperity of Ireland.

At the Banquet of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland (July 25th, 1863), Lord Clonbrock, the Chairman, on proposing "The health of the Lord Lieutenant, and prosperity to Ireland," said—"On all occasions we find His Excellency at his post, and, in that graceful and eloquent language which is peculiarly his own, encouraging our hopes, and bidding us 'God

speed.' To his name is added, most appropriately, 'Prosperity to Ireland,' which is the object of His Excellency's best wishes."

Lord Lifford, a political opponent of the late Lord Carlisle, said:—"That as Viceroy of Ireland he was not the Minister of a party, but the Representative of Her Majesty, whose only object was to secure the welfare of her subjects."

The last Banquet of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland which Lord Carlisle attended was at Kilkenny, in 1863. When he had nearly concluded his Address, he suddenly turned, and, pointing towards the lofty Slievenamon, of historic associations, said:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen, this is not the country to despond about. There are two sets of principles and influences at work for mastery over its future destinies. On that mountain top, which overlooks so great a portion of the country—on the majestic Slievenamon—one set of these principles and influences finds its seat in shrill and ill-omened shrieks for strife, for discord, and for the bloodshed of those who possess and those who till the soil; the other, or counter set of principles, breathes through such organs of peace as this and other kindred Societies, of which it is the harmonizing and healing purpose to spread the knowledge of useful improvements, to encourage the proprietors of land to reside on their estates, and to take an interest in the land they live on and the men they live with, and to unite all classes and all grades, landlords and tenants, farmers and labourers, in one blessed reciprocity of good will and good deeds."

LORD CARLISLE'S DESIRE TO CONFER HONOUR ON DISTINGUISHED IRISHMEN.

The devotion of Lord Carlisle to the welfare of the people—to the promotion of Education, Literature, Science, and Art—the ardent zeal which he exhibited in raising memorials in honour of those illustrious sons of genius whose works and virtues adorn the history of Ireland, deserve the lasting gratitude of the people.

These monuments record their genius and their immortal fame, and will never fail to excite the emulation of Irishmen to imitate their virtues, and aspire to fame in the bright path of honour and renown.

Lord Carlisle displayed the same ardour and zeal in conferring honour on the *living* sons of Ireland who had earned a hard-won reputation on the deadly but glorious battle-field, in defence of the Empire; or devoted themselves to the noble career of discovery in science, or to the welfare, happiness, and prosperity of their fellow-countrymen.

On the installation of

Lord Gough as Knight of St. Patrick,

Lord Carlisle gave a Banquet at Dublin Castle, and proposed "The Health, Honour, and Happiness of the distinguished General." He reviewed the history of his brilliant exploits, from the commencement of his services, under the Great Duke, to his memorable and eventful career in India, and eulogized the warmth of his heart, his resolution, and daring.

With what gratification did the kind and courteous Nobleman present to the bold Arctic explorer

(Sir Leopold M'Clintock)

the Address of the Royal Dublin Society!

In presenting the Address, Lord Carlisle referred to his chivalrous enterprise, and calmness in danger—to his contributions to geographical science—to the "transparent current" of his narrative, and to the noble qualities of his mind—to the cheerfulness which animated the brave companions of his expedition in that

"Long unbroken night of winter;"

and concluded by wishing that Sir Leopold M'Clintock might long enjoy the affectionate intercourse of friends, and the gratitude of admiring countrymen.

PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO THE EIGHTEENTH ROYAL IRISH REGIMENT.

Noble, generous, and magnanimous, Lord Carlisle never felt more pleasure, nor appeared more happy, than when conferring honour and dignity on the worthy, whether, in the peaceful pursuits of literature and science, "the laurel wreath decked their

honoured brows," or, on the "tented field," deeds of valour and glory, crowned with victory bravely won, attested the valiant chivalry of our Irish heroes.

The Presentation, August, 1856, of Colours to the 18th Royal Irish—1st (old) Battalion—was a fine opportunity for complimenting that glorious Regiment, whose triumphant standards were proudly borne through so many scenes of danger in the long career of its glorious and brilliant services.

That Battalion had returned from the Crimea, with banners shivered and torn into shreds, bearing the honourable scars of battle, and covered with glory. Our gracious Queen, on their arrival, had signified her approbation of their gallantry and signal services. Her chivalrous representative, Lord Carlisle, presented the Battalion with new colours.

Having passed a general and high eulogium on the valour of the Irish troops in Her Majesty's service, the noble Lord recounted the history of the "18th Royal Irish"—their brilliant deeds in every quarter of the globe where their conquering standards waved, and the celebrated *Irish* Commanders under whom these standards were borne forward to victory; and closed that brilliant narrative with the capture of Sebastopol. The new colours were then delivered, bearing a Sphinx, to represent Egypt—a Dragon, to represent China. The noble Lord finally impressed upon the Regiment the importance of their duties as peaceful citizens, and uttered a fervent prayer that the colours then presented might be the rallying point of Victory in war—of Honour in peace.

Shortly after this event, the Crimean heroes were entertained by the citizens of Dublin at a grand and memorable Banquet.

Lord Carlisle replied to the toast of his Health. His speech was brief and homely, but characteristic and inspiring. He bade them welcome in the name of the Queen—in the name of the people of Ireland, who loved brave men. He gave them thanks on the part of their country, and the blessings of their country-

men; claimed the right of Ireland to welcome her heroes; declared that Irish hospitality extended to all who, side by side with her sons, shed their blood in the field; and that the bright medal on their manly breast was a sure passport to her hospitality; congratulated them on their surviving the dangers of war, and enjoying the blessings of peace; applauded their devotion to the service of their country, and hoped that their glowing faces would never again frown on an enemy, but beam with good will to man, and gratitude to God. The noble Lord, on resuming his seat, bade "God bless them."

PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO THE SECOND BATTALION OF THE EIGHTEENTH ROYAL IRISH.

Orders having been issued for the formation of a second Battalion, the duty of Presenting Colours devolved upon Lord Carlisle. In performing that duty he stated the services of the older Battalion—their achievements under Marlborough, and *our own veteran* Lord Gough—their recent exploits in the suppression of the fierce Indian mutiny; hoped that the new Battalion would emulate the glory of the old, and that the Queen and *their own Old Ireland* would be proud of their actions; commended their fine appearance, conduct, and discipline; alluded to the present happy and auspicious peace among nations, and the quelling of the Indian Rebellion. Referring, however, to the possibility of a change—to the dangers of war—to the risks and duties of the soldier—he exhorted them to be prepared, and presented the Colours, invoking the blessing of God upon them in peace and in war.

With regard to the recent American war, Lord Carlisle counselled neutrality; expressed his abhorrence of slavery, and his desire to plant the olive between the combatants in the unnatural conflict; vindicated the right of asylum, violated in the affair of the steamer "Trent"—the eternal principles of justice, and commended the spirit of the nation.

RESIGNATION OF LORD CARLISLE.

The Irish people, progressing in prosperity, peace, and happiness during the Viceroyalty of Lord Carlisle, saw with pain and anxious concern that his wise and beneficent administration was soon to dissolve.

During the early part of the year (1864), a partial lingual paralysis rendered speech difficult to his Lordship His physical powers were as yet otherwise unaffected. At this critical period of the incipient disease, the celebration of the Shaksperian Tercentenary was about to be held at Stratford-on-Avon; Lord Carlisle was to preside. His physicians, as the festival drew near, remonstrated upon the danger to his powers of speech, scarcely recovered. But the danger was not regarded by Lord Carlisle, who felt a deep interest in the success of that great festival. Several pledged visitors had drawn back; Lord Carlisle resolved, at all events, not to fail. He kept his engagement; and at the Banquet,* first proposed the Health of

"The Queen."

He said, "Shakspeare himself supplied, in part, a most fitting description of the character of the Monarch now happily reigning over this country:—

> "'She shall be
> A pattern to all Princes living with her,
> And all that shall succeed.
> All Princely graces,
> . . . . .
> With all the virtues that attend the good,
> Shall still be doubled on her; truth shall nurse her,
> Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her.'"

He next gave—

"The Prince and Princess of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family.

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* See the Appendices for the *characteristic* bill-of-fare at the Shakspeare Commemoration Banquet.

He said that "with respect to the illustrious couple who headed the toast, it would not be inappropriate to resort to the Court of Denmark for a description of them. He would characterise them (again quoting Shakespeare) as

> "'The expectancy and rose of the fair State,
> The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
> The observed of all observers.'"

And in the opinions of the Lord Archbishop* of Dublin, and many other men of eminence and sound judgment who were present, delivered as fine and powerful an Address as they had ever heard from his Lordship, on the toast of the evening—

"The Memory of Shakspeare."

This great effort did not for a time appear to have had an injurious effect; on his return, however, to Dublin, the fearful disease extended; the entire right side became paralyzed, and the noble Lord's whole system fatally affected.

It became painfully evident that the termination of his Government was at hand. Sorrow, anxiety, and gloom pervaded the minds of the Irish people, who had fondly hoped for a long and happy continuance of his Lordship's genial and impartial rule.

Lord Carlisle, however, needed retirement from the cares of state. The progress of the disease imperatively constrained him to tender his resignation of the Viceroyalty, and seek repose in his native country.

LORD CARLISLE'S FINAL DEPARTURE AND DEATH.

"It was here I began my official life—here I shall be well content to close it—happy, indeed, when that period arrives, again to leave your land without the consciousness of any enmity wilfully incurred, or of any duty wantonly neglected."—*Reply to the Address from the Corporation of Dublin.*

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* See the Appendices for Dr. Trench's celebrated Sermon on Shakspeare, preached in Holy Trinity Church, Statford-on-Avon, during the Tercentenary Festival.

Lord Carlisle had resigned; his official life had closed; in Kingstown Harbour, alongside the "Carlisle Pier," the vessel lay moored that was soon to bear from the shores of Ireland the "good and amiable Viceroy." Alas! how changed was the appearance of the gay and sprightly Nobleman who, a few short years before, had landed here with firm step, and stately and graceful bearing, in buoyant spirits and healthful vigour, whom the people welcomed with hope and joy! He was now about to leave, in utter prostration, his physical powers wholly exhausted. This reflection affected and deeply moved an affectionate and warm-hearted people. They were sensible of their own great loss, yet deeply lamented the sad and afflicting cause; their sorrowing hearts sympathized with the sufferings of their friend and noble benefactor.

An immense concourse were assembled to bid their esteemed Viceroy farewell—a fond, and, as it proved, a last farewell. The vast assemblage poured forth humble blessings upon him, and fervent hopes for his recovery, and that he would soon return, to assume again the office of Viceroy, with renewed health and vigour.

How overpowering must have been the emotions—what mingled feelings of sorrow, pride, and pleasure must have pervaded the mind of Lord Carlisle at this the closing scene of his bright official career! His natural display of feeling on this affecting and memorable occasion was felt to be no indication of mere physical weakness, but rather the farewell of tender regard. He appeared on the deck, leaning on the arm of Lady Elizabeth Grey, the sister whom he loved so well. His last words at the moment of parting were—"I leave, after my term of office, undimmed by one particle of personal bitterness either on the present or the crowded memories of the past;" and—the vessel proceeding on her way—he continually waved his adieus towards the receding shore.

Sir Robert Peel, speaking of the loss of Lord Carlisle, and his departure, well and vividly describes the interesting scene:—

"I do venture to say, that never did a man leave the shores of Ireland towards whom a deeper regret at the affliction which had befallen him was felt than towards Lord Carlisle. I do not know if I may observe on one particular fact connected with his departure; but I would venture to say that there was no person who witnessed the departure of Lord Carlisle from the shores of Ireland who was not affected at the spectacle that was presented. Crowds of people were assembled in Kingstown, in silent regret, to wish him good-bye; and I have been told—when my gallant friend, the Commander-in-Chief, advanced to bid him a last good-bye, and when he took his hand and grasped it for a few minutes, and said, 'God bless you, Sir!' and I do believe—that there was not a dry eye in the crowded assembly that was there to wish Lord Carlisle farewell. He stood till the last moment on the deck of the vessel; and, as it was leaving the shore, he cast a long, lingering look behind him at that country where he had spent almost the whole of his public life, and where his public services had been given. Many a person in that assembly must have recollected those touching lines of Moore, where he says:—

"'As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still looked back
To that dear isle 't was leaving:
So loath we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,
On those we 've left behind us.'"

So parted the noble Lord, amidst the regrets of the citizens of Dublin, of the people of Ireland, and their yearning for his return. He was certainly the most popular Viceroy that ever administered the affairs of Ireland, and his successor will find it difficult to rival him in those social and administrative qualities which marked the public conduct and private demeanour of Lord Carlisle.

The "Globe," on the retirement of Lord Carlisle from office, observes:—

"We must place him in the category of those whose eminent careers have been prematurely cut off. In the case of Dalhousie, of Canning, and of Elgin, 'the climate and the work' but too surely showed that they had laid down their lives as devotedly as those who face the enemy in battle; and of each

of them it may be said he died amid the sound of victories won—victories not the less glorious because they were accompanied, not with shrieks and wounds, but with tokens of humanizing progress, of increasing prosperity and happiness wrought by their hands. We have now to add to the list the name of Lord Carlisle, whom a painful and destroying illness compels to abandon the sphere which he so well adorns."

"The retirement of Lord Carlisle from the high office he so long and so worthily filled, can hardly be looked upon as other than a retirement from political life. The gradual increase of the malady from which he suffers—an increase which has been slow, but steady and sure—leaves little room to hope that he will be able again to offer his Sovereign and his country a renewal of those services the benefit of which Ireland felt more than any other portion of this empire. No living statesman has been so long, so intimately, and so usefully connected with Ireland, and with Irish political affairs, as has been Lord Carlisle."—*Freeman's Journal.*

Mr. Lever, in an able article on "The Irish Viceroyalty," deprecating the abolition* of that time-honoured office, says:—

"If, however, it be the intention of our rulers to abolish that office, what could have induced them to mark its extinction by naming Lord Carlisle to the post? Why accompany its decline and fall by regrets all the more poignant? Why join in the loss of certain material benefits the still greater loss that attaches to the rupture of ties of affection and deep regard? I have never been in Ireland since his Viceroyalty; but I am told on all sides, and by

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* *Opinion of Lord Carlisle upon the Abolition of the Irish Viceroyalty.*

"I retain the conviction with which I left your shores, that it would be most unadvisable to discontinue or tamper with the office which it is now my high honour, for the second time, to fill. Any efforts that I can make will be used in accordance with this opinion; but I do not apprehend that any designs are entertained on the part of those in whose behalf I can speak in a contrary direction.

"Besides the signal antiquity of the office, which would clearly give to its abolition all the risks of an untried experiment, the character of weight and authority with which it is invested have a tendency to secure consideration for matters affecting the interest and welfare of Ireland; and although under a Parliamentary Government all persons bearing office below the Crown itself will probably, always, in a greater or less degree, belong to one or other of the parties into which the realm is divided, still the very notion of representing the Crown will be found to go some way in raising a Lord Lieutenant above the rigid limits of mere party divisions."—*Extract from the Reply to the Address of the Corporation of Dublin, June 18th,* 1859.

men of all parties, such traits of his kindness, his generosity, and his goodness—I have heard of such instances of his thoughtful benevolence—that I can feel what Ireland must have lost by his departure—and a sorrow all the deeper from the cause that produced it.

"If it be policy to extinguish the Viceroyalty, Lord Carlisle should never have been among the last to hold it."—*Blackwood's Magazine, Nov.*, 1864.

Lord Wodehouse was selected to fill the vacant office of Viceroy. On his arrival he was presented with an Address by the Corporation of Dublin.

In reply Lord Wodehouse said :—

"My Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of Dublin,—I thank you for the Address you have presented to me. I accept your kind expressions of welcome in the spirit in which they are offered, as a mark of loyalty and attachment to our gracious Sovereign whom I have the honour represent. I need scarcely assure you that I entirely share your deep concern at the illness which has unfortunately rendered necessary the resignation of Lord Carlisle. Ireland has lost in him a most *accomplished statesman*, of whom it is not too much to say that he *secured the respect of the whole community by his unvarying uprightness and honesty of purpose;* whilst by the amiable qualities of his heart he has endeared himself to all who have the happiness of his acquaintance."

The following Address was presented from Trinity College, manifesting the esteem of that learned body for the late Viceroy :—

"May it please your Excellency,—We, the Chancellor, Doctors, and Masters of the University of Dublin, beg leave to present to your Excellency our respectful congratulations on your appointment to the high office of Her Most Gracious Majesty's representative in Ireland.

"We lately lost, in your distinguished predecessor, one whose cultivated intellect, kind heart, and genial temper, won for him a well-merited popularity. In his retirement from public life, which we trust will be but temporary, he bears with him the esteem and affection of all ranks and classes of Irishmen. However widely they may differ on questions of public policy, they must all gratefully remember his gracious and benignant demeanour, his earnest solicitude for the interests of the country, and his zeal—attested by lasting memorials—to do honour to the names of our illustrious dead."

DEATH OF LORD CARLISLE.—"*Lord Carlisle died at Castle Howard to-day, 5th December*, 1864."

Such were the words of the magnetic telegraph (brief, but painfully distinct), which conveyed the announcement of the melancholy event.

The public press in Great Britain and Ireland teemed with leading articles, lamenting the premature loss, and describing, in glowing language, the pure, the virtuous, and the noble life of Lord Carlisle.

The "Daily News," in an elegantly written article, after some preliminary observations, says:—

"The sorrow, the enthusiasm for the man, the recoil from the thought of his death, which were manifested when he became virtually dead to society, were such as the greatest statesman might covet. It was his exquisite moral nature, together with the charm of intercourse which grew out of it, which created this warm affection in all who approached him, and through them the rest of the world received the impression of a man of rare virtue being among them—of singular nobleness of spirit and gentleness of temper, and sympathy as modest as it was keen and constant."

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

"His private life had never been more beautiful and beloved than now. Instead of the irritability and depression which usually accompany the disease, even where the intellect remains unaffected, there was in him a serenity and even cheerfulness, as unmistakeable as the clearness of his mind. He was as willing as ever to receive what others said, without manifesting any harassing need to reply. His drives in the fine autumn days among the woods at Castle Howard were a keen pleasure to him, as he watched the changing beauty of their foliage. Sad as it was, his decline was so much less grievous and terrible than it must have been in a man of a lower moral nature, that it was endurable even to those who loved him best. When it became known that his career was closed, the echoes of his old eloquence must have awakened in many minds—the West Riding electors, who had heard his best-remembered speech; the Leeds mechanics, to whom he had spoken as a lecturer on Pope; and the Americans and the Irish, to whom he had spoken frankly and affectionately on the interests of their country; and finally, the lovers of Shakspeare, who heard his last public utterances, and could perceive through them how much poetry had contributed to the happiness of a thoroughly

cheerful life. Literature was, indeed, a solace and delight to him from the opening of his reason, through all the labours and trials of life, and at last in his decline, when all but mental pleasure had become extinct for him. *The tradition of him will remain as the best and most beloved man in the company of statesmen of his day and generation.*"

"Lord Carlisle died on Monday afternoon at Castle Howard, after a short illness. To many the news of his departure will come as a surprise and to many as a calamity. He was a good, kind nobleman in the best sense of the word, who made many friends, and never made an enemy."—*Times.*

"His courtesy was overflowing. There was probably no man ever admitted to his presence who was not charmed with his graceful and kindly manner. And that grace was not the mere torpor that varnished over indifference; it sprang naturally from the real and thorough kindness of his heart."—*Morning Herald.*

"It is no wonder that in Ireland he was so widely popular, considering that his popularity was founded not merely on such qualities as a kind and genial manner, the purity and liberality of his convictions, and the scholarlike language in which they were expressed, but on deep excellencies of heart and thorough earnestness.

"His generous hospitality, his hatred of bigotry and intolerance, and his broad, unswerving love of constitutional liberty and religious equality, taught him the importance of calling out the self-reliance of those whom he so honestly and impartially governed."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"Though the fatal blow was long expected, we cannot but feel the personal and public bereavement, and mourn the loss of a great and good man as a personal friend and public benefactor."—*Freeman's Journal.*

"As a man, Lord Carlisle had not, and never could have had, an enemy. In amiability, courtesy, and combined elevation and kindness of bearing, he was the very type of the gentleman. His charities were numerous, and without ostentation. His aid was ever promptly responsive to the invocation of struggling merit. . . . Of his polished scholarship it is unnecessary to say a word, where so many recollect his graceful speeches, which, on the most ordinary occasions, bore the stamp of intellectual superiority."—*Dublin Evening Mail.*

"A kinder nobleman, a more polished gentleman, a more finished speaker, a more accomplished scholar, did not exist than Lord Carlisle. No man could more happily conceive a thought, or clothe it in more appropriate language; no man was more earnest in the cause of charity; and to secure his presence, or his aid, it was only needful to say that there

was want. His last official act but one, in Dublin, was to visit the prisoners, and speak to them a few kind words. So long had he resided in Ireland—so completely had he identified himself with us—that we regarded him as our own; and he, in turn, loved this country and her people well. In him Ireland has lost a friend, and she had but few. His death will be lamented throughout the length and breadth of Ireland this day by a people never unmindful of a kindness—most, perhaps, by those who on some points differed from him, and the sincerity of whose respect was proved because they did differ, and could yet admire."—*Irish Times.*

Vain would be the attempt to give expression to the deep feelings of regret that affected all classes of society—vain, indeed, to describe a nation's sorrow.

The all-pervading sense of the national loss was profoundly felt by every portion of the Empire.

In Ireland the sad announcement of Lord Carlisle's decease was received with deeply mournful distress, and chilled the warm hearts of the people.

Party spirit and prejudice were for a time laid aside—all combined to honour the memory of a great and good man who had passed away.

A grand Concert of sacred music *in Memoriam* was given in Dublin, which was the first demonstration by the citizens of their profound sorrow.*

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* IN MEMORIAM—THE LATE EARL OF CARLISLE.

"Last evening one hundred of the ladies and gentlemen of Mr. J. J. Gaskin's Choral Society performed an appropriate selection of sacred music, in honour of the memory of our late well-beloved Viceroy, in the large Concert Room, Rotundo, which was crowded by a highly fashionable audience, who had all received special invitations. The entire of the walls and mirrors were hung with sable draperies; and at the southern end of the apartment, above the orchestra, an admirable portrait of the deceased nobleman, painted by C. W. Nicholls, R.H.A., was suspended. At the top and at either side of the painting the following quotations were exhibited in white letters on a black ground:—

"'Gloria in Excelsis Deo;'

'We shall go to him, but he shall not return to us.'

'God shall wipe away all tears.'

'Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.'

. One of the first public occasions where the presence of the noble and chivalrous Carlisle was sensibly missed was at the ensuing inaugural Banquet of the Lord Mayor of the City of Dublin, in January, 1865.

The Right Hon. Frederick Shaw, the Recorder of Dublin—a just, impartial, and venerable Judge—with feelings of emotion and sorrow, nobly discarding the memories of party struggles and political differences, observed:—

"When we last met here, the late lamented Lord Carlisle was amongst us; he appeared in perfect health; he spoke with his usual eloquence and overflowing kindness. We were soon after concerned to learn that, on ac-

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"A well-executed bust of Lord Carlisle, draped in crape, was placed on a pedestal in front of the orchestra. Chaplets of laurestines, chrysanthemums, and *immortelles*, were strewn on the *dais*, immediately in front of the bust of the lamented Viceroy. Pastiles were kept burning during the whole of the performance; while hundreds of wax lights, in rich candelabra, festooned with crape and white silk, threw a chastened and subdued light on the sad and affecting scene. The ladies and gentlemen of the orchestra were dressed in mourning.

"*The ancient Irish Bardic Caoine* concluded this Memoriam Concert. In the translation, Mr. Gaskin altered the original words of the Irish Requiem to:—

"'O Son of Howard, why didst thou die? Royal—Noble—Learned—
Genial—Active—Peaceful—Eloquent! O Son of Howard, why didst thou die?'

"This grand old piece of Celtic harmony, chanted by one hundred voices, produced a magnificent effect, and was heard by fifteen hundred persons with deep and melancholy interest. During the performance the most solemn silence prevailed.

PROGRAMME:

"The Dead March from the Oratorio of 'Saul.'
Solo and Chorus, The Prayer from 'Mosé in Egitto.'
Duet and Chorus, 'God shall wipe away all Tears.'
The 'Kyrie,' from Mozart's Mass No. 12.
Duet, 'Who has not felt 'neath Azure Skies?'
(Words by the late EARL of CARLISLE).
Aria, 'I know that my Redeemer Liveth.'
Chorus, 'When thou passest through the Waters.'
Sacred Song, 'God of Mercy—God of Power.'
Ancient Irish Bardic Caoine and Requiem—
'O SON OF HOWARD, WHY DIDST THOU DIE?'"

Irish Times.

count of illness, he must retire for a time from official and public life; but he then vanished, as in a moment, from life itself. I had long the pleasure of his acquaintance; we had sat for many years together in the House of Commons; we were on different sides; but his amiable disposition disarmed, if not all opposition, certainly all hostility. He was a most courteous and accomplished gentleman—a scholar of peculiar elegance—a man of blameless life—an honour to his order—the type of a truly noble Englishman; and Ireland—his almost adopted country—will, I doubt not, long cherish a grateful recollection of the good and gentle Carlisle."

The distinguished guests were visibly moved by this high and generous tribute of respect and esteem paid by the learned Recorder to a firm and consistent political opponent.

At the ninth Congress of the Society for the Promotion of Social Science, Lord Brougham said:—

"We have to lament the losses which we—the country—the world at large have sustained since we met at York."

And after alluding to the services of Richard Cobden and John Cassell, thus proceeded:—

"Nor is it possible in this country to forget the heavy loss—which at our last Congress we had hoped to escape, but which soon after befell us—of Lord Carlisle, than whom a more virtuous person, or, in all his positions, one more useful, did not exist. On these lessons we may use the touching words in which the Royal Psalmist poured out his sorrow,—

"'We shall go to them, but they shall not return to us.'"—(2 SAMUEL, xii. 23).

The limits of this work would not admit of the possibility of recording the innumerable tributes—by men of eminence in science and literature, by Statesmen of the highest reputation—to the merits and virtues of Lord Carlisle.

The following fine elegiac poem, written immediately after the death of Lord Carlisle, by a gentleman of well-known literary attainments—conspicuous for the descriptive power of his muse, and a political opponent, with great truth and expressiveness embraces the noble qualities, the varied accomplishments, and the virtuous attributes of the late Lord Carlisle, and vividly describes the feelings of general grief prevailing everywhere—in every rank of the social scale:—

"MISSED BY US ALL!"

"Who are his many mourners?
Say, who are they not?
From Royal house
To humble cot—
Missed by us all!

"A noble bearing—gone—
A generous hand—
A friendly heart
At Death's demand—
Missed by us all!

"Missed the kind encourager
Of shrinking merit;
Missed from the house of joy
The gayest spirit—
Missed by us all!

"Missed from the mourner's side,
When grief oppressed;
Missed by the sick and poor,
By hearts distressed—
Missed by us all!

"Missed by poetic Muse,
The graceful pen,
Missed by Literature,
By best of men—
Missed by us all!

"Missed by the artist—
The Thespian amateur;
By all in need who sought
The patron sure—
Missed by us all!

"Deeply as a brother mourned,
Missed in every tie—
The friend and relative
Together weep and sigh—
Missed by us all!

"Missed in the social group,
The radiant smile;
Missed in the Senate,
Classic, genial style—
On earth a blank!

"Missed from the Viceroy's throne,
Poor Erin's friend;
Missed from the house of prayer
A soul—whose end
Is heavenly rank—
Missed by us all!"

WILLIAM SMYTH.

On Sunday, the 18th December, 1864, a few days after the mortal remains of the late Viceroy had been consigned to the tomb in the ancestral mausoleum of the Howard family, the Very Rev. Daniel Bagot, Dean of Dromore, and Vicar-General of the Diocese of Newry and Mourne, preached an eloquent and impressive sermon on the death and memory of Lord Carlisle, in the Chapel Royal of Dublin Castle.

The following are extracts from the Dean of Dromore's Encomium:—

"It has pleased that great Being, who is the All-wise and All-merciful Disposer of our destinies, to remove out of this world of suffering and of sin that distinguished nobleman who had been for so many years the representative of our gracious Sovereign in this our native land. The Earl of Carlisle is no more. On the 5th of this present month the silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken, and his undying soul was added to the spirits of the just; and on Tuesday last, the 13th, his mortal remains were committed—'earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust'—to the solemn isolation of the tomb, in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection at the last day. The earnest expressions of concern and regret which this melancholy event has produced do credit to the judgments and the hearts of all who knew him, and carry with them the clearest proofs that they are not a merely interested and artificial tribute of assumed respect, but that they rise out of feelings of profound attachment, and from a sincere and deep-felt grief for the departure of one whose noble accomplishments and commanding virtues have deserved the most solid and enduring appreciation. I cannot regard the place where I now address you, and in which he so often worshipped, as one in which it is unsuitable to pay a passing tribute to his memory. He was eminently endowed with a simple and unassuming manliness of character. True nobility was an innate and essential element in his moral nature. Free from everything approaching to arrogance, or ostentation, or pride—full of kindness and benevolence, of dignified and impressive wisdom, and discriminating sense, he discharged the responsible duties of his exalted station with gentle and graceful firmness, with lenient and impartial sway, and always employed his high and prevailing influence for the material and social improvement of the country which he loved and had adopted as his own. Endowed with the estimable adornments of clear and penetrating intelligence, richly cultivated tastes, copious and refined information, he was at all times ready to consecrate these to the service of every useful and philanthropic undertaking; and in him the advancement of every beneficent art that tends to regenerate and embellish society always found a zealous patron and a generous champion. He never stooped to covet or to seek a spurious popularity by methods of which his morally fortified mind and well-disciplined conscience disapproved; but in all his actions unsullied integrity was the motive power, stainless and unbending principle was his guiding star. He never prized the advantages of his elevated position as instruments for administering to his own aggrandisement and gratification, but chiefly for the opportunity which they supplied for endeavouring to raise the character and condition, and to improve the habits of the lower and industrial classes of society. His genial and courteous affability, his pleasing versatility of conversation, his cheerful sympathy with all that was kind and good, ever attracted the enthusiastic and admiring homage of all who enjoyed the

privilege of his acquaintance. To the innermost circle of those who were connected with him by family ties, or by social ties, he was the object of affectionate love; to the outer circle of those with whom he was officially connected, he was the object of the warmest esteem; to the more comprehensive circle of those who knew him by his character and his actions, he was the object of grateful admiration and respect. To him the splendour of external rank, which in many is but a substitute for personal worth, was almost superfluous, for the glare of temporal titles and of worldly honours was far surpassed by the brighter and more enduring lustre of sterling honour and intrinsic virtue.

"His religious convictions were earnest, steadfast, intelligent, and sincere; and I can state that he was impressed with a deep and abiding feeling of personal piety and devotion. His charities were munificent and unbounded; but they should not be called charities. This word has been degraded into a vulgar and paltry vehicle for expressing those unspontaneous donations which moneyed parsimony occasionally doles out under the influence of vanity and self-gratulation, so as to cause a blush instead of exciting gratitude in the recipient. We want a new term to describe that pure and simple liberality which gives, if I may so say it, without giving, and is received without the humiliating feeling of being received. If we could transfer from a Grecian source the term which the Apostle employs in the 13th chapter of his first Epistle to the Corinthians we should have the right designation of genuine Christian philanthropy, which 'suffereth long and is kind; vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; seeketh not her own;' and which was the root and principle from which the noble generosity so profusely exemplified in the late Earl of Carlisle was derived. How willingly did he contribute to every public enterprise of usefulness or benevolence! how feelingly did he sympathize with every case of distress that came before him! His delight was to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to relieve the sick, to make the orphans' and the widows' heart exult with joy; to enjoy the luxury of doing good; and he felt peculiar pleasure in fostering rising talent with kind and liberal encouragement, and in acting as the generous and discriminating patron of obscure and of struggling merit.

"This is not the place in which we should refer to anything of a political bearing or complexion; but this I may say, that in the administration of the Government of this country it was his great desire and aim to be an unbiassed and impartial ruler. He always felt and acted as one who had been peculiarly intrusted with a mission of philanthropy from our good and gracious Queen to her people of every sect, and party, and denomination in our land. And accordingly, whatever had a tendency to eradicate prejudice, to emancipate the mind from bigotry, to make the candid, the generous, and patriotic in sentiment predominant over every feeling of an intolerant and exclusive

complexion, ever met with his heartiest welcome and was greeted with his warmest applause. In the matter of education his object was to raise the intellectual tone and character of the people, and to vindicate for the poor man that freedom of conscience and right of private judgment which the rich man is able and determined to assert for himself, and to make not only the system which is established by the State, but also every other system, no matter on what principle it may be based, the means of achieving moral victories over ignorance and vice, of banishing the evil spirit of religious discord, and of scattering the seeds of industry and loyalty and sobriety, and of all the household virtues of society broadcast throughout the land.

"His life was a life of faith in the Son of God, who loved him and gave Himself for him. I know that his simple dependence was upon the finished work of his Divine Redeemer; that he relied upon His sacrifice alone for pardon—upon His righteousness alone for acceptance with God; and that he looked forward with clear and unclouded faith to that blessed hope, even the glorious appearing of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ. His latter days were days of peaceful serenity and of tranquil joy; and instead of manifesting symptoms of restlessness and irritation under the pressure of the disease by which he was afflicted, the lustre of Christian principle shone forth with clear and hallowed brightness, and gave a sacred softness to his whole deportment. His work on earth is done, and now he sleeps in Jesus."

LORD CARLISLE AS A STATESMAN.

Lord Carlisle's functions in the world of statesmanship seemed to be to represent and sustain the highest magnanimity, devotedness, and benevolence. In every sphere of his useful life, in every office of state to which he was called by the favour of his Sovereign, he was distinguished by the ability, zeal, and fidelity with which he discharged his social and official duties.

The welfare of the working classes was to him a subject of deep interest from the period of his entrance into public life. The Lectures he delivered abound with sentiments of earnest regard for their amelioration—the actions of his entire life accord with the principles which directed his political career.

He was an ardent promoter of Mechanics' Institutes, and initiated Public Libraries and People's Parks.

To all social and sanitary improvements he gave an effective impulse. As Commissioner of Woods and Forests he originated

the great system of intercepting sewers in London—a marvel of the age—designed for the protection of the Thames from pollution.

The principles of Civil and Religious Liberty—"The worship of a common Creator, the doctrines of a common Gospel, and the faith of a common Cross"—found in him a firm and sincere advocate. His views on the question of Reform were liberal and comprehensive. His opinions on the expediency of the abolition of the Corn Laws were sound and enlightened—his arguments powerful and convincing.

In his administration as Viceroy of Ireland, Lord Carlisle displayed the best qualities of a statesman, and maintained the truest principles of government.

The illustrious Bishop of Orleans, Monsieur Dupanloup, truly observes:—

"The nations of the civilized world, and humanity itself, have just reason to be proud of the Irish race; for there is no people around whom their patriotism, their pure morals, their courageous faith, their bravery, their ardour for civilization, their unconquerable fidelity, their disinterestedness, their patient endurance, their poetry, their eloquence, have thrown a halo more captivating—more glorious."

One noble feature may be justly added to this generous and eloquent eulogium—the fervent gratitude of the Irish people. Few men could have been selected more calculated to win the affections and conciliate the good will of all classes of her gracious Majesty's Irish subjects than Lord Carlisle. Civil and religious liberty, held sacred and inviolable, was the spell that charmed, the powerful magnet that attracted their love and veneration.

In his reply to the loyal Address of the Corporation of Dublin (June 18th, 1859), on his re-appointment to the office of Viceroy, his Lordship truly indicates his sympathy with the feelings of the people, and his anxious desire for the prosperity of the country:—

"I shall very gratefully appreciate any opportunity that may be accorded to me for co-operating with you and all sound-hearted Irishmen in strengthening the institutions, in developing the resources, in extending the capabilities of this attractive and advancing country. I know that I may appeal to the experience of my generous and honoured predecessor, as well as to my own, for proof that it would be difficult to reside on these fair shores without the feelings of attachment and affection being excited and riveted.

"In days like these, when popular intelligence is so keenly alive, so largely diffused, and so immediately represented, there is comparatively little which those intrusted with the administration of affairs can hope to originate—they must expect to receive more from around than they can impart from above. I am fully conscious that, if I can hope to discharge my part, with any acceptance among this people, it must mainly be by throwing myself with the fullest and freshest sympathy, with whatever unequal efforts, into all that constitutes their great national life; by which I would not understand merely the progress of their national and material wealth, but their aspirations for excellence in literature, in art, in arms, in virtue, in piety—in all that has illustrated their chequered but not inglorious past—in all that, I trust, will adorn their prosperous and brilliant future."

The Address of congratulation and welcome from Trinity College, 20th June, immediately after that of the Corporation, was presented by a deputation, consisting of the Vice-Chancellor, the Provost and Vice-Provost (the Rev. Richard Mac Donnell, D.D., and the Rev. Humphrey Lloyd, D.D.), and several of the Doctors, Masters, Students, &c.

The Vice-Chancellor read the Address, from which the following is an extract:—

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,—We, the Vice-Chancellor, Doctors, and Masters of the University of Dublin, desire to approach your Excellency with our respectful congratulations on your re-appointment to the high office of Her Majesty's Representative in Ireland. Already your zeal for our national interests, and your gracious and condescending demeanour have won for you an abiding place in the hearts of Irishmen. Those who differ most widely on questions of public policy, agree in regarding your Excellency not merely with the respect due to an accomplished statesman, but with warmer feelings of personal esteem, attracted by the mild and be-

nignant virtues which adorn your character. We rejoice to be able to welcome your Excellency to a country rapidly advancing in national prosperity, as well as in intellectual and moral improvement. A new tone of hopefulness and a growing spirit of industry now happily pervade our land. We trust that, preserved from the evils of war by the wisdom of our rulers, and enjoying internal order and tranquillity under your equitable and mild administration, our fellow-countrymen will continue to advance in the path of peaceful progress, and daily become, under the blessing of Providence, a more united, prosperous, and happy people."

Lord Carlisle's reply:—

"GENTLEMEN,—I return to the Vice-Chancellor, Doctors, and Masters of the University of Dublin, my respectful and cordial thanks for the Address which, on the occasion of my re-appointment to my high office in this country, I have just received from their learned and famous body. Among other attributes which I only wish I could more confidently appropriate, you render me strict justice in attributing to me a most lively sympathy and a most abiding interest in all that concerns both the welfare and the fame of Ireland. I rejoice, together with yourselves, to witness the obvious progress alike of her material industry, intellectual activity, and moral amelioration. The outward explosions of political and religious violence undoubtedly have become more rare and faint. From no quarter with happier effect than from your calm and venerable retreats could the advice and influence radiate over the whole surface of Ireland which would tend to staunch and efface all such unhappy dissensions.

"It would be signally unjust if the proceedings adopted of late years in your University to throw wider open its area of instruction, of emolument, of honour—to adapt its modes of tuition to the varying and advancing demands of an active and ardent era, and, at the same time, to foster with undiminished reverence the study of morals which have been sanctioned by the collective judgments and the universal experience of mankind as types of excellence, did not secure for your time-honoured Institution the credit alike due to wise conservatism and enlightened progress. May your ancient walls and the men who adorn them be long favoured and blessed as the instruments of transmitting the traditionary benefits which they have conferred on the people, of bestowing additional incentives to learning, new examples to art, fresh conquests to science, of enkindling in faith a higher love of virtue, and of strengthening the foundations and deepening the influences of religion."

From this period Lord Carlisle continued to administer, in a mild and magnanimous spirit, the affairs of Ireland, for many years.

His impartial administration was distinguished by justice, goodness, and wisdom—the fairest attributes of supreme power in a state—by the observance of those sound and salutary principles of policy, and by the noble qualities which dignified and adorned his high position, and justly entitled him to rank as a wise and accomplished statesman.

The dispensations of an all-wise and Supreme Providence at length decreed the close of his useful official career. His name and honoured memory will be long cherished by the people of Ireland with affection and gratitude. He was, in truth, the best and most beloved Viceroy that ever filled the Viceregal Throne—ever observing the great fundamental maxim of all good and constitutional Government—

"Salus populi suprema est lex."

NEGRO EMANCIPATION.

The condition of the slave, "groaning under a brutalizing bondage," excited Lord Carlisle's deepest sympathies. He denounced the vile system of slavery; and when at length that dark stain on civilization and the unhappy negro was erased from the Constitution, and the freedom of the slave proclaimed through the British dominions, he proudly exulted in the peaceful victory of Freedom, and poured forth his soul-thrilling and exquisite song of triumph:—

ON THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

"Proudly on Cressy's tented wold
The lion-flag of England flew;
As proudly gleam'd its crimson fold
O'er the dun heights of Waterloo:
But other lyres shall greet the brave;
Sing now, that we have freed the slave!

"The ocean plain, where Nelson bled,
Fair Commerce plies with peaceful oar;
Duteous o'er Britain's clime to shed
The gather'd spoil of every shore;
To-day, across th' Atlantic sea,
Shout—shout ye that the slave is free!

"An Eloquence in rushing streams
Has flowed o'er halls and courts along,
Or kindled 'mid yet loftier dreams
The glowing bursts of glowing song.
Let both their noblest burden pour,
To tell that slavery is no more!

"Bright Science through each field of space
Has urged her mist-dispelling car,
Coy Nature's hidden reign to trace,
To weigh each wind, and count each star:
Yet stay, thou proud philosophy,
First stoop to bid mankind be free.

"And freedom has been long our own,
With all her soft and generous train,
To gild the lustre of the Throne,
And guard the labour of the plain!
Ye heirs of ancient Runnymede!
Your slaves—oh! could it be?—are freed!

"Ah! for the tale the slave could speak,
Ah! for the shame of England's sway;
On Afric's sands the madden'd shriek,
'Neath Indian suns the burning day:
Ye sounds of guilt—ye sights of gore—
Away! for slavery is no more!

"'Mid the drear haunts of force and strife,
The ministers of peace shall stand,
And pour the welling words of life
Around a parch'd and thirsty land
While, spread beneath the tamarind tree,
Rise 'happy homes and altars free!'

"Ye isles that court the tropic rays,
Clustered on ocean's sapphire breast;
Ye feathery bowers, ye fairy bays,
In more than fable now—'the blest:'
Waft on each gale your choral strain,
Till ev'ry land has rent the chain.

"Oh! England, empire's home and head,
First in each art of peace and pow'r,
Mighty the billow crest to tread,
Mighty to rule the battle hour,—
But mightiest to relieve and save,
Rejoice, that thou hast freed the slave!"

At the period of Lord Carlisle's visit to America (1842), anti-slavery opinions were in great disrepute; nevertheless, Lord Carlisle everywhere manifested his abhorrence of the unchristian institution. Now that the people of America, after a fearful and devastating civil war, have abolished the odious system, they may remember that Lord Carlisle, the friend of the American Union, twenty years before, warned that people of the retribution they were incurring by their wrong course on the question of slavery.

They now feel the wisdom of his anticipations, and the fatal result of disregarding his warning.

The free and unrestrained flight of a seagull presented to Lord Carlisle's mind a strong contrast with the institution of American slavery, and seems to have inspired, and in part suggested to him the following impromptu verses, which were written in the Strangers' Book in one of the steamboats running between Toronto and Hamilton, when travelling in America, and copied the next day by EDWARD GEORGE BARTON, Esq.:—

LINES TO A SEAGULL.

"Fly on, fly on, thou noble bird,
What hand could aim against thy life,
When you so nobly brave the storm,
And gather pleasure from the strife.

Fly on, fly on, and boundless roam,
Far, far o'er thine own lake and sea,
Since their high waves thou mak'st thy home—
Since their fierce storms are bliss to thee!

"But stop, oh stop! I pray thee tell
(If aught of good be in the tale)
What impulse makes thee kiss the swell,
And why you court the rising gale?
For oh! I feel when fate doth bring
Its storms upon life's troubled sea,
'T would be a glorious, happy thing,
Could we but brave those storms like thee.

"Then prithee tell, when storms o'ercast,
When hearts and hands begin to pale;
When cares that first but blew a blast
Have risen quite to blow a gale.
Oh! tell us how, with hearts as light
As seems thy will, thy wing, thy form,
How we may live in such a night—
How we may brave out such a storm.

"When sland'rous tongues vile arts employ
To blight a virtuous, honest name,
When envy's hand would smite the boy
Who seeks to gain a living fame—
Oh! tell them how such storms to brave;
For much they need thy magic tale:
Already are they on the wave,
Already yield they to the gale.

"And when some poor and honest man
Is struggling manful 'gainst his fate;
Or when some youth has formed a plan
(And hard 's his task) to rise, be great,—
Or when some tender heart 's exposed
To vile temptation's gilded form,—
Oh! teach them how such gale 's oppos'd!
And how to live out such a storm!"

Or should some noble, free-born band
E'er say or hope that free they'll be;
Or should some despot's iron hand
E'er 'tempt to grasp or bind the free,
Oh pry'thee tell them then thy tale—
How wide you roam, how far you range,
How you oppose the fiercest gale.
And yet you never, never change.

And 'tseems to me that 'twould be sweet,
When malice swells its hideous form,
When all the perils deign to meet,
Or envious critics raise a storm,
That—'twould be sweet to learn from thee
How unconcern'd we then might sail,
Or how to ride this troubled sea,
And laugh at all the furious gale!

Lake Ontario, 1842. MORPETH.

Lord Carlisle was ever averse to "unnecessary war"—his opinions were in favour of a policy of peace, neutrality, and non-intervention in the affairs of other nations.

"Most promptly and entirely I second your wish that we may abstain from all part whatever in the destructive war by which part of Europe has been lately ravaged [the Italian war], but of which we may now hope, with the blessing of the Almighty, to witness a termination. At all events, may we be long permitted to reserve for higher and more beneficent purposes the energies and lives of our countrymen!"—*Reply to the Address of the Corporation of Dublin, June 18th*, 1859.

On the recent Civil War in America his Lordship said :—

"I feel that I shall best fall in with that, as it appears to me, wise principle of neutrality, which the Government to which I have the honour to belong, backed, I believe, by the general sense of the people, have hitherto maintained."—*Lord Carlisle's Speech at the Young Men's Christian Association, October*, 1862.

Lord Carlisle's love of his native country was pure and patriotic. The zeal he displayed—the deep interest he felt for its institutions, even in the midst of official duties—demonstrated the sincerity of his anxious desire for the welfare of his countrymen. The people of England do not forget his great exertions in the Reform and Free Trade movements, and in the Abolition of Slavery; yet these successful political struggles were shared by a host of philanthropic and noble-minded men, and a strong and powerful party were averse to changes in the existing constitution. But Lord Carlisle had claims, peculiarly his own, in the recognition of which all parties unanimously concurred.

The welfare of the working classes—their moral and social improvement—the formation and establishment of Reformatories—the foundation of social and charitable institutions—the progress of universal civilization—were objects which engrossed his mind.

He was ever at the service of his countrymen for the promotion of all benevolent purposes.

REFORMATORY SCHOOLS, ETC.

The reformation of juvenile offenders was a grand and interesting experiment.

The great utility of Reformatory Schools consists in this, that in them the youthful offenders are withdrawn from the scene of their crimes, and reclaimed, instead of becoming hardened criminals. The movement came into general operation in England in 1856, and the number of juvenile offences has been ever since steadily on the decrease, attesting the successful results of the experiment.

Lord Carlisle was one of the original founders of these institutions in England.

At the general meeting in Yorkshire there was a thrill of surprise when Lord Carlisle said, "*I will give upon my estate*

a site for this Reformatory School;" and when presiding subsequently at a Reformatory meeting, having come over from Ireland for that purpose, he declared "that, amidst the groves and glades of Castle Howard, nothing gave him more pleasure than the neighbourhood of this Reformatory School."

During a temporary visit to his Yorkshire estates, the inhabitants of Leeds requested him to perform the ceremony of opening an hospital for women and children. The Mayor and Corporation of Leeds presented an Address, from which the following passage is an extract:—

"Your Lordship has been endowed not only with exalted rank, but also with great talents. Most thankfully do we acknowledge that all have been employed by your Lordship, not for ambitious ends, but for the elevation of the depressed, the instruction of the ignorant, the amelioration of the suffering, the discouragement of wrong, the encouragement of literature and great institutions, and for the promotion of the welfare of your fellow-countrymen; so that your Lordship has achieved much towards the reconciliation of class with class—the promotion of a good understanding between the high and the low, the rich and the poor, throughout the realm."

At the meeting, October the 30th, 1861, in aid of the Yorkshire School for the Blind, founded in memory of Wilberforce, Lord Carlisle was selected to move the first resolution, and concluded an admirable and touching appeal to the feelings of the audience, by calling on them to imitate the example of their Divine Master, by surrounding those

"Orphans of the senses"

with all the alleviations, comforts, and compensations possible, and by making their bounty keep pace with the bereavement of the blind inmates of the institution.*

In supporting the cause of the idiotic and imbecile children of the country, none spoke more feelingly and earnestly on

* For this fine and most effective speech, *in extenso*, see p. 293 of this work.

their behalf than Lord Carlisle. An exquisite devotional feeling permeates his speech in advocating the claims of the Earlswood Asylum. His Lordship says:—

"Few descriptions of persons can be conceived more entitled to our generous sympathy and our active assistance. Without being invested with the more solemn and picturesque drapery of tragic dignity, they are exposed, perhaps beyond all others, to the cold neglect, the coarse gibes, the brutal merriment of a callous and unfeeling world; they are the butt and scarecrow of the village green—often the drudge sent out from the domestic hearth. Take it that they meet with no ill-treatment—nay, that family decencies and family affections gather round them, guide their path, and smoothe their pillows, yet what a life of negatives is theirs, at the very best! Nature spreads in vain her witchery of hues, her golden sunsets, and starry firmaments; to their untutored ears music has no melody; to their stagnant minds literature, and science, and art, and the sacred muse, utter no varied voice; to their torpid souls devotion points no God. . . . I am sure those benevolent and devoted men, who are most anxious for its success, and who have laboured most for it, will have no wish to exaggerate its effects or its capacities. They will not tell you that they hope to convert the patients whom they receive within this institution into philosophers, orators, poets, or statesmen. The instantaneous cure, the entire change of the possessed mind, were the work of Him alone whose voice the demons heard, and at once came out; but the officers of this institution will tell you that much may be done; that by judiciously ministering to the requirements of both the physical and the moral organization, orderly habits, steady employment, rational tastes, kindly feelings, just sensibilities of the affections and the conscience, the sense of right and wrong, the fear and love of God, may be introduced, and fostered, and developed into all their multiplied and goodly results—in fact, the soul may, as it were, be re-created, so that, in the best instances, the idiot may be converted into a decent and creditable member of society; in the worst, his existence may be surrounded with an atmosphere of comfort and tenderness. Are not such results worth struggling for?

"We are erecting this year a vast edifice, which I am disposed to think we may take a just pride in, as a model of modern enterprise and mechanism, directed to an enlightened and philanthropic purpose. But the glories of the Crystal Palace would be dim by the side of an adequate house of shelter and of cure for all the idiots of our land; and it would be a more honourable spectacle, if it could only be achieved by your large-hearted liberality, than the display of the world's goods amid the alleys of the gigantic show room.

And when the foreigners who throng our shores shall tell us, as they may with partial truth, that some of them excel us in their monumental buildings, the palaces of their kings, their public walks and gardens, their sparkling fountains, and their galleries of art, we shall not feel abashed if we can tell them that there is in our wide metropolis scarcely a human want which does not find its remedy, a human disease which has not its hospital, a human sorrow which may not seek for its refuge; and, amidst that goodly assemblage, AN ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS OUGHT TO BE NO LONGER WANTING."*

In all Lord Carlisle's Speeches and Addresses the same religious principle—the same devotional feelings prevail, but more especially when advocating the claims of charitable institutions.

The last public ceremonial Lord Carlisle attended was the Tercentenary Festival at Stratford-upon-Avon, in memory of Shakspeare:—

As President, he addressed the audience in an eloquent and impressive discourse.†

Soon after the celebration of this festival, Lord Carlisle's useful career on earth closed. The sad event deeply affected the people of Yorkshire. They felt it was due to his memory to erect a lasting monument of their esteem. At his Lordship's funeral this impression generally prevailed, and resulted in the meeting at Malton, and the great county meeting at York.‡

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* A most interesting pamphlet, under the title of "An Appeal on behalf of the Idiotic and Imbecile Children of Ireland," has been recently issued by GEORGE H. KIDD, Esq., M. D., Assistant Physician to the Coombe Lying-in Hospital, Dublin.

† Lord Houghton (the late Richard Monckton Milnes) said, at the recent meeting held at York, for the purpose of erecting a monument to the late Lord Carlisle:—"I had the pleasure of hearing that speech. Lord Carlisle never spoke better; he never spoke readier. There was not a single hesitation—not a sign of disease or weakness about him. He began that speech with these solemn words:—'I rise to propose to you not only the toast of this evening, but what I believe to be the toast of my life.'—It was the toast of his life—he never spoke again."

‡ For a brief abstract of the proceedings at these meetings, see Appendices.

SCHOLASTIC ATTAINMENTS, LITERARY PRODUCTIONS, AND PARLIAMENTARY CAREER OF LORD CARLISLE.

After a great and good man has passed away, the public mind feels an anxious desire to know the history of his early career, and the source whence sprang the virtues and noble qualities which distinguished him during life, and rendered his name and memory honoured and revered by his fellow-countrymen.

Lord Carlisle's education commenced at Eton. Here he remained some years—here he acquired the rudiments of that sound scholarship, that skilful and correct style of classical as well as English versification, attaining a complete mastery over the English language, which rendered in after years his speeches and compositions models of style and poetic purity.

In 1819, at the early age of seventeen, he entered Oxford University, and fully sustained his reputation at Eton throughout his collegiate course.

In 1822 he carried away the Chancellor's Prize for Latin Hexameters, as also the Prize for English verse, displaying a very great and unusual combination of mental powers.

"Eleusis" and "Pæstum," the subjects of these prize poems, respectively, show his proficiency and perfect command over both languages, and manifest the high order of his intellectual faculties.

In 1822 he passed his degree examination, taking a first class rank in the School of "Literæ Humaniores," and in the following year graduated as A.B.

Lord Carlisle did not lose his inherent love of literary pursuits upon the close of his collegiate studies: amidst the bustle of public affairs, in the intervals of repose from political excitement or official duty, literature seemed to afford him a solace and a relaxation.

Hence we have his occasional Poems; a beautiful and very much admired paraphrase, in English verse, of the Second Vision of Daniel;* and a highly interesting Tragedy, "The Fall of Constantinople."

When travelling in the East, Lord Carlisle visited Constantinople, and in his Diary presents us with a description of St. Sophia, and makes some very interesting reflections on the desecration of that magnificent Christian Temple, and on the dissolution of the Turkish Empire.

"We then went to St. Sophia. This is the real sight of Constantinople—the point round which so much of history, so much of regret, so much of anticipation, ever centre. Within that precinct Constantine, Theodosius, Justinian worshipped, and Chrysostom preached, and, most affecting reminiscence of all, the last Constantine received the Christian sacrament upon the night that preceded his own heroic death, the capture of the imperial city, and the conquest of the Crescent over the Cross. Apart even from all associated interest, I was profoundly struck with the general appearance and effect of the building itself—the bold simplicity of plan—the noble span of the wide low cupola, measuring, in its diameter, 115 feet—the gilded roofs—the mines of marble which encrust the walls—that porphyry was from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec—that verde-antique was from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. How many different strains have they not echoed! The hymn to the Latoidæ!—the chaunt to the Virgin!—the Muezzin's call from the minaret! Yes; and how long shall that call continue? Are the lines marked along the pavement, and seats, and pulpits, always to retain their distorted position, because they must not front the original place of the Christian high-altar to the East, but must be turned in the exact direction of Mecca? Must we al-

* "Not less victorious, noble Lord, hast thou
Wreathed bloodless laurels round thy classic brow.
Once did thy hands the seer's dark page unroll
To thrid the mazes of his hallowed scroll;
Lost in deep-wondering trance thine eye explored
The far-off promise of the unerring Word,
The years rolled back their veil, and thou didst see
The measured mark of glorious days to be,
Didst watch thro' Heaven the soaring wing of fire,
And strike one chord of Judah's burning lyre."

THE REV. J. CARPENTER.

ways dimly trace in the overlaying fretwork of gold the obliterated features of the Redeemer? This is all assuredly forbidden by copious and cogent, even if by conflicting causes—by old Greek memories—by young Greek aspirations—by the ambition of states and sovereigns—by the sympathy of Christendom—by the sure word of prophecy. One reflection presents itself to retard, if not to damp, the impatience which it is impossible not to feel within these august and storied walls. If politicians find that the great objection to the dissolution of the Turkish Empire is the difficulty of finding its substitute, does not something of the same difficulty present itself to the ardour of Christian zeal? Amidst all the imposture, the fanaticism, the sensuality of the Mahommedan faith, still, as far as its ordinary outward forms of worship meet the eye, it wears a striking appearance of simplicity: you see in their mosques many worshippers engaged in solitary prayer; you see attentive circles sitting round the teacher or Imaun, who is engaged in reading or expounding the Koran; but there is an almost entire absence of what we have heard termed the histrionic methods of worship."—*Lord Carlisle's Diary of Travel in Turkish and Greek Waters.**

Lord Carlisle contributed frequently, in prose and verse, to the "*Annuals*" in their palmiest days; he published a pamphlet on the Oxford Theological Controversy; he delivered Lectures on the Life and Writings of Pope (his favourite poet), the poetry and writings of Gray, and on his own impressions of American travel.†

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* "Or didst thou trace for us with glowing pen
Thy wandering footsteps among distant men,
Still ever on, with each recorded day,
We glided with thee o'er thy watery way,
Dropped our glad anchor under mountain-steep,
Stemmed the dark tide of Helle's purple deep,
Or couched by classic stream and mouldering fane
Saw high o'erhead the Moslem crescent wane.
Ever for us enthroned in dazzling snows,
Once home of Gods, Olympus grandly rose,
Still leaped through trellised vine and smooth rock-layers
The crystal fountain down its marble stairs."

THE REV. H. J. CARPENTER.

† See Appendices for extracts from Lord Carlisle's Addresses to the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes (Wakefield, May, 1844), and the Leeds Mechanics' Institute.

The most popular and entertaining of his works is his "Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters," in which, by reasoning the most convincing, he identifies the modern Bounar Bachi as the site of ancient Troy.

Literature elevates and humanizes the mind, and is the soul of a people. Nations always take rank in the great commonwealth of civilization in proportion to the literary eminence and attainments of their public men. Lord Carlisle had a pure taste and a keen appreciation for the beauties of Literature; his patronage was ever extended to the encouragement of rising genius and literary merit.

His own works, generally the production of his leisure hours, leave us to regret that his duties did not permit him more steadily to apply his vigorous mental powers to literary pursuits. However we may regret this, we must admire the merits and excellence of the beautiful productions which he has left us. Throughout his works we may observe a pure atmosphere of religious principle—a style solemn in tone, and irradiated with the warmth of devotional feeling,

The acquirements of his well-stored mind, his copious information, and the retentive powers of his memory, were wonderful. Perhaps his speeches are the most convincing test of the universality of his knowledge, and the versatility of his genius.

Their beauty consists in the ease and fluency of his language, the harmonious diction, the natural order and disposition of the several topics, the charm of continual novelty and unexpected surprises, having nothing trite or commonplace, always pertinent, rational, and convincing. To these various qualities we may add the essential requisite of a graceful delivery, and a countenance beaming with benevolence, and we have a fair portraiture of the attractive powers of Lord Carlisle as an orator.

It was, perhaps, the consciousness of possessing these powers of oratory that determined Lord Carlisle to embark on the stormy sea of politics, and consequently to relinquish the more inviting

and congenial literary career in which he had already attained so much distinction. However that may be, the die was cast. Lord Carlisle (then Lord Morpeth) was returned to the House of Commons as member for the borough of Morpeth. During the course of his Parliamentary career, Lord Carlisle realized the idea of a diligent and faithful representative. We find him taking his share in the stormy debates on the principal questions which then agitated the public mind, "holding his own," and firmly and consistently maintaining the great principles in support of which he was returned to Parliament.

In 1830 Lord Carlisle was elected, in conjunction with Mr. Henry (now Lord) Brougham, for the West Riding of Yorkshire, and continued to represent that large and important constituency till 1841. In April, 1835, during the Melbourne Administration, he accepted the highly important official post of Chief Secretary for Ireland, under the Lord Lieutenancy of the Earl of Mulgrave, late Marquis of Normanby, which he filled with credit to himself until 1841. At the general election of that year he submitted to the loss of his seat, rather than abandon his principles on the leading question of the day—"Free Trade."

On this occasion, upon his defeat, he delivered one of the finest and most magnanimous election speeches ever pronounced, and never surpassed in the history of elections, and bade his constituents a graceful farewell.*

Lord Carlisle, now released from Parliamentary duties, visited the United States and Canada, and afterwards proceeded on his

* "There are many Yorkshiremen who say that Lord Morpeth's speech after his defeat has never been equalled in the history of elections. Some of us who did not hear the address, but only read the report of it, are almost disposed, even while remembering Burke, to agree to anything that the actual hearers can say. It was a natural occasion for the magnanimity of the man to appear; and its effect on the election crowd was just what it was every day on those who lived in his presence. The feeling of many hearers was that it was a happier thing to endure a defeat, even of a ministerial policy, in such a spirit of enlightenment and philosophy, than to enjoy the most unexpected triumph merely as a triumph."—*Daily News.*

travels to the East, to which we owe his "Impressions on Life and Manners in America," and his "Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters."

In 1846, his constituency of the West Riding, a vacancy occurring, received Lord Carlisle with open arms and a hearty welcome; no opponent ventured to appear. Lord Carlisle resumed his place in the British Senate, and was re-elected in the following year. In reference to this great triumph the "Leeds Mercury," of February 4th, 1846, says:—

"This important election has taken place, and Lord Morpeth is returned without a contest as the Free Trade member of the first constituency in the kingdom.

"The great injustice of 1841 is repaired; the stain on the Opposition banner is wiped out; and on the very principles on which the noble lord was defeated four years back, on those same principles, only carried out to a fuller consummation, is he restored to his seat amid the enthusiastic acclamations of the Riding. How rapid has been the progress of truth! How beautiful are its victories!—involving, in the present case, a full and honourable reparation to a public servant for the ingratitude he had experienced, the restoration of this great community to its proper place among the supporters of commercial freedom, and the retrieving of a noble cause from defeat, to crown it with sudden and splendid triumph.

"The enthusiasm with which the West Riding has hailed the restoration of Lord Morpeth to the seat he so long adorned, is such as could scarcely be understood out of the Riding. The noble lord is regarded by the people of Yorkshire with a warm personal affection—an affection which has its source in the goodness, kindliness, and magnanimity of his nature, and which has been exceedingly heightened by the events that for a time separated the member from his constituents. They remembered his exemplary discharge of the duties he owed to them and to his country, and the unequalled success with which he conducted for six years the difficult affairs of Ireland. And they remembered, too, how frankly and manfully he avowed himself favourable to the total and immediate repeal of the Corn Laws, whilst as yet he believed both the Whig and Conservative leaders to be hostile to that measure.

"For the sake of the man, therefore, at well as for the sake of principles which they hold most dear, the electors of the West Riding have delighted to do honour to Lord Morpeth; and if the brightest triumph is that which leads the hearts of men in willing homage, that brightest triumph was enjoyed by the noble lord this day."

From July, 1846, till 1850, Lord Carlisle held the office of Commissioner of Woods and Forests, carried the "Public Health Bill," and caused extensive plans for the drainage of London to be prepared, and otherwise directed and aroused the attention of the nation to the necessity of sanatory reform.

In October, 1848, by the decease of his father, the Earldom devolved upon him, and a seat in the House of Lords, thus terminating his connexion with the House of Commons.

In 1850 Lord Carlisle was appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, but resigned on the retirement of Lord John Russell in 1852. He remained in opposition during Lord Derby's Administration, and accepted no official post under the Aberdeen Ministry.

In 1855, Lord Palmerston, on assuming the Government, selected Lord Carlisle as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He continued, with a brief intermission, in the discharge of the delicate and difficult duties of that dignified and responsible office till within a few months of his decease.*

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* See Appendices—Extract from Sir Bernard Burke's (Ulster King at Arms) "Peerage."

LECTURE ON GRAY, PRIZE POEMS, ETC.

[THE pieces which follow—a Lecture on the Poet Gray, the Oxford Prize Poems, "Pæstum" and "Eleusis," an Argument on the Supposed Site of Troy, and A Poetic and Historic View of the chief Scenes of Interest in Yorkshire, having been only obtained after the main portion of the work had been completed, are necessarily inserted in this place, the Editor's design being to omit no composition illustrating the genius or scholarship of Lord Carlisle.]

LECTURE ON THE POETICAL WORKS OF GRAY.*

I CHOSE for the subject of a Lecture I delivered at Leeds, "The Poetry of Pope." I have chosen as my subject to-night, "The Writings of Gray." Why Gray? it may be asked. I have myself admitted, when I had to speak of Pope, that upon the British Parnassus were loftier names than even his. Why then do I descend lower, instead of mounting higher on the sacred steep? In the first place, I may feel that to descant adequately upon Shakspeare or Milton would seem to demand gifts and powers more nearly approaching to their own; just as, to write worthily of Socrates, it required no one less than Plato. Next, in these transcendant cases, the endeavour, with whatever success, has been much more frequently made. And, further, I believe there to be something instinctive, which leads every one of us, not to what in our unimpassioned judgment we think the best and greatest of its kind, but to what we are sensible is most specially attractive and congenial to ourselves. The strongest personal impulse I could feel led me first of all to Pope; that first one having been satisfied, the next leads me to Gray; and I am quite con-

* This Lecture was delivered at the Sheffield Mechanics' Institute, December 14th, 1852. It is introduced as an Appendix to the Life of Gray, in the Eton edition of his Poetical works, published by Griffin and Bolton, London.

fident that he is worthy enough for you to hear, and more than worthy enough for me to speak about.

In point of mere bulk, he has probably written less than any other poet, whose works are comprised in any collection of English poetry; yet but few have attempted a greater variety of styles, and these, too, among the most difficult and lofty in the whole range of song. He has written odes, which may be divided into the regular and the Pindaric; he has written heroic verses: he has written elegiac verses; he has written Latin heroic, Latin elegiac, and Latin lyric poetry; he has written burlesque; he has written satire; he has written part of a tragedy—and all he has written is not only excellent, but nearly perfect in its kind. If he had done more—if he had exhibited the prodigality, as well as the perfection of his inspiration—I know not the height of eminence to which he might not have been held entitled. His leading characteristic, and probably that which interfered mainly with his being a more prolific writer, is the nicety and purity of his taste. If forced to compare his style and genius with those of any other great writer, I believe that I should select Virgil. Gray had not, of course, his copiousness; he had, indeed, great variety in the forms of composition, but the same unerring delicacy of taste—the same appropriate, but not exaggerated loftiness of diction—the same elaborate and exquisite workmanship.

"I gladly back my own estimate of the poetical merits of Gray by the weightier authority of that accomplished and discriminating writer, Sir James Mackintosh, who says, "Of all English poets he was the most finished artist. He attained the highest degree of splendour of which poetical style seems to be capable."

His life and character demand a passing notice, though neither the one nor the other were marked by any such salient or striking points as need detain us long. He appears to have suffered under an hereditary tendency to gout, both of his parents having died of that malady. It also closed his own more illustrious career, in his fifty-fifth year, and probably gave to the whole of his sedentary and uneventful life that disposition to a pensive, but not morose melancholy, to which he frequently alludes in his correspondence, and which has left most distinct impressions even on his highly-polished and carefully-laboured poetry. It will be remembered that he says of the "Youth," whom he evidently in a great degree intended for himself, that—

"Melancholy marked him for her own."

It is in this light that he is represented in a poem of the last century, "The Pursuits of Literature," which attracted much attention at the time, from its general ability, from the stores of learning contained in its notes, and perhaps most of all from its long-sustained anonymous character; it is now

known to have been written by Mr. Mathias, a distinguished classical and Italian scholar:—

"Go then and view, since closed his cloistered day,
The self-supported, melancholy Gray.
Dark was his morn of life, and bleak the spring,
Without one fost'ring ray from Britain's King:

Granta's dull abbots cast a sidelong glance,
And Levite gownsmen hugged their ignorance:
With his high spirit strove the master bard,
And was his own exceeding great reward."

I confess that these lines, very good and forcible in themselves, appear to me rather overcharged as a correct statement of the case. "The dull abbots" of Cambridge are spoken of with extreme irreverence by Gray himself, and we may suspect that the superciliousness was quite as much on his side as on theirs; at all events he did not find the residence at his own University by any means intolerable, as he spent there by choice the greater portion of the last twenty-nine years of his life. And with reference to the want of any "fostering ray from Britain's King," it certainly would have been very creditable to our Brunswick Sovereigns (who, it must be owned, were not then enlightened patrons of art and learning), if they had distinguished so excellent a poet as Gray; but, in the first place, he not only had the option of becoming the Poet Laureate, which, perhaps, is not saying much, considering some of those who in those days wore the laurel wreath (far different from those, such as Wordsworth and Tennyson, who have conferred honour upon it in our own time); but Gray did actually receive a lucrative office, which, I fear, he made a sinecure—that of Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, if not actually from George III. himself, at least from his Minister, the Duke of Grafton, with the King's formally conveyed assent. And I imagine, moreover, that at almost every period of his life, Gray, who never was a distressed man, would have shrunk instinctively from all the common appearances of patronage. When he travelled with the son of the most powerful Prime Minister whom England ever had, he contrived to quarrel with him, though I have the most direct authority* (unhappily just removed from us) for stating, that Horace Walpole himself not only sought a reconciliation, and took frequent opportunities of marking his respect and admiration for Gray, but to his dying day he impressed upon those with whom he conversed, that the blame had been entirely on his own side—an admission

* The elder Miss Berry, to whom Horace Walpole offered his hand.

which Dr. Johnson, of whom more shortly, chooses first to record, and then to sneer away. However, I say it neither in the way of praise nor blame, but probably there scarcely ever was an author who had so little of the spirit of authorship about him.

To begin, he wrote extremely little—one of the greatest of readers, he was one of the most sparing of writers—even, too, when he had been brought very reluctantly to allow the publication of the immortal Elegy, he specially desires that it should be without his name, and in one place he expresses almost a ludicrous degree of horror at the notion of its being published with an engraving of his own head prefixed to it; lastly, and most conclusively of all, when later in life he authorizes two separate editions of his entire works in England and Scotland, he expressly mentions that he is to receive no remuneration for them.

The same sensitive and fastidious delicacy which pruned every expression of his pen, guarded every action of his life; and we are told by his attached and devoted editor and friend, the poet Mason, that he even assumed an appearance of delicacy and effeminacy, as if to ward off persons whom he did not wish to please. Such may have been his weakness, and it is rather confirmed to us by the prim, closed appearance of the lips, which may be observed in the medallion of his face as it appears on his tablet, not his tomb, in Westminster Abbey.

However, I must pause for a moment longer on the undeniable merits and virtues which distinguished his character and dignified his life. His existence, on the whole, was that of a scholar and recluse, pursuing varied walks of learning, many of which he mastered, not with the massive completeness of a German student, yet with the refined diligence of an English gentleman. His fine organization specially disposed and fitted him for the skilful appreciation and enlightened enjoyment of all that falls within the domain of the fine arts; and thus, in addition to his own captivating art of poetry, he was keenly alive to the excellences of music, painting, and architecture.

But a candid biographer of Gray would have both softer and higher qualities to dwell upon. However retiring and reserved he appears to have constitutionally been, and although there would appear to be no trace of his having ever been in love, his heart was open to the warmest emotions of friendship, nor is it easy to remember a more congenial union of tastes and feelings than distinguished the too brief intimacy between him and his accomplished friend, Richard West, whose premature death, as we shall shortly see, lent probably some of its most thrilling cadences to his pensive lyre. His affection for his mother was tender, constant, and practical; as one evidence of it, let me quote the short inscription on the tombstone he placed to her

memory, in that same churchyard of Stoke Poges, which, in all probability, was the scene of his own most successful inspiration. After a few words upon the remains of his aunt, who had preceded her in the same grave to which he himself afterwards followed her, the simple epitaph thus goes on :—

"IN THE SAME PIOUS CONFIDENCE,
BESIDE HER FRIEND AND SISTER,
HERE SLEEP THE REMAINS OF
DOROTHY GRAY,
WIDOW, THE CAREFUL TENDER MOTHER
OF MANY CHILDREN, ONE OF WHOM ALONE
HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO SURVIVE HER."

The same affectionate and persevering love to a mother is dwelt upon in a delightful preface to the "Memoirs of the poet Moore," composed by Lord John Russell, and which I had the satisfaction of purchasing on my way here this morning. Were I, however, to make the present occasion one of controversy, I must say, when I find Lord John Russell writing that "surely of English lyrical poets Moore is the first," I should feel almost guilty of treason to the subject of this lecture, if I did not observe that the word "surely" was a more positive one than the opinion fairly warranted.

To these amiable natural affections which Gray exhibited, we must add a becoming tone of religious sentiment, whenever it is introduced, and the occasions are not unfrequent, either in his correspondence or his verse; and it kindles even into a noble scorn, whenever it is called forth by any display of shallow scepticism, or aping of infidel philosophy. He appears to have always spoken with the utmost repugnance of Bolingbroke and Voltaire. In one place he thus pointedly describes himself:—

"No very great wit,—he believed in a God."

It would be doing great injustice to Gray if no mention should be made of him as a letter-writer. He occupies no mean place among that entertaining, and surely not ignoble, company; with less of sparkle and amusing matter than his fellow-traveller, Horace Walpole—with less of the unapproachable charm of simplicity and power of vivifying the most common-place topics than Cowper, he holds rather a middle station between them; and, falling short of their respective extremes of excellence, partakes to a certain extent of both. His correspondence is more full of illustration from varied learning, and the rich colouring of art, than the homely Cowper's; his letters during his Italian travels, and his descriptive tour of the English lakes, are both more graphic and more simple than the artificial Walpole's.

With respect to his different notices of scenery, I cannot quote a more distinct authority than that again of Sir James Mackintosh, who says in one

of his letters, "I am struck by the recollection of a sort of merit in Gray, which is not generally observed—that he was the first discoverer of the beauties of nature in England, and has marked out the course of every picturesque journey that can be made in it."

My business on these occasions is not, or but very subordinately at least, with composition in prose; and I will only, in the way of example, give three very brief extracts from our poet's letters. I will begin with pure description. Here is a glimpse of Italy—the merest glimpse—but it puts the reader right in the midst of it:—

"I am going to the window, to tell you it is the most beautiful of Italian nights. There is a moon! There are stars for you! Do not you hear the fountain? Do not you smell the orange-flowers? The building yonder is the Convent of St. Isidore, and that eminence with the cypress trees and firs upon it, the top of Mount Quirinal."

We will next transfer ourselves to an English landscape, and will take what he says of one of the smallest of our northern lakes, Little Grasmere:—

"The bosom of the mountain, spreading here into a broad basin, discovers in the midst Grasmere water; its margin is hollowed into two small bays, with bold eminences, some of rock, some of soft turf, that half conceal and vary the form of the little lake they command: from the shore, a lone promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village, with the parish church rising in the midst of it: hanging enclosures, cornfields, and meadows green as an emerald, with their trees, and hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole square from the edge of the water; and just opposite to you is a large farmhouse, at the bottom of a steep, smooth lawn, embosomed in old woods, which climb halfway up the mountain side, and discover above them a broken line of crags that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, no glaring gentleman's house, or garden walls, break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected paradise; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty, in its neatest and most becoming attire."

Does not every word prove to us that it is intended to show off the scene, and not one of them the writer?

My remaining extract shall approach nearer to sentiment, and to that one sentiment which displays itself more amiably than any other in Gray's whole character—the affection for his mother, to which I have already referred. There is, as you will perceive, some levity in the mode of expression, but none, as I think you will feel, to neutralize its tenderness. He is writing to a young friend:—

"I had written to you to beg you would take care of your mother, and to inform you that I had discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one can never have any more than a single mother. You may think this is obvious, and what you call a trite observation. You are a green gosling! I was, at the same age, as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this (with full evidence and conviction,

I mean) till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, and seems but yesterday; and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart."

I may now proceed to comment upon the poetry of Gray; in doing which I may indulge myself with a little more detail, since, limited as it is in quantity, I should otherwise very soon come to the end of my subject.

In setting out, however, on this topic, I do not feel myself at liberty to omit a more direct reference to that notable commentary upon the poems of Gray which closes—I would fain say disgraces—that generally attractive work of our great English critic, Dr. Johnson, the "Prefaces to the Works of the English Poets." To free myself from the imputation of any undue prejudice on this point I would remark, that the qualities alike of Dr. Johnson's writings, mind, and character, are so strongly marked and prominent, that I can well imagine very wide differences of opinion concerning them; my own feeling for the most part is that of high admiration. Having thus guarded myself, I have no scruple in denouncing his criticism on Gray as a proof, in this instance, either of a most sovereign want of taste, or a low and degrading jealousy. I hesitate, indeed, to attribute it to the actual personal envy of the reputation of a man who died before the "Prefaces" were composed, but I am inclined to ascribe the extreme bitterness which pervades it to a mixture of the two alternative causes, the very mixture, perhaps, preventing each from attaining its full amount of offensiveness. I conceive Johnson to have been altogether deficient in sympathy for the peculiar bent of Gray's character and genius—his refined, fastidious, and elaborate taste; and then the bad temper, of which the Doctor had occasionally rather a copious store, was excited at the praise and admiration lavished on qualities which he himself failed to recognise or appreciate.

I do not think it necessary to pause upon the Latin compositions of Gray. Mason asserts, that when he first knew him, he seemed to set a greater value on his Latin poetry than on that which he had composed in his native language; and Dr. Johnson has the courage to imply, that it might have been better for him to have adhered to the Latin. It would have done the Doctor no good; Gray beat him *easy* in both languages. His Latin poetry is not, indeed, uniformly out of the reach of even modern criticism; and we have it for the most part rather in small fragments, as well as in great variety of form; but it is, on the whole, extremely beautiful. It would be out of place to quote from it here; but I beg to refer my classical hearers to the Alcaic ode on the Monastery of the Great Chartreuse, to the hexameters on leaving Florence, to the noble apostrophe on the death of his friend West in his intended philosophic poem, and to the short elegiac lines on the battlefield of the Trebia, as well as the description of the triumph of Massinissa, in the heroic epistle from Sophonisba.

The Ode on the Spring seems to have been the earliest English production which appears in the usual printed collection of his poems. It was written in the twenty-sixth year of his age, and he, therefore, does not come before us with any display of that precocious sensitiveness to verse, which heralded the meridian glories of Pope and many others. He appears, indeed, to have written some translations while at College, out of one of which, from Tasso, I extract this striking couplet on the diamond:—

> "The diamond there attracts the wondrous sight,
> Proud of its thousand dyes, and luxury of light."

But, to continue: this Ode on the Spring, as we thus have almost a right to expect, is as nicely polished, and as carefully finished, as almost any of his subsequent compositions; it seems to be overcast by that shadow of melancholy, which I have already described as a constant ingredient of his character, but which was now further deepened by the mortal illness of his beloved friend and contemporary West, who, indeed, died after Gray had sent to him, but before he had received, this very poem.

The singing of birds is well named

> "The untaught harmony of spring;"

And a hot noon is pourtrayed with much truth—

> "Still is the toiling hand of care,
> The panting herds repose;
> Yet hark! how through the peopled air,
> The busy murmur glows!
> The insect youth are on the wing,
> Eager to taste the honied spring,
> And float amid the liquid noon."

I ought not to omit the moral reflection—

> "How vain the ardour of the crowd!
> How low, how indigent the proud!
> How little are the great!"

I do not feel myself called upon to pause over the next ode, "On the Death of a favourite Cat, drowned in a tub of Gold Fishes," which, without containing anything which the Muse need stop to censure, is certainly one of the very few pieces of Gray for which I have no wish to claim the attribute of perfection.

I must tell my hearers that I spent above six years of my life as a boy at Eton School, and so they must excuse me for bursting forth with filial fervour—

"Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade;
Where grateful science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade."

How often to scattered old Etonians, amid the multiplied walks of busy life, and in all quarters of the globe, have these few simple descriptive lines, since they were first written, now above a hundred years ago, recalled that well-remembered spot—that sward, green as any in all green England—those venerable elms, that appear, as they probably are, coeval with the grey towers to which their deep green lends its softening contrast—that more than classic stream, our own Father Thames, its clear waters, as yet pure of London sewage, unequalled even among mightier rivers for the beauty of its dimpling ripples—or, immediately above, those royal turrets of Windsor, looking the embodiment of British monarchy, ancient, gentle, strong—the whole scene, with all its accompaniments, tending to make even these early days of education, both in their actual experience and in their abiding retrospect, romantic while they are careless, and conservative while they are expansive.

I may mention, that I felt so strongly the kind of identification which this brief ode gives to the Muse of Gray with the memory of Eton, that upon a proposal being lately made, that a collection of busts of the principal worthies of Eton should be placed in the large school-room there, most of which were contributed by some of their descendants or connexions, I requested permission to present a bust of Gray, though certainly I could make out no plea of consanguinity, or any other but very sincere and fervent admiration.

I do not think the remainder of the ode altogether free from exception. In the first place, it is not wholly accurate in its representation of Eton school-boy life, which seems singular, as Gray had ample experience of it. It is the normal habit of an Eton boy to be what is termed "out of bounds," and he certainly does not perpetrate that act of nominal lawlessness with any of the timorous feelings attributed to him in the verses,—

"Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still, as they run, they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy."

Rollicking carelessness" would be a far truer designation than "fearful joy."

But even here, on this scene of joyous memories, the persevering melancholy of Gray soon pounces down:—

"Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!"

And then they are charitably consigned for the rest of their lives to "black misfortune's baleful train," to "the stormy passions," to

"Disdainful anger, pallid fear,
And shame, that skulks behind;"

—to "pining love," and "jealousy," and "envy wan," and "faded care," and "grim-visaged comfortless despair," and "bitter scorn," and "grinning infamy," and "keen remorse," and "moody madness," and "the painful family of death," and "poverty," and "slow-consuming age."

That some admixture of these evils must (to use a current phrase) "loom in the distance" over a portion of every large assembly of human beings, will undoubtedly be but too true; but our bard of Eton has surely here deepened the shadows on his canvass into too uniformly sombre a hue, and has entirely omitted the clear spots and shining spaces which, with at least equal truth,, he might have scattered over his prophetic landscape. How many gems of future excellence, how much budding promise of yet undeveloped genius and unexercised virtue he might have discovered in the "many a sprightly race" over whom he could only vent such dark forebodings! To confine our view to the most prominent walks of public life, civil or military, in our own day, it may be stated, that of the six last Prime Ministers of this country, four have been Eton men; and not very long after the poet had cast his desponding glance upon that boyish group, among those who disported on the "margent green," was Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington!

The reflection with which this piece terminates is very familiarly known—

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise!"

The Hymn to Adversity stands next. I think the opening invocation very solemn and imposing—

"Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!"

In an Ode to Adversity, Gray had a clear right to indulge his usual propensity to melancholy, and he well characterizes this, his own chosen associate—

"And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground."

Among his unfinished Poems was found one, headed "An Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude." All that remains is composed with great care

and beauty; but I only quote one stanza, which, although the idea is rather closely borrowed from a French original, yet it is so true to Nature, and has received such simple, appropriate, and complete expression from Gray, that he has fairly made it his own:—

"See the wretch, that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again:
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise."

I come now to the two great odes which more peculiarly represent the varied, though not irregular structure, and fervid tone of that form of composition, not improperly termed Pindaric, and which singularly developed the genuine ore in the poetic vein of Gray. It is to these, and to one written later, and not unworthy to be associated with them, that we must mainly refer the expressions in the stanza inscribed by Mason, as an epitaph, on Gray's Monument in Westminster Abbey:—

"No more the Grecian muse unrivalled reigns;
To Britain let the nations homage pay!
She boasts a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray."

To quote Mackintosh once more, he says, "Of the two grand attributes of the Ode, Dryden had displayed the enthusiasm, Gray exhibited the magnificence."

It is upon these two odes, "The Progress of Poesy" and "The Bard," that Dr. Johnson has more especially permitted himself to indulge his sneering and captious vein: he terms them "the wonderful wonder of wonders, by which, though either vulgar ignorance or common sense at first universally rejected them, many have been since persuaded to think themselves delighted." Gray himself tells us in a note, that he had been advised, even by his friends, to subjoin some few explanatory notes, but that he had too much respect for the understanding of his readers to take that liberty. In a subsequent edition however, he manifested a little more condescension for their want of penetration.

The Progress of Poesy stands first; and never, as it appears to me, has the execution been in more complete accordance with the subject: the Progress of Poesy is chronicled by genuine Poesy herself. Early in it occurs the adaptation of a noble passage from Pindar, which Dr. Johnson is pleased to class among the commonplaces of a school-boy. I affirm, that any person

of real poetic taste, both among those who can, and those who cannot enjoy the original, must equally appreciate the imitation, though Gray himself rightly designates the lines of Pindar as incomparable. The purport of the passage is, to describe the effect of music, not only on the passions of the human soul, but on the whole animal creation :—

"Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs.
Enchanting shell! the sullen cares,
And frantic passions, hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye."

I remember this passage on the eagle receiving a sufficiently dignified application in the House of Lords, where it was quoted by Lord Lansdowne, as descriptive of the position of the Emperor Napoleon in the island of Elba: the Bird of Empire shortly afterwards awoke.

In the next stanza, there seems to me another marvellously false criticism from Dr. Johnson. He says—"'Idalia's velvet green' has something of cant. An epithet or metaphor drawn from nature ennobles art; an epithet or metaphor drawn from art degrades nature." No, Doctor! there is no such arbitrary or one-sided rule: those epithets and metaphors are good and poetical, which provided they are seemly in idea and language, put the conception before you in the way which most vividly presents a picture of it to the mind. One of Gray's editors makes the refutation of this heavy bit of dogmatism complete, by bringing to bear upon it instances sel cted from Shakspeare, to whom all men bow; and from Dr. Johnson himself, to whom, I presume, Dr. Johnson would bow.

Having traced the progress of Poesy through her old classic regions—

"Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around;
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound;"

we are brought, after her wanderings, to the home she at last found in our own England. I cannot pass over the picture of the infant Shakspeare, and his early familiarity with mighty Nature—

"Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: The dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled.
'This pencil take,' she said, 'whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears."

If this presentation of Shakspeare is full of its appropriate grace and tenderness, that of Milton, which follows it, is not less distinguished by characteristic elevation and grandeur. It is rather curious to find Dr. Johnson admitting, that the allusion, with which it concludes, to his blindness, if caused by study in the formation of his poem, is poetical and happy, though it has been impugned by others as too nearly approaching to a conceit.

"Nor second He, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of ecstacy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of space and time:
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble, while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night."

Then of Dryden:—

"Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.
Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

Gray shows, in the concluding line of this splendid ode, a proper estimate of the rank to which genius like his own may fairly pretend:—

"Beneath the good how far—how far above the great."

The next of the great Pindaric odes, "The Bard," is still more generally popular, and familiar to our recollections. I will not take upon myself to pronounce that it is superior in poetical merit, but it is infinitely more dramatic, has more fire and passion, and, what may not have weighed a little in procuring its general acceptance, it deals with the striking events and epochs of our national history. The opening, as becomes this species of poetry, is full of abrupt energy:—

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait!
Though, fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state."

Now here I cannot refrain from giving a specimen of Dr. Johnson's candid and discriminating criticism! He finds himself obliged to confess that this abrupt beginning has been celebrated; but he adds, "Technical beauties can give praise only to the inventor. It is in the power of any man to rush abruptly on his subject, that has read the ballad of Johnny Armstrong:—

"'Is there ever a man in all Scotland.'"

Oh, doctor, doctor!

As the doctor has drawn me into levity, I must mention an Eton tradition of an occasion when the opening was, indeed, deemed too abrupt. Upon one of George III.'s visits to the School, when the annual speeches are delivered, "The Bard" had been set down as the first piece to be recited, when it all at once occurred to the boy who had to repeat it, that it would hardly seem courteous, or even loyal, to burst out with—

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!"

The address of the Bard to the memories and graves of his tuneful brethren, supposed to have perished in the invasion, is very impressive:—

"Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay."

Let me pause for a moment on this last line, to say a word upon the form of speech called "alliteration." Sometimes it is condemned wholesale, as an unworthy artifice to jingle on the ear, without any corresponding advantage to the sense. Dr. Johnson naturally takes the opportunity of observing, "that it is below the grandeur of a poem that endeavours at sublimity." There can be no doubt that it may be abused, and, if resorted to habitually, must be offensive both to the ear and the judgment; but there is as little doubt that its temperate and judicious adoption may add most materially to the effect of a passage. I adduce this line as an example:—

"To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay."

Now, if Gray had transposed the words, the sense would have been precisely as good, but no one will pretend that the effect of the line would have been marred, as thus :—

"To soft Llewellyn's harp, or high-born Hoel's lay."

The machinery, if I may use the term, employed in the further conduct of the poem appears to me eminently poetical. The shades of the murdered bards are descried on the neighbouring cliffs, weaving the winding-sheet of their conqueror's family, and foretelling all the chequered destinies which befel that royal line. They begin with the murder of his son, Edward II. :—

"Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death through Berkley's roof that ring;
Shrieks of an agonizing King!"

The contrast between the neglected deathbed of the hero-monarch, Edward III., and the brilliant opening of the reign of his spoiled, luxurious grandson, Richard II., with its subsequent dismal obscuration, is most impressively presented :—

"Mighty victor, mighty lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable Warrior fled?
Thy son is gone: He rests among the dead.
The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey."

After dwelling for some time further amidst images of war and carnage, the scene changes to the days bright with the glories both of empire and literature, reserved for England in the virgin reign of Elizabeth :—

"Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!"

"What poetical force there is in that word *crowd*, arising, it strikes me, from the contrast of anything so shadowy and impalpable as the coming ages with the hard, familiar, strictly perceptible pressure of a crowd!

There are four lines in the concluding stanza, which I have heard rather

frequently quoted in Parliament and on the hustings; indeed, I have trespassed in that way myself. When an orator wishes to denounce a tyrant, civil or ecclesiastical, or to discourage over-gloomy forebodings of evil, out he comes—

> "Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
> Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?
> To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
> And warms the nations with redoubled ray."

There is another fine ode on the installation of the Duke of Grafton, as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. I believe I am not incorrect in stating that there has been a fashion among the disciples of the Lake School of Poets, of whom Mr. Wordsworth may be considered the head, to hold the poetry of Gray rather cheap. I have no wish to canvass here the poetical merits of the different writers of that school. I will merely observe, that Mr. Wordsworth, when poet laureate, also composed an installation ode for a Chancellor of the University of Cambridge; nor can it be said that he laboured under any disadvantage in respect of the person to be celebrated, as his Chancellor, instead of rather a commonplace, worldly politician, like the Duke of Grafton, was the present husband of Queen Victoria. With respect to the odes themselves, certainly no admirer of Gray need shrink from the comparison.

We may trace the fondness with which Gray, through life, retained his academic association, mellowed by his own peculiar and abiding pensive temperament:—

> "'Ye brown o'er-arching groves,
> That Contemplation loves,
> Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!
> Oft at the blush of dawn
> I trod your level lawn,
> Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
> In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
> With Freedom by my side, and soft-eyed Melancholy.'

I think he grew still fonder of melancholy as he grew older: in the "Hymn to Adversity" she has "leaden eyes;" she has now become "soft-eyed."

There is an extremely poetical description of an imaginary procession of the founders and benefactors of the different colleges in this renowned University. Suppose that you see sweeping along King Edward III.; Mary de Chatillon, Countess of Pembroke, whose Earl was slain on her marriage day in a tournament; Elizabeth, Countess of Clare, grand-daughter of Edward I.; Margaret of Anjou; Elizabeth, Queen of Edward IV.; Henry VI.; Henry VIII. Now here they come:—

"But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth
With solemn steps and slow,
High potentates, and dames of royal birth,
And mitred fathers in long order go:
Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow
From haughty Gallia torn,
And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn
That wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare,
And Anjou's heroine, and the paler Rose,
The rival of her crown and of her woes."

I must further cite that short, but very beautiful stanza, worthy of being called, as it is in the previous line, "the liquid language of the skies." I have known statesmen to apply part of it to cheer and sustain themselves in the hour of languor, and under the chill of disappointment:—

"What is grandeur, what is power?
Heavier toil, superior pain.
What the bright reward we gain?
The grateful memory of the good.
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasures sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude.'

I do not intend to pause upon the few pieces which profess to be adaptations from the Norse and Welsh tongues. Though executed with a certain degree of spirit, I do not think that they possess any strong interest. There are lines which sound like an anticipation of Sir Walter Scott:—

"Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he traced the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounced the accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead."

But Sir Walter Scott has imparted to these themes far more fire and vivacity.

I do not think either that the few epitaphs published in the works call for any particular notice.

"I must speak far otherwise of the Fragment of a Philosophical Poem, which at one time he intended to write. He says of it himself, "What name to give it I know not, but the subject is the Alliance of Education and Government. I mean to show that they must both concur, to produce great and useful men." He does not seem to have finished much above a hundred lines of his original design, but they are cast in the noblest mould of excellence. I will not quote any of the more didactic portions, but I must give

two extracts from the more illustrative passages. Take first this account of the invasion of Italy by the northern barbarians:—

"As oft have issued, host impelling host,
The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast.
The prostrate South to the destroyer yields
Her boasted titles, and her golden fields:
With grim delight the brood of winter view
A brighter day, and heav'ns of azure hue;
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows."

These few exquisite couplets seem to me to condense all the history of Gibbon, and all the scenery of Italy.

The other passage controverts the notion that the diversities of national character can be referred exclusively to differences of climate:—

"Need we the influence of the northern star
To string our nerves, and steel our hearts to war?
And, where the face of nature laughs around,
Must sick'ning virtue fly the tainted ground?
Unmanly thought! what seasons can control,
What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul,
Who, conscious of the source from whence she springs,
By reason's light, on resolution's wings,
Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes
O'er Lybia's deserts, and through Zembla's snows?"

"Every lover of good poetry must sincerely lament that Gray's design was never completed; there were some detached maxims or sentiments among his papers, which probably were intended to be interwoven with its further progress. I will confine myself to the only one of them which is in verse, and which is indeed a very pithy as well as a very pretty couplet:—

"When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And Gospel light first dawned from Bullen's eyes."

Nor must I wholly pass over another fragment left by Gray—the opening scene of a tragedy, which was to have been called "Agrippina." Many even of his usual admirers are rather apt to abandon him here, and his own attached and sympathizing friend West was not very encouraging. I venture to think that our language has sustained a real injury in the early stoppage of the piece. I agree with Mr. Mason, that, as the subject was probably suggested by Racine's admirable play of "Britannicus," (his second in merit—I have heard it pronounced by very competent French authority as ranking next to his beautiful "Phædra"), so the execution of what was completed is very much

in the manner of that great tragedian, who, if perhaps esteemed at some periods and by some persons above his merits, would appear at the present time to be valued far beneath them. It is not enough to say that neither Racine nor Gray were Shakspeares, as Gray himself tells us in his own beautiful stanza—

> "But not to one, in this benighted age,
> Is that diviner inspiration given,
> That burns in Shakspeare's or in Milton's page—
> The pomp and prodigality of heaven."

You may not like the regular and formal mould of the French drama, but, the style and form being given, the question lies as to the merit of the execution; and in this point of view I feel sure, from the specimen we possess, that the tragic muse of Gray would have swept the stage, if with something of classic coldness, yet with great vigour of thought, and most exalted majesty of diction. I will only extract a few lines; the more readily, as it is his only production in blank verse. Agrippina is warned by a confidant to beware the resentment of her son, the Emperor Nero:—

> "And dost thou talk to me, to me of danger,
> Of haughty youth and irritated power,
> To her that gave it being, her that arm'd
> This painted Jove, and taught his novice hand
> To aim the forked bolt, while he stood trembling,
> Scar'd at the sound, and dazzled with its brightness?
> 'Twas I
> Oped his young eye to bear the blaze of greatness;
> Showed him where empire tower'd, and bade him strike
> The noble quarry. Gods! then was the time
> To shrink from danger; fear might then have worn
> The mask of prudence: but a heart like mine,
> A heart that glows with the pure Julian fire,
> If bright ambition from her craggy seat
> Display the radiant prize, will mount undaunted,
> Gain the rough heights, and grasp the dangerous honour."

I had nearly omitted to mention that, of course, Dr. Johnson remarks, that it was no loss to the English stage that "Agrippina" was never finished. This, from the author of the tragedy of "Irene," seems to me not a little cool!

I had included satire among the departments to which Gray's poetry extended. Among the short specimens extant, there is nothing of sufficient present interest to quote; but the lines on the first Lord Holland, on Mr. Etough's picture, and the Earl of Sandwich's canvass of the University of

Cambridge, under the name of "Jemmy Twitcher," go far to prove, that if Gray had thought proper to indulge in that vein to his full bent, he could both have sported like Horace, and lashed like Juvenal.

The stanzas which he has christened "The Long Story" have a certain degree of playful humour; but they only owe their origin to the accident of the moment, and would have no particular attraction at the present time.

I have reserved for my last topic of observation the "Elegy in a Country Church-yard." And let me here say, that however "artificial, ornamental, glittering, cumbrous, harsh, affected, strutting"—I borrow my epithets from the generous stores of Dr. Johnson—the poetry of Gray may have been sometimes denominated (my hearers will form their own judgment with what degree of truth), I believe I do not go too far in stating, that his Elegy is, for its size, the most popular poem ever written in any language. In corroboration of this rather positive opinion, I may appeal to the common verdict of mankind, to its lines forming household words in all memories, to its being the subject of incessant quotation, and of scarcely less frequent translation, imitation, and parody. I prefer to repeat no other terms of eulogy than those of Dr. Johnson himself, who here fairly gives in; and I am at least glad to close accounts with the great censor in a spirit of peace—indeed, of thorough agreement and sympathy. His words are:—"In the character of the Elegy, I rejoice to concur with the common reader; for by the common sense of readers, uncorrupted by literary prejudices, after all the refinement of subtility, and the dogmatism of learning, must be finally decided all claim to poetical honour. 'The Church-yard' abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo. Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him."

But I am able to adduce testimony still higher, more affecting, and probably unparalleled in its kind, to the merits of this surpassing poem, and its influence over the human heart. We are always glad to have our own judgments assisted by the thoughts and doings of eminent men; and these acquire a more impressive and thrilling interest if they have been expressed shortly before the close of their lives. Let me present you with two tributes paid to the Elegy of Gray at the end of two very varied historical careers, with just more than a century intervening between them. We are informed upon what appears to be sufficient authority, that on the night before the capture of Quebec—which of all the single passages in the long catalogue of British glories was perhaps the most romantic in its incidents, and the most decisive in its consequences—General Wolfe, with his small band of soldiers, was being rowed up past the hostile ramparts, and between the steep cliffs which line the St. Lawrence, and there and then, in the stillness of that dark summer

night, and on the eve of his glorious victory and immortal death, he repeated to those around him some of the stanzas of the Elegy, and then said, "Well, gentlemen, I had rather be the author of that poem, than take Quebec."

I pass on to my more recent instance. About two months ago, the great American statesman, Mr. Webster, was lying upon his death-bed. Of course, this is not the occasion for estimating the character and qualities of Mr. Webster; upon two points I think there can be but little difference of opinion—the force of his intellectual powers, and the affecting and ennobling account we have received of his dying hours. But, from the particulars which are there recorded, we find that even in the intervals of severe pain, even in the languor of decaying nature, even amidst the appropriate and exalted topics of Christian penitence and hope, there was a further craving of the dying man yet unsatisfied. We are told that he was heard to repeat somewhat indistinctly the words "Poet, poetry—Gray, Gray." His son repeated the first line of the Elegy:—

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

"That's it, that's it!" exclaimed Mr. Webster. The book was brought, and some stanzas were read, which seemed to give him pleasure.

Surely it is not a slight thing to have satisfied, so far as the world they were about to leave was concerned, the latest aspirations of such a hero as Wolfe, and such a statesman as Webster!

The very popularity and general acceptance of so brief a poem discourage any multiplied quotations from it. The opening description at once puts the village life of England before us, even though the very commencing word, "The Curfew," is a recollection of obsolete habits. In the second stanza is there not twilight in the very sounds?

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds."

All is equally pure and appropriate, without being for an instant tame or undignified, which is the great difference to my mind between Gray and more modern schools. Then we have the picture of the specific subject of the poem taken more closely:—

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

The author of the "Pursuits of Literature," to whom I have already referred, terms the following *the great* stanza, and I am inclined to think not improperly:—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

All sermons are here concentrated; and every expression comes up to the full dignity of the most solemn of all human themes, without the slightest strain or inflation!

You would justly blame me, if I forebore to remind you how it is said, with most eloquent truth:—

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstacy the living lyre."

I do not give the couplet on the gem, because I might be told that "purest ray *serene*" is what we should have called at school a *botch*; but there is nothing imperfect in the flower:—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Many of you will be sufficiently familiar with the "village Hampden" and the "mute inglorious Milton," who follow next.

There is much tender beauty in these two stanzas:—

"For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?"

Alliteration is surely employed with much effect in that last line.

"On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires."

I must not pursue the description of the care-crazed or love-crossed youth, and his epitaph—I would rather ask you to judge what the excellence of the finished poem must be, from which the author deliberately rejected two such stanzas as the following, after they had been once inserted:—

"Hark, how the sacred calm that breathes around
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,
In still small accents breathing from the ground
A graceful earnest of eternal peace."

And this, descriptive of the rustic tomb of the village scholar:—

"There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found:
The red-breast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

Such, then, were the melancholy but gentle reveries of the poet, to whom we must now bid farewell in the church-yard of the village of Stoke Pogis. Although its claim to be the actual scene of the Elegy is disputed with another neighbouring village, I cannot question that the one which was nearest to his place of residence, answering adequately as it does to all the touches in his description, and which has since received his mother's remains and his own, was the real theatre of inspiration. But whoever, among the numerous English and American pilgrims who flock thither every year, may gaze on that sequestered spot, even without such fond domestic associations as I have recently happened to acquire with it, will not be slow to acknowledge the grace and charm of that strictly English scenery which composes the whole view. Immediately before and around you are the ivy-mantled tower—the rugged elms—the yew-tree's shade—the mouldering turf-heaps. Skirting this precinct are the smooth turf—the over arching glades—the reposing deer of the English park. Not far beyond are the "antique towers" of Eton—"the stately brow" of Windsor. But even the royalty, the chivalry, the learning of our annals, are put aside for the time; you feel the ground to be sacred to the common lot and daily life of humanity, and that these, together with that soft peaceful landscape which surrounds you, have been adorned and ennobled by the Muse of GRAY.

THE OXFORD ENGLISH PRIZE POEM FOR 1821.

PÆSTUM.

" Pingues hortos quæ cura colendi,
Ornaret, canerem, biferique rosaria Pæsti."—VIRGIL, *Georg. IV.*

" My song to flowery gardens might extend,
. . . . . to sing
The Pæstan roses and their double spring."—DRYDEN.

" Pæstanis rubeant æmula labra rosis."—MARTIAL.

" Her emulous lips with Pæstan roses blush."

[PÆSTUM, or Posidonia (now Pesto), an ancient city of Lucania, was situated near the shore of the Pæstanus Sinus (Gulf of Salerno), about five miles south-east from the mouth of the Silanus (Sele). The facts of its primitive history are very few. A colony of Greeks from Sybaris were probably its founders. It was originally called Posidonia (" the city of ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ, or Neptune"). The magnificent remains of Grecian architecture that are still seen on its site indicate that it rose, under its first inhabitants, to opulence and splendour; and we infer that it passed, along with the neighbouring colonies, into the power of the Lucanians, and afterwards into that of the Romans. Not much greater is the historical importance of Pæstum, during the period which followed its subjugation to Rome. It was not until the eighteenth century that Pæstum attained its chief celebrity on account of its splendid architectural remains. These stand on a level, uninhabited plain, by the sea shore, and are descried by the mariner from afar as he sails across the Gulf of Salerno.

The remaining vestiges of the city of Pæstum consist of the ruins of an amphitheatre, many private houses, the walls and the gates interspersed occasionally with the famous *Pæstan roses*, which were celebrated by Ovid, Virgil, and other Latin poets, and which still, in their wild state, *flower twice a year*, and shed a surpassing fragrance.*

The lovely environs of Pæstum remain unaltered; the sea and the mountains, the fertility of the surrounding plains still attest the truth of their praises; but far different is the scene that meets the eye of the traveller, as he enters the gates of the once powerful city of Neptune. The roses bloom no more; but thorns and brambles molest the visitor as he walks round the splendid remains of architecture—the celebrated temples—that stand in awful silence amid the total ruin and desolation of this once favoured spot.

THE TEMPLES.—These magnificent ruins, the admiration of the world, are, with the exception of the Athenian temples, the most striking existing records of the genius and taste which inspired the architects of Greece:—

" Their huge dusky masses, standing alone amidst their mountain wildernesses, without a vestige nigh of any power that could have raised them—they look absolutely supernatural. One might believe them built of more than mortal hands, by ante-

* Swinburne's " Travels into the Two Sicilies;" Wilkins' " Antiquities of Magna Græcia."

Trojan shapes of giant growth, before the earth was human. Their grandeur, their gloom, their majesty, there is nothing like the scene in the wide earth," &c.*

Forsyth† says:—"On entering the walls of Pæstum, I felt all the religion of the place. I stood as on sacred ground; I stood amazed at the long obscurity of its mighty ruins. . . . Taking into view their immemorial antiquity, their astonishing preservation, their grandeur, or rather grandiosity, their bold columnar elevation, at once massive and open, their severe simplicity of design—taking, I say, all into view, I do not hesitate to call these the most impressive monuments that I ever beheld on earth."

On the plain between the Silanus and Pæstum, Crassus defeated the rebel army of Spartacus.

After the defeat of Pyrrhus (B. C. 273), Pæstum shared the fate of all the possessions of the Lucanians, and became a Roman colony; but never became eminent under the Romans, and upon the fall of the Empire quickly declined.

It was the first city in Southern Italy that embraced Christianity. In ecclesiastical history, Bishops of Pæstum are named as early as the fifth century of the Christian era. In the ninth century the city was destroyed by the Saracens. The ruins of the deserted city were plundered by Robert Guiscard,‡ who despoiled it of the ancient monuments, columns, and *bas-reliefs*, for the decoration of the Cathedral of Salerno.

The above historical sketch of Pæstum will suffice to elucidate the grandeur of the theme upon which Lord Carlisle invoked the inspiration of his early poetic muse.]

PRIZE POEM—PÆSTUM.

'MID the deep silence of the pathless wild,
Where kindlier nature once profusely smil'd,
Th' eternal TEMPLES stand;—untold their age,
Untrac'd their annals in Historic page;
All that around them stood now far away,
Single in ruin, mighty in decay,
Between the mountains and the azure main,
They claim the empire of the lonely plain.
In solemn beauty, through the clear blue light,
The Doric columns rear their massive height,
Emblems of strength untam'd; yet conquering Time
Has mellow'd half the sternness of their prime,
And bade the lichen, 'mid their ruins grown,
Imbrown with darker tints the vivid stone.

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* "Notes on Naples."

† "Remarks on Antiquities, Arts, and Letters, during an Excursion in Italy."

‡ Duke of Apulia and Calabria, one of the greatest captains of the age. For a full detail of his exploits, see Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," clvi.

Each channel'd pillar of the fane appears
Unspoil'd, yet soften'd by consuming years;
So calmly awful, so serenely fair,
The gazer's heart still mutely worships there.

Not always thus—when beam'd beneath the day,
No fairer scene than Pæstum's lovely bay;
When her light soil bore plants of ev'ry hue,
And twice each year her storied roses blew;
While Bards her blooming honors lov'd to sing,
And Tuscan zephyrs fann'd the eternal Spring.
Proud in her port the Tyrian moor'd his fleet,
And Wealth and Commerce fill'd the peopled street;
While here the rescued Mariner ador'd
The Sea's dread Sov'reign, Posidonia's lord,
With votive tablets deck'd yon hallowed walls,
Or sued for Justice in her crowded halls.
There stood on high the white-rob'd Flamen—there
The opening portal pour'd the choral prayer;
While to o'er-arching Heaven swell'd full the sound,
And incense blaz'd, and myriads knelt around.

'Tis past: the echoes of the plain are mute,
E'en to the herdsman's call or shepherd's flute;
The toils of Art, the charms of Nature fail,
And Death triumphant rides the tainted gale.
From the lone spot the trembling peasants haste,
A wild, the garden; and the town, a waste.
But THEY* are still the same; alike they mock
Th' Invader's menace, and the Tempest's shock;
Such ere the world had bow'd at Cæsar's throne,
And ere proud Rome's all-conquering name was known,
They stood, and fleeting centuries in vain
Have pour'd their fury o'er th' enduring fane;
Such long shall stand—proud relics of a clime,
Where man was glorious, and his works sublime;
While, in the progress of their long decay,
Thrones sink to dust, and nations pass away.

G. W. F. HOWARD,
CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

* The Temples.

THE OXFORD LATIN PRIZE POEM FOR 1821.

ELEUSIS.*

[ELEUSIS was an ancient city of Attica, four leagues from Athens, and close to the shore, opposite the island of Salamis.

In the earlier period of its history it seems to have been an independent state, and so powerful as to contest with Athens the palm of superiority.

The Temple of Eleusis, sacred to Ceres and her daughter, was considered one of the most beautiful productions of Grecian genius. After the battle of Platæa, the Persians burnt it to the ground. It was rebuilt by the Athenians during the splendid administration of Pericles, under the cultivated taste of Phidias, with more than its original magnificence. After many centuries it was completely destroyed by Alaric, in the year 396. The city immediately disappeared on the destruction of the Temple, which had been its ornament and principal support. Upon the site nothing is now found but a miserable village called Lepsina, amidst the ruins of the sacred edifice. The ancient city dated from the earliest times, and derived its name from the *advent* (ἔλευσις) of Ceres, who, with Proserpine, was worshipped here with annual processions, and the celebrated Eleusinian Mysteries.]

PRIZE POEM—ELEUSIS.

"Sanctasque faces attollit Eleusis."—CLAUD.

QUISQUIS iter tendas, curvi prope littoris oram,
Inter Thriasii florentia jugera campi,
Siste pedem, atque ævi recolas monumenta prioris:
Ante oculos strati lapides, dejectaque passim
Fragmina templorum; leni curvamine colles,
Opposita Salamine, tument; et littore in ipso
Impendet lævi scopulo Cerealis Eleusis.

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* "We accomplished Eleusis to-day; the descent on the Bay of Eleusis and the Thriasian plain is very striking. I was glad to find that the description I had given of the site a long time ago in my Oxford Prize Poem was remarkably accurate. There are few actual remains, except some large fragments of broken columns; and it is a peculiarity of those on the precise spot of the Temple of Ceres, that they belong to both the Doric and Ionic orders. There must be much interesting scope for excavation here; the rocky hill of the Acropolis immediately adjoining must probably have many subterranean facilities for the process of initiation. Our luncheon was put out on the broad base of a marble pillar; and during that unmystic ceremony we were surrounded by a large portion of the youth of Eleusis; they are mainly of Albanian descent. This cradle of agriculture did not seem more carefully cultivated than most other portions of the Greek territory."—*Lord Carlisle's Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters.*

Salve! sancta domus, magnæ penetrale Parentis,
Delubrum commune orbi: licet omnia circum
Prona cadant ævo, propriamque haud nosset Eleusin
Ipsa Ceres; licet hic, prohibet neque talia cœlum,
Impius Othmanides Graia dominetur in æde,
Aut prædator agens pecudem de monte, sagittas
Exacuat vigil, et raptis insidat acervis;
Saltem aliquod veteres tumulos, dilapsaque fana
Numen habet, latebrasque, et roscida littoris antra
Servat adhuc; jam nunc videor mihi cernere fulgens
Agmen, et innumero conferta satellite ferri
Sacra Deæ, ac longa fervescere littora pompa.

Unde autem magnus Sacrorum inceperit ordo,
Quo duce, quo tandem fuerint, quinquennia festa
Auspice, lustralemque aram jactarit Eleusis,
Dicendum, si longa valet docuisse vetustas.
Ipsa Ceres cultum tribuit, causamque colendi:
Tempore quo procul a Matre, æqualique caterva,
Virgineos inter lusus, æstivaque rura,
Luctantem abripuit Sicula de valle puellam
Ditis amor. Vidit rutilos Trinacria currus,
Vidit equos flammasque, infraque immane, barathrum
Palluit, infernumque vomentia Tartara Regem.
At vulnus circum gerit insanabile Mater,
Amissam repetens prolem; vos dicite, Nymphæ,
(Nostis enim,) nemora et saltus quæcunque Sicanos,

Ventosumque Erycen, aut lene fluentis Anapi
Sorte tenetis aquam; Lilybæon, et alta Pelori
Culmina, et undantem centum fornacibus Ætnam;
Quo non Diva pedem tulerit, quæ spreverit usquam
Littora, "Persephone" quibus haud clamarit in oris.
Per fines Italum, per Dorica rura vagantem
Duxit amor, fausto donec magis ordine rerum
Ad sacrum nemus, et viridem properaret Eleusin
Orba Ceres; alacres illam in sua regna coloni
Excipiunt, fletusque avido solantur amore.
Testis tu, curvi dictus monstrator aratri
Triptoleme, alato vectus serpente per orbem;
Vos etiam, campi, testes, et Rharius ille

Rite canendus ager, toto qui primus in orbe
Sementem, aut dulcem frumenti noverit herbam.
Hinc et Eleusinam præsenti numine glebam
Diva sibi coluit, celebrandasque ordine pompas,
Et sanctum jussit servari in sæcula nomen.

Ergo omnes Danaum vario sub nomine gentes
Huc fluere, et densa stipare altaria pompa;
Quin et ab extremis mundi regionibus ultro
Tot coeunt populi, votivaque munera portant;
Quos Oriens mittit, quos frigidus aere vesper,
Qui Tanain, Istrumque colunt, qui regna Canopi,
Et Latii genus, et rerum pulcherrima Roma.

Scilicet Ægypti madidis in finibus Isin
Linigeri implorent prisco de more ministri;
Imperet antiquas Asiæ Diana per urbes,
Creta Jovem poscat, Venerem circumflua Cyprus,
Principium rerum; at duris Samothraces in arvis
Idæam celebrent Matrem, sanctosque Cabiros;
Primus Eleusinæ Cereri locus: ultimus orbis
Hanc colit, hanc sacræ primam venerantur Athenæ.

Felices nimium! templi secreta tueri
Queis datur, arcanisque impune assistere sacris.
Hi curis vacui, et vita meliore potiti
Lætitiam pacemque colunt; his purior aer,
His nitidus splendore suo Sol; arva virescunt
Semper, et æternum spirat ver aureus annus.

Contra autem, quos tu, Dea, non spectaveris usquam
Participem sacrorum, aut in tua jura vocaris,
Perpetui exagitant fletus; post ultima fata
Non Superas adit ille domos, sedesve piorum
Discretas; non densa inter myrteta recumbens
Otia agit, lætisque vagus spatiatur in arvis.

Tum si quis templi secreta, et mystica jura
Prodiderit fando, aut Numen violaverit aræ,
Non illum accipiunt epulæ, non pocula Bacchi,
Nec dulces citharæ, sanctæ neque carmina Musæ.
Morte luit facinus, tumuloque Infamia major
Devovet æternis caput execrabile diris,
Et manet in seros longe deducta nepotes.

Scilicet in puros ritus, et fœdera sancta
Diva suos vocat, et sanæ consortia mentis;
Non illa obscœnos cultus, non impia novit
Orgia, per Rhodopen aut qualia sæpe nivosam
Thyades instaurant Bacchæ, rapiuntque furentes
Huc illuc tædas; "Euoe!" cum personat Hebrus,
Et nemora ingeminant longis ululatibus "Euoe!"
At sanctos animi mores, castumque decorem
Præcipit usque suis, et toto præmia laudis
Corde sequi, atque brevem virtuti impendere vitam.

Haud impune ergo arcanos penetrare recessus*
Infandum! atque ipsi voluit succedere templo,
Omne ausus furiale nefas, nuperque cruentus
Materna de cæde Nero; nil contulit ipsi
Purpura, nil fulgens diadema, at territus omni
Abstinuit luco, et nigris sese abdidit umbris.

Quin et Thriasii præsentis numina Divæ†
Senserunt campi, rapidi cum turbinis instar
Baccharetur ovans vasto circum agmine Medus,
Disjectæque urbes, et desolata jacerent
Arva, nec eversas tegeret jam Pallas Athenas.

Tunc inter tenebras et dira tonitrua, nimbo
Accinctam, ex adytis magnam procedere Matrem
Vidit Cecropidum pubes; tremuere cavernæ
Adventante Dea; quo visu, expalluit amens
Barbarus, ac toto trepidarunt littore nautæ.

Proxima quæ memorem? quo possim carmine totam
Sacrorum seriem, celebresque ex ordine pompas
Rite sequi, et magnam gemina cum prole Parentem?
An nemorem tædas, et anhelo concita cursu
Agmina, votivamque agitantes lampada mystas?
An te, magne, canam, te myrto insignis Iacche,
Quem strepitu Matris pubes deducit ad ædem,
Quem thyrsus thiasusque decent, quem mystica vannus

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* Suet. vita Ner. † Herodotus, lib. viii.

Adde puellarum gestantem occulta catervam
Sacra manu, tardeque super volventia plaustra
Impositas calathos, obscuræque orgia cistæ,
Orgia, non oculis spectanda impune profanis.

Ergo ubi jam cunctis arcana silentia terris
Sparserit alma quies, lecti longo ordine mystæ
Succedunt templo, viridanti tempora circum
Velati myrto, niveaque in veste nitentes.
Ipse inter medios, turbaque insignior omni
Emicat antistes, tunica strophioque refulgens.
Stant circum comites; tædam fert eminus alter
Sacratam, magnaque alter ter voce profanos
Admonet ire procul, foribusque absistere sanctis.
Tum subito mugire solum, immensoque fragore
Quassari ingentes ipsis altaribus ædes;
Tum diræ audiri voces, tum infanda videri
Portenta, et densos percurrere fulmina lucos.
Procubuere metu; laxis bacchatur habenis
Perque artus animosque timor: tam lurida circum
Nox Erebi, et sontum luctus, pœnæque videntur
Ingruere, ac Stygias Manes ululare per umbras.

Mox tenebras inter medias lux alma repente
Exoritur, meliorque dies, et purior aer
Excipit, et dulces nemorum in convallibus umbræ.
Apparet Divæ simulacrum, ipsius imago
Luminis, ac vivo solidum de lumine corpus.

Vellem equidem, vellem, ni frigida vena vetaret,
Insanire simul, blandumque haurire furorem,
Et saltare choro, tædasque agitare volantes.
Cuncti adeo sancta penitus dulcedine capti
Concelebrant magnam Matrem; poscentibus olim
Ut dederit frumenta viris, ususque colendi
Monstrarit; varias ut vitæ invenerit artes,
Et mores hominum cultu placarit agrestum:
"Te Superi Manesque colunt; tu cærula cœli,
Et pelagi tractus, et magni mœnia mundi
Sustentas, nigroque potens dominaris Averno.
Te duce, se glomerant nebulæ; te, decidit imber,
Semen alunt sulci, turgetque in palmite germen.

Te, Dea, te metuunt liquidi per inania cœli
Aeriæ volucres, metuunt te lustra ferarum,
Squamigerique angues, et nigri monstra profundi:
Te Terra agnoscit Dominam; quacunque moventur,
Usque tuæ auscultant cœlestia sidera voci,
Et festinantes revolutis cursibus anni."

Ergo, si qua fides, ubi sancto in limine membra
Straverit, atque adyto trepidas admoverit aures,
Solennes inter cantus, pompamque nitentem,
Insolitas voces; neque adhuc vulganda profanis
Dicta bibit Mysta; ut frustra sibi Græcia centum
Taurorum pingui placarit sanguine Divos,
Lenæum e pateris frustra libarit honorem,
Turicremosque focos, et inanes struxerit aras.
Unum namque sibi auctorem, finemque, Deumque
Naturæ leges, et rerum arcana fateri
Fœdera, qui pulchram hanc florentemque ubere terram,
Et pelagi maria, et lati spatia ultima cœlu,
Imperiis regit omnipotens, impletque, movetque,
Ad se cuncta trahens, sese per cuncta refundens

Hæc olim cecinere, obscura exordia lucis
Venturæ, dubiique incerta crepuscula veri.
At nondum erroris tenebras amovit inertes
Cæca Superstitio; nondum æthere lucet aperto
Tota dies, largoque irrorat lumine mundum;
Donec Tu, sanctis toties memorate Prophetis,

Ipsa Dei soboles, tandem mortalibus ægris
Exspectate venis; tu summi jussa Parentis
Scilicet, æternique operis Mysteria Verbi.
Te fracti ærumnis omnes, victique labore
Sponte petunt, ipsoque bibunt de fonte salutem.
Te, Deus, humano manifestum in corpore Numen,
Haud sterili pompa, aut cæsis de more juvencis,
Sed cultu meliore, animoque et corde fideli
Prosequimur. Tu prisca luis contagia culpæ
Morte tua; tu das purgatis crimine sedes
Affectare tuas, propiusque accedere cœlo.

G. HOWARD,
Ex Æde Christi.

BOUNAR BACHI,

THE SUPPOSED SITE OF TROY.

[Bounar Bachi, called by Europeans "Old Troy," stands at the end of a chain terminating in two mountain peaks, between which the river descends into the plains, which extend fifteen miles to the sea. A few relics of past days have been worked up into the mud of the hovels, but the remains of Ancient Troy are at the distance of about a mile to the east of the village. On ascending the hill in that direction, first appear two tumuli, one of which is supposed to be the tomb of Hector, from the circumstance of its being a barrow of loose stones, such as Homer describes. There are no remains on the hill which can be attributed with certainty to the heroic age; the situation, however, seems a probable one for an ancient citadel. On the east side the hill terminates in a steep precipice, overlooking the Mendereh, which winds in a ravine below.

The sources of the Scamander—the one cold, and the other tepid—cannot be mistaken; and they point out the site of the Scæan gate towards the south-west of the modern village.

Lord Carlisle, during his travels in the East, visited Bounar Bachi, and after describing the scene of the Trojan war, argues most powerfully in favour of Bounar Bachi, as the site of the city.]

"We left the consul's pleasant abode at about midday, and very hot we found it at first; our ride back was to carry us by Bounar Bachi, reputed to be the most plausible site assigned to ancient Troy. We crossed the valley and stream of the Thimbrek, or Thymbra, and, on a neighbouring height, some marble fragments of ruins, which may be the remains of the ancient town and temple of the Thymbræan Apollo; but neither were we able to converse with our guide, nor, if we had been, do I apprehend that we should have found him a competent archæologist. We then passed over a portion of the consul's new large farm, on the very plain of Troy, where there were tokens of incipient operations; and after again fording the Simois at a sylvan spot, we arrived at the foot of the gentle slope on which stands the small Turkish village of Bounar Bachi, or 'Head of the Spring.' As I here found myself upon, not only the most classical, but also the most controverted site in the whole world, I shall be forgiven for dwelling upon it with some comparative minuteness.* It will be remembered, that the dispute in question, which indeed has been occasionally conducted with a heat and asperity worthy of the combatants in the actual siege of Troy, involves the widest conceivable extremes; the assertion on one side being, 'This is Troy: here were the Scæan gates—here the beech—here the wild fig-tree:' on the other, 'There never was any such city as Troy—there never was any Trojan war.'

* "I have thought it best to comprise in this account the results of a second more leisurely inspection and some subsequent consideration."—*Lord Carlisle's Diary of Travel in Turkish and Greek Waters.*

Between these two points of minute identification and absolute scepticism, oscillate the pretensions of various other sites—Novum Ilium, as it is now generally called, visited by Xerxes and Alexander as the real site of Troy, and received as such by probably the larger portion of uninquiring antiquity, and some moderns—Pagus Iliensium, wherever it may have been, alleged doubtfully by Demetrius of Scepsis and Strabo—Alexandria Troas, by Belon and Bryant, as far as the last will admit any site at all—or relegated by Wood into the far defiles of Ida. As I entirely acquiesce in the reasonings originally established by Chevalier, and subsequently defended with great ability by Morritt, in behalf of Bounar Bachi, I will first, for a moment, advert to the only points that, as far as I can see, may be plausibly urged against them :—

"1. The position is too far from the sea ; and especially so with a view to all that is alleged to have taken place in the movements of the two armies on the day of the death of Patroclus. I think this distance of about seven miles from the sea, and ten or eleven from the probable station of the Greek fleet, must be admitted as a sound objection with reference to that single day ; but, however authentic we may consider the tale of Troy divine, we can hardly bind Homer to the precise accuracy of a gazette. Greater difficulties would attach to almost every other site : Novum Ilium would have been too near the fleet, between two and three miles, to admit of the operations of almost any single day ; Alexandria Troas would have been at an impossible distance from the Hellespont.

"2. When Jupiter sits on Gargarus, he looks down upon the city of Troy :

Ἶδην δ' ἵκανεν πολυπίδακα, μητέρα θηρῶν,
Γάργαρον, ἔνθα δὶ οἱ τέμενος, βωμός τε θυήεις.
* * * * *
Αὐτὸς δ' ἐν κορυφῇσι καθέζετο κύδεϊ γαίων,
Εἰσορόων Τρώων τε πόλιν καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.*

Θ. 47.

"There can be no question, whatever Mr. Bryant, who had never been on the spot, may think about Gargarus, the topmost height of Ida, it is as distinct as the summit of Snowdon or Skiddaw ; and it was the first thing I saw every morning from my cabin in the 'Britannia ;' but I could not see it from our supposed site of Troy. I indeed find it stated by Captain Francklin, who published his 'Remarks on the Plain of Troy,' that from the summit

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* "'But when to Ida's topmost height he came,
(Fair nurse of fountains and of savage game,)
* * * * *
Thence his broad eye the subject world surveys,
The town, and tents, and navigable seas.'"—Pope.

"Homer only mentions the town and ships : it is this limited particularity which constitutes the objection.

of Gargarus he could see this site. I infer from Mr. Morritt, who was much interested to establish the point, that he did not. In any case, I think we should be justified in allowing some latitude to immortal vision.

"3. The principal argument in favour of Bounar Bachi is drawn from the neighbourhood of the sources of the Scamander; and can the insignificant, shallow, short-coursed rill we produce be the real Scamander—decidedly inferior in volume of water, as well as length of course, to the Simois—not joining it, in express contradiction to Homer, but effecting a separate exit in Besika Bay? To which, exclusively of the confirmatory circumstances, it may be replied, that there are perceptible traces of an old junction with the Simois, and of an artificial divergence, made probably for the sake of a supply to some mills, still existing, and still profiting by such supply: then, in Homer, the river below the confluence manifestly appears to have been called the Scamander, for it is the Scamander which calls upon the Simois to hasten down with its streams to arrest the progress of Achilles, then fighting in the joint channel; if it had been above the confluence, the reinforcement of water would have been unavailing.

Ἀλλ' ἐπάμυνε τάχιστα, καὶ ἐμπίπληθι ῥέεθρα
Ὕδατος ἐκ πηγέων, πάντας δ' ὀρόθυνον ἐναύλους.*

Φ. 311.

"Mr. Bryant, indeed, pretends that, in all cases, the larger stream, above the confluence, gives its name to the united rivers. Mr. Morritt confutes him with an instance from the county to which he and I belong, where the small Ouse gives its name to the larger streams of the Swale and Ure; he might have cited the largest confluence in our globe, which I have had the privilege to see, where the far more limited previous course of the Mississippi does not prevent it, after its junction with the giant Missouri, from imposing its own name on the mingled flood. With respect to the real insignificance of the most storied river, who that has seen the Ilissus can recoil from that objection? It will also be recollected that, even at the moment when Homer represents it as swelling, furious, and supernaturally excited, he yet bridges it over by the fall of a single elm-tree.

. . . . . ὁ δὲ πτελέην ἕλε χερσὶν
Εὐφυέα, μεγάλην· ἡ δ' ἐκ ῥιζῶν ἐριποῦσα
Κρημνὸν ἅπαντα διῶσεν, ἐπέσχε δὲ καλὰ ῥέεθρα
Ὀζοισιν πυκινοῖσι· γεφύρωσεν δέ μιν αὐτὸν,
Εἴσω πᾶσ' ἐριποῦσ'.†—Φ. 242.

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* "Call then thy subject streams, and bid them roar,
From all thy fountains swell thy watery store."—Pope.

† "' . . . . . On the border stood
A spreading elm, that overhung the flood;
He seized a bending bough, his steps to stay;

I will now, with the utmost succinctness I can command, sum up the positive arguments in favour of this site.

"It satisfies all the many characteristics bestowed by Homer on the actual situation of the town:—

"'Εν πεδίῳ, on the plain*—

. . . . . ἐπεὶ οὔπω Ἴλιος ἱρὴ
Ἐν πεδίῳ πεπόλιστο.

"The hill on which the modern village stands I have already called a gentle slope; on this side, and towards the assumed sources of the Scamander, the ground trends down into the wide plain of the Troad, which immediately here commences. Besides, I do not conceive that the expression 'on the plain' need be taken quite absolutely: it is used, comparatively, with reference to the still older town, which probably stood on some almost inaccessible crag, like so many in Greece and Asia: take Tchigri, the upper town in the island of Calimno, Trikheri at the entrance of the Gulf of Volo. From the village there is a long, very gradual rise, which has almost the character of table-land, admirably adapted for the site of any town: behind this, the ground stiffens into a steep craggy ascent, from the other three sides of which it descends in almost perpendicular precipice immediately over the winding gorge of the Simois. Hence, by an apparent inconsistency, which attracted the animadversions of Mr. Bryant, who never was on the spot, but, as I think, by a most convincing speciality, the town, which is not unnaturally said to have been built in the plain, Homer also frequently calls

αἰπεινήν, lofty;
ἠνεμόεσσαν, wind-swept, breezy.

"This must have been the place of the citadel—the Pergamon, or Pergama, where Apollo kept his watch:—

. . . . . ἐφίζετο Περγάμῳ ἄκρῃ.†

E. 460.

The plant, uprooted, to his weight gave way,
Heaving the land, and undermining all;
Loud flash the waters to the rushing fall
Of the thick foliage. The large trunk displayed,
Bridged the rough flood across.'—Pope.

* "As Pope does not give the word in the passage already quoted (p. 74), I give the passage here from Cowper:—

"'——— ere yet the sacred walls
Of Ilium rose, the glory of this plain.'

† "'But Phœbus now from Ilion's towering height.'—Pope.

and the train of Trojan matrons went up to the fane of Minerva:—

. . νηὸν ἵκανον Ἀθήνης, ἐν πόλει ἄκρῃ.*

Z. 279.

and the royal palaces stood:—

Ἐγγύθι τε Πριάμοιο καὶ Ἕκτορος, ἐν πόλει ἄκρῃ.†

Z. 317.

At the extreme corner of the hill you come to a ledge of rock, probably near 400 feet in direct ascent from the ground beneath, which would have exactly served for the proposal to throw down the Wooden Horse:—

Ἢ κατὰ πετράων βαλέειν ἐρύσαντας ἐπ' ἄκρας.‡

Θ. 308. *Odyss.*

The whole precinct of this upper town is, indeed, now completely overgrown with brushwood, as correctly described by Lucan:—

"'. . . . . tota teguntur
Pergama dumetis.'

Yet the well-known words that immediately follow are not wholly accurate:

"'. . . . etiam periere ruinæ;'§

the ground seems to have been levelled purposely; most distinct lines of a large surrounding wall can be traced; in one spot we counted five tiers of very big stones still standing; there are great heaps of the same kind of stones on the slope immediately below, where the wall appeared to have tumbled down; there are numerous lines of foundations within, which would have served for streets and houses; and all over both the higher hill of the citadel and the lower hill of the city, there are innumerable stones which might have made parts of buildings, and which altogether cease with the probable limits of the town.

Ἐριβώλακα, most fertile.

This epithet, of course, must belong to the district or plain, the Troad. As to many portions of it, the character is eminently true to this day, as, I trust, my friend Mr. Calvert will find the case on his farm, to his well-deserved profit.

"Such general epithets as εὐτείχεον, well-walled, εὖκτιμένην, well-built, εὐναιομένην, well-adapted for habitation, εὐρυάγυιαν, wide-streeted, I cer-

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* "'Soon as to Ilion's topmost tower they come,
And awful reach the high Palladian dome.'—*Ib.*

† "'Near Priam's court and Hector's palace stands
The pompous structure, and the town commands.'—*Ib.*

‡ "'. . . . . part sentence gave
To plunge it headlong in the whelming wave.'—Pope.

§ "'All rude, all waste and desolate is laid,
And e'en the ruin'd Ruins are decay'd.'—Rowe.

tainly cannot exclusively claim—content that they do not present one clashing attribute. I must, however, assert my hold upon

Ἐρατεινήν, desirable, lovely.

For strikingly, and to any one who has coasted the uniform shore of the Hellespont, and crossed the tame low plain of the Troad, unexpectedly lovely is this site of Troy, if Troy it was. I could give any Cumberland borderer the best notion of it, by telling him that it wonderfully resembles the view from the point of the hill just outside the Roman camp at Burdoswald: both have that series of steep conical hills, with rock enough for wildness, and verdure enough for softness; both have that bright trail of a river creeping in and out with the most continuous indentations; the Simois has, in summer at least, more silvery shelves of sand; on the steep banks still graze the sheep of the breed of Ida, tended by shepherds perhaps not precisely in Phrygian caps, but with the most genuine crooks; above all, to quote again from the same passage in Lucan,

"'nullum est sine nomine saxum;' *

and the reputed tomb of Hector, placed where, from the account in the Iliad, it might have been expected, crowns the glorious summit. In the descent, it is very easy to assign the quarter for the ἐρινεὸς, or hill of wild fig-trees:

Λαὸν δὲ στῆσον παρ' ἐρινεὸν ἔνθα μάλιστα
Ἄμβατός ἐστι πόλις, καὶ ἐπίδρομον ἔπλετο τεῖχος.†

"From this comparison of the epithets contained in the Iliad with the surviving appearances of the spot—from the proved fact of a very considerable city having existed here—from its commanding site, its breezy exposure, its neighbourhood to the plain, its lovely landscape, its distance from the requisite objects—from all these essential conditions meeting and harmonizing here, I should have been quite prepared to infer that it is the place which the writer or writers of the Homeric poems (I hope that I express myself guardedly enough) intended for Troy. Strong additional confirmation appears to me supplied by the relative position of the large barrow which has been supposed to be the tomb of Æsetes, that midway post between the city and the ships from which Polites reconnoitred the Grecian armament:—

Ὅς Τρώων σκυπὸς ἵζε, ποδωκείῃσι πεποιθώς,
Τύμβῳ ἔπ' ἀκροτάτῳ Αἰσυήταο γέροντος,
Δέγμενος ὁππότε ναῦφιν ἀφορμηθεῖεν Ἀχαιοί.‡

B. 792.

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* "'Each rock, and every tree, recording tales adorn.'—Rowe.

† "'That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the walls of Troy.'—Pope.

‡ "'Who from Æsetes' tomb observed the foes,
High on the mound; from whence in prospect lay
The fields, the tents, the navy, and the bay.'—Pope.

This mound, precisely where it ought to be, commanding the whole shore, and exposing a person stationed there to no risk of being cut off from the town, still meets your eye, wherever you turn, throughout the whole extent of the plain. The other barrows on the long stretch of shore commonly assigned to Antilochus, Achilles, Patroclus, and Ajax, though they might not have been good for much as insulated or unsupported testimony, yet in their adaptation to tradition, and in the continuity of the tradition, are not without their importance, especially in fixing the position of the Grecian fleet. The crowning proof, however, of this whole undying geography, is the position of the sources of the Scamander. What are the circumstances, as we know them from the poem? Hector had made his stand at the Scæan gates, obviously the usual means of access to the city from the plain; at the approach of Achilles, seized with sudden panic, he flies; the other pursues; they pass by the watch-tower, and hill of wild fig-trees, and, still under the wall, across the high-road, and then come to the springs of the Scamander, which are thus described:—

Κρουνὼ δ' ἵκανον καλλιῤῥώω, ἔνθα δὲ πηγαὶ
Δοιαὶ ἀναΐσσουσι Σκαμάνδρου δινήεντος.
Ἡ μὲν γάρ θ' ὕδατι λιαρῷ ῥέει, ἀμφὶ δὲ καπνὸς
Γίγνεται ἐξ αὐτῆς, ὡσεὶ πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο·
Ἡ δ' ἐτέρη θέρεϊ προρέει εἰκυῖα χαλάζῃ,
Ἢ χιόνι ψυχρῇ, ἢ ἐξ ὕδατος κρυστάλλῳ.
Ἔνθα δ' ἐπ' αὐτάων πλυνοὶ εὐρέες ἐγγὺς ἔασι
Καλοί, λαΐνεοι, ὅθι εἵματα σιγαλόεντα
Πλύνεσκον Τρώων ἄλοχοι, καλαί τε θύγατρες,
Τὸ πρὶν ἐπ' εἰρήνης, πρὶν ἐλθεῖν υἷας Ἀχαιῶν.*

X. 148.

"Now for the present reality. At the bottom of the slope, not far from the necessary position of the Scæan gates, the hill of wild fig-trees, and the high road, amidst a tuft of verdure formed by willows, poplars, and the festoons of the wild vine, among some smooth layers of rock, and one or two slabs of marble, well out three or four springs of most transparent water, one

* "'Next by Scamander's double source they bound,
Where two famed fountains burst the parted ground;
This hot through scorching clefts is seen to rise,
With exhalations steaming to the skies;
That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,
Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows.
Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
Whose polished bed receives the falling rills;
Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece)
Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.'—POPE.

of which is of warmer temperature than the others, and in winter emits the appearance of smoke or vapour. From this most embowered spot, between flowery banks,

. . . λειμῶνι Σκαμανδρίῳ ἀνθεμόεντ.* B. 467.

the narrow silver rivulet proceeds to the plain, and to the clear basins of its source the women of the modern village still descend to wash their linen.

"It does then, indeed, appear to me, that the whole case is irresistible for the hill of Bounar Bachi being the Ilion of the Iliad; and I cannot help thinking that if Mr. Grote, always clear, cool, and logical, even when most sceptical, had visited these scenes himself, he would have hesitated to affirm that 'there is every reason for presuming that the Ilium visited by Xerxes and Alexander was really the holy Ilium present to the mind of Homer.' It has been no part of my present purpose to establish the further and distinct proposition that the Iliad is real history—so roundly denied by Bryant—so candidly questioned by Grote; but a circumstance has been brought to light, almost contemporaneously with my visit, which I do not allege as conveying any positive proof of an inference, to which I conceive, however, that it may plausibly point; but if that inference could be made good, it would establish not merely the identity of the poetical site, but the authenticity of the actual history. Since Mr. Calvert has come into his recent possession of his Troad farm, he has opened a mound which he found upon it, and within which, at some depth below the surface, he has discovered a layer of calcined human bones, about six feet in depth and thirty feet in diameter, with one skeleton at the bottom, and below these a large quantity of ashes. The part where the bones are, is surrounded by the remains of a wall of stones without cement. Might not these, possibly, have been the bones of the Trojans burned during the truce obtained by Priam in the seventh book of the Iliad?

. . . . . οἱ δὲ σιωπῇ
Νεκροὺς πυρκαϊῆς ἐπενήνεον, ἀχνύμενοι κῆρ.
Ἐν δὲ πυρὶ πρήσαντες ἔβαν πρὸς Ἴλιον ἱρήν.† H. 427.

The spot, between two and three miles from Troy, would be entirely suitable; not within, or just in front of the walls, like Hector, the real Astyanax, or Lord of the City, more so than either his father or his son, with a lordly pile of stones above him; but the crowd of dead had their tomb at a convenient distance—the return to the town of the mourners being expressly mentioned; and the absence of cement in the inclosing wall might indicate a hurried construction, such as was to be expected from men who had to fight on the morrow."—*Lord Carlisle's Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters.*

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* "'Scamander's flowery side.'

† "'. . . . . With silent haste
The bodies decent on their piles were placed;
With melting hearts the cold remains they burn'd,
And sadly slow to sacred Troy return'd.'—POPE.

"YORKSHIRE."

The following poetical and historic view of the chief scenes of interest in Yorkshire, taken by Lord Morpeth at the outset of his public career, was first published in 1832, as the Address of the

"YORKSHIRE ANNUAL."

Be not our title scorned—if wide domain,
If smiling nature, if triumphant art,
If high tradition vindicate the strain,
Yorkshire may claim, and will maintain her part.

List, doubting jester—if there be that jest—
While with a faltering voice, and trembling hand,
I call proud names from their historic rest,
And point to all the beauties of our land.

Go where the Don's young waters brightly glide,
'Mid tufted woods and legendary caves;
No dragon prowls on Wharncliffe's sylvan side,
Or scares the current of the peaceful waves.*

Then onward Sheffield's busier haunts survey,
Where art and industry their power reveal,
That power that moulds with well-adjusted sway,
Each pliant form of adamantine steel.

Pass not the lordly pile of Wentworth's line,
To patriot worth and social friendship dear;†
There love yet gilds Fitzwilliam's mild decline,
And gentle virtues weep round Milton's bier.‡

Where Wakefield rears her fair and fretted spire,
No bannered roses float o'er fields of gore;§
Gay villas 'mid their clustering groves retire,
And golden Ceres piles her massive store.

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* The Dragon of Wantley is the subject of a well-known legend.

† A mausoleum is erected in Wentworth Park to the memory of the Marquis of Rockingham, containing the busts of his principal associates and friends.

‡ Viscountess Milton, *obiit* 1830.

§ A chapel of "small and delicate proportion," upon the bridge of Wakefield, still

The muse, less daring than the Argive raft,
Shrinks from the classic region of the fleece ;*
How vain an idle rhymester's idle craft,
To hymn the trophies of Britannia's peace!

Still, commerce, thine unfettered track pursue,
Court torrid zephyrs, brave the icy gale,
Rivet creation's severed links anew,
With thy light rudder and thy roving sail.

Crowned with the myrtle, vine, and olive leaf,
Before thy peaceful keel chase gory strife,
Waft to each want that visits man, relief,
The lamp of knowledge, and the cross of life.

But thou, coy maiden of the rustic shell,
Hie from yon busy haunts, where Airedale† leads
Thy silent step, o'er tangled brake and dell,
Thro' wooded slopes and intermingled meads

Or where romantic Wharfe, 'mid wilder steeps,
Tosses the gladness of his torrent spray,
Round Bolton's shrine, with softer murmurs creeps,
Then winds thro' opening plains his ampler way:

All lovely Bolton! tho' no incense roll
O'er cloistered courts by holy footsteps trod,
Where, from earth's thousand altars could the soul
Hold a more rapt communion with its God?

As Clifford‡ erst in Barden's neighbouring tower,
The Shepherd Lord, unscathed by civil jars,
Undazzled by the blaze of sudden power,
Trained his meek spirit 'mid the silent stars!

---

commemorates the decisive battle between the Yorkists and Lancasterians. The town is now the chief place for warehousing corn in the north.

* Here begins the great woollen district, of which Leeds is the centre.

† In this most pleasing valley stands the picturesque ruin of Kirkstall Abbey.

‡ The history of Henry, the Shepherd Lord, may be found in the second volume of Sir James Mackintosh's interesting Abridgment of the History of England, p. 46.

Vaunt not Helvetian hills, Ausonian vales,
Vaunt not each painted, each poetic scene,
Still, still I cling to Craven's pastoral dales,
Their purple heather, and their emerald green.

Pause, my bewildered harp, nor leave unpraised
Farnley's green upland, Harewood's stately glade,
The antique pile* by mail-clad Templars raised,
Hackfall's wild glen, and Bramham's alleyed shade.

Ye towers of Pomfret! in your blighted round!
No rose shall blossom, and no muse shall sing,
Blood, blood bedews the rank and tainted ground,
Of unarmed nobles,† and an uncrowned King.‡

Nor gaze unmoved on Ebor's ancient wall!
The purple masters of imperial power§
Changed for its guarded hold, at honour's call,
Their Latin mount, or bright Byzantine bower:

Our peaceful streets no stranger legions fill,
No Eastern pomps in gay procession smile;
But say, can Roman power, or Grecian skill,
O'ermatch the grandeur of our Gothic pile?

This lyre might linger with too fond a praise,
O'er Vanburgh's‖ airy domes and sculptured halls:
Or, to the sterner works of earlier days,
Byland's rent-fane, and Gilling's ivied walls.

In Helmsley's tower no Villiers¶ revels now,
On yonder hills he met untimely doom;
At Rivaulx' shrine no sandalled beadsmen bow,
But Nature's self has canonized their tomb.

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* Temple Newsom.

† The Earl of Salisbury and twelve Yorkist chiefs, after the battle of Wakefield; Earl Rivers, Lord Richard Grey, &c., upon the death of Edward IV.

‡ Richard II.

§ Adrian, Caracalla, Geta, and probably Theodosius, served; Septimus Severus, and Constantius died; Constantine was proclaimed Emperor, and perhaps was born, at York.

‖ Sir John Vanburgh was the architect of Castle Howard.

¶ George Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham, died in the house of his agent,

See Fountains' yet more massive glories rise,
On Studley's lawns‡ see spring eternal bloom;
Let Wensley's fertile vale arrest thine eyes,
Richmond's gay terraces and castled gloom.

From Calder's fount to Cleveland's mossy hill,
From Humber's tide to Skipton's mountain hold,
All hues and forms the varied canvas fill,
The rich, the soft, the fertile, and the bold.

Mark where yon rocky barrier fronts the main,
And seems the guardian of the favoured land;
Oft has its iron strength repelled the Dane,
Or the armed barks of Norway's rugged strand.

Mark Scarborough's keep, and Whitby's shattered aisle,†
Once the proud sea-mark of the troubled deep;
While Mulgrave's tower still views old ocean smile
From its lone crag and wood-embosomed steep.

The darker spoils domestic struggles yield,
May not on page so light as mine be read;
How Yorkshire mourned o'er Towton's‡ crimsoned field,
How Fairfax§ triumphed while her bravest bled.

Not now the theme:—may all her future years
In peace, in wealth, in freedom roll along;
Unstained by crimes, by conflicts, and by tears,
Brightened by Virtue, and adorned by Song.

---

at Kirby Moorside, in consequence of a cold he caught while seeing a fox dug. Helmsley Castle and Rivaulx Abbey are both in the beautiful grounds of Duncombe Park.

* The evergreens at Studley are particularly fine.

† A considerable part of the very striking ruin of the Abbey of Whitby has fallen recently.

‡ At the battle of Towton, A.D. 1461, 37,000 Englishmen are said to have fallen.

§ Thomas, Lord Fairfax, a great general, and a worthy man. From a period of mutual dissensions and errors, it is pleasing to select upon either side such names as Fairfax and Falkland.

SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES

OF

THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

EDUCATION.

THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY IN IRELAND.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES AND HONORS IN SAINT PATRICK'S HALL, DUBLIN CASTLE.

[OCTOBER 11TH, 1855.]

WHEN the conferring of Degrees and Honors had concluded, the Vice-Chancellor of the Queen's University (the RIGHT HON. MAZIERE BRADY), said:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

Having reached the close of our University proceedings, there remains to me the grateful office of returning to you the thanks of the Senate for the privilege you have been graciously pleased to accord to them of holding their public meeting in this hall, and for the honour you have done us in gracing our assembly with your presence. The Queen's Colleges have received their foundation since the period of your Excellency's former official connexion with this country; they have had to sustain much, but I will still hope, a gradually decreasing opposition. Their progress has been necessarily affected by the times of public calamity with which our country has so awfully been visited—they have difficulties to contend with; some in the social condition of the people, some in the pecuniary expenditure which the continuous course of study established in them requires from the students; but, perhaps, the great-

est is the want of a good local supply of preparatory schools where the young could be sufficiently educated to enter at once, and with adequate preliminary instruction, upon the more advanced courses of collegiate instruction. We have further the satisfaction of knowing that our courses of study and degrees have deservedly attracted the estimation of learned men in other lands, who witnessed the success of students of our Colleges in competition with members of every other seminary in the United Kingdom. The Legislature has sanctioned additional aids to the pecuniary resources of the Colleges; and we have been honoured from the commencement of our labours by the gracious support and fostering encouragement of your Excellency's predecessors in the exalted office which Her Majesty has intrusted to your charge. I venture to assure myself and this institution that we build on no insecure foundation, when we calculate that from your Excellency we shall receive a no less favourable acceptance, a no less kind and encouraging support. We have already abundant evidence to satisfy us of the justice of these expectations in the interest you have ever taken in the advancement and prosperity of Ireland, the knowledge of her wants and her resources, with which your official condition with this country has abundantly supplied you, and the careful and benevolent anxiety you have shown in your personal inspection and examination of the condition of all the public establishments of the country. On the part of the Colleges and the University, I tender to your Excellency our acknowledgment of the favour thus shown, and the value with which such a recognition of the principle of examination must confer on the system itself, and on the institutions under our care. I trust that they will always be found deserving of your Excellency's support, and of the honour such as that conferred upon us by your Excellency's presence here to-day.

The EARL OF CARLISLE replied :—

MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR AND GENTLEMEN,

I receive with pleasure and gratitude the compliment which has been so obligingly proposed by you, and conferred upon me, on behalf of the Senate. Let me assure the whole of the very learned and distinguished assembly here convened, that it has been no common satisfaction to me to have thus assisted at the proceedings which have now been brought to a close. It is also gratifying to me—as it must be to all, I ima-

gine,—to see noble and princely halls, like that in which we are now assembled, and which are ordinarily set apart for lighter purposes, and for the mere festivities of state, made thus ancillary to the highest ends of science, art, and literature. After the similar functions which have been discharged here in previous years, and especially after the very full and lucid expositions which on this, as well as on former occasions, have been delivered by the learned Vice-Chancellor of this University, I should feel it worse than superfluous for me to dwell for one moment on the nature and object of the institution with which we are now concerned; or on what I may term the statistics of learning and instruction connected with it. I wish, indeed, that our meeting of this afternoon could have been graced by the presence of my noble friend and colleague, the Earl of Clarendon, the Chancellor of the University, to whose fostering and enlightened care it owes already so much; but, as we know the war is pressing upon his attention, we cannot wonder, however we may grieve, at his absence. Since the foundation of the University under his auspices, its newborn uses have been successively encouraged by the courteous chivalry of the Earl of Eglinton, and the mild wisdom of Lord St. Germains—

"Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis sapientia Læli."

Besides these high names, there is one other which I should not like to pass over in total silence, on my addressing a meeting which has connexion with the Queen's Colleges in Ireland. Those who know most of the early history and birth-struggles of this institution, will know best how much they were indebted to the exertions of our present minister at Athens, Mr. Wyse. When I was last with him, we explored together the site of that ancient Academy—that hill of Colonus of which Sophocles sang, and the olive grove where Plato reasoned. I wish that he could now be at my side, not to trace with fond reverence the dim vestiges of buried glory, but to hail with joyous hope the future progress and expanding triumphs of his living countrymen. As your Vice-Chancellor has reminded you, the late period of my arrival in Ireland has only as yet enabled me to visit one of the Queen's Colleges,—that in Cork; though I trust that my acquaintance with the others will not long be delayed. In the College at Cork, I was very glad to perceive,—though so cursory a visit as I was enabled to pay hardly warrants me in speaking further of that degree of progress and prosperity which it has, I am happy to

say, so undoubtedly attained,—but I was glad, as far as what the eye was concerned with, to see that a most suitable and comely architecture has been called in to assist in the accommodation of those kindred arts and sciences which lend to, and borrow from architecture, so much mutual grace and spirit. Very pleasant, too, it is to find in our honoured elder sister University of this capital, that this happy union is now receiving such splendid illustration. All that I have been enabled to gather of the working of these associated seats of learning induces me to believe that they have adopted the fortunate medium of combining those branches of study which have hitherto always accompanied civilization, nurtured the intellect, and embellished the tastes of mankind, with those new branches of study which the discoveries of more recent times and the wide developments of human industry and enterprise, render of such daily practical use, and which, allow me to add, the probable increased adoption of the test of merit in all the departments of national science, upon which your Vice-Chancellor has remarked with so much just emphasis, will make still more indispensable. It has been, as he has informed you, my endeavour, within the narrow limits which have as yet been open to me, to adhere to this principle in all the appointments that have been made in connexion with the Queen's Colleges in Ireland. For the few moments longer that can be allowed me, let me turn to those whom I am sure, even these very conspicuous and eminent men who have recently formed the Board of Examiners will yet allow me to consider that portion of the numerous auditory which I address, which concentrates most your interest and hope,—I mean,the young men who on this occasion have received their Degrees, their Diplomas, and their distinctions of Honor. Will you, my young friends, accept from me my cordial congratulations on what you have achieved, and my earnest exhortation to you to pursue and persevere in that honourable and brilliant career, upon which you have entered? Believe me, that the conditions of the world in which we live are becoming every day more and more such as to make the possession of knowledge and the mastery of the mind the condition of success, and the avenue of greatness. Believe me, also, that the exercise and proper direction of the intellect, the taste, and the fancy, bring with them pleasures and resources intrinsic to themselves, and wholly independent of success and of their worldly results. But when I talk to you of pleasure, and also when I talk of success, I feel that I

am using far too low a key-note. Pleasure, as I trust every one of you will be delighted to admit with me, cannot be considered as the real business or aim of life; and as to success, although it has many lofty and ennobling attributes when it is the reward of honest diligence, and the test of fine powers conscientiously used,—and though I am at this moment exhorting you in your future plans of life to emulate that success, yet I would have you remember, at the same time, that success itself is compatible with base principles, with vulgar feelings, and with vicious habits, and may be reached by those who can show no claim to the love of their fellow-men, or to the favour of their God. Let yours be a yet higher and more real ambition. It is not *who* you are, but *what* you are, that really signifies. The situations you may fill in life are beyond your control; and even though they should be as exalted and splendid as your most soaring dreams could picture, yet they might leave you mean, unhonoured, and unloved. The characters you may make for yourselves, in humble dependence on the blessing from above, are in your own power, and can never disappoint, or fail you. Every act in obedience to a virtuous self-denial—the active exercise of Christian love—the life-long obedience to faith—these are the things which will secure to you, not such transient honours and distinctions as we have this day awarded to you, but the supreme blessing and the immortal crown.

THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

CONFERRING DEGREES, ETC.

[OCTOBER 7TH, 1856.]

WHEN the Degrees, Diplomas, and Honors had been conferred, the VICE-CHANCELLOR said :—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

For the part you have thus been pleased to take in our proceedings of the day—for the gracious kindness with which you have placed this apartment at our service, and for the honour you have conferred upon us by your presence here, I beg to be permitted to return the grateful thanks of the Senate of the Queen's University. At our last annual meeting I ventured

to express the assurance we felt that from your Excellency we should receive the same kind and courteous recognition, the same generous encouragement, and the same energetic support which we had heretofore experienced from your predecessors in your high office. This assurance has been amply confirmed; and we look with confidence to the continuance of the same good and gracious offices as long as it shall please Her Majesty to intrust to your care the administration of the Government of Ireland. In this exalted station your Excellency has again given the benefit of your high sanction to the important principle of competitive examination, on which I took occasion to make some remarks at our last meeting, when submitting to that test the election of a Professor of the Celtic Language in the Queen's College of Galway. I believe that the result of the examination has been perfectly satisfactory to your expectations, and to those of the authorities of the College; and I look to such examples, and to the evidence so given of the general interest taken by your Excellency in the welfare of our institutions, as affording the highest encouragement to their students, and to those who are yet but preparing for entrance on a collegiate career.

The EARL OF CARLISLE replied:—

My Lord Chancellor, my Lords, and Gentlemen,

I am exceedingly happy, after the lapse of a smooth and prosperous year, in which peace has been maintained at home and restored abroad, to have the opportunity of again meeting in the Queen's Castle of Dublin this representative assembly of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland, and to congratulate those who have proved themselves qualified for Degrees, and entitled to Honors, upon the success which the proceedings of this day have stamped upon their honourable and useful labours. I have referred to the auspicious prevalence of foreign and domestic peace; but you may be reminded, by the summary and results of your own labours, that peace need not in any department of our national or individual existence carry with it the notion of inactivity or sluggish repose—indeed, I do not know whether in all the fields of intellectual and moral exercise a period of peace does not ever seem to call for more sustained and strenuous efforts. We are told that peace has her victories, as well as war; and if she has her victories, you may also be sure she must have her labours and her conflicts. The energies of you, young Irishmen, are not now needed, like those of many of your countrymen,

to scale the parapet of the Redan, or to house yourselves within Sebastopol; but you have already wisely recognised that life has something else to do than to lie in the sun or bask by the fireside; and if it be true—upon which I now, of course, pronounce no opinion—that the standard of examination to which you have lately submitted yourselves has been pitched already too high, it only confers greater credit on those who have successfully emerged from it. Upon the topic of peace, to which I have alluded, you will remember that the sound of the great war immediately before the last in Europe had scarcely died away when steam-boats began to ply and steam-engines to work in a thousand trades—railways to spread their iron lines, and gas to stretch out its threads of fire—and the electric telegraph to race with the lightning; and the blessed application of chloroform to assuage—ay, to abolish pain. Now, the several studies through which you have all passed will not guarantee you all singly becoming Watts, Fultons, or Wheatstones, but it is their aim and their object, rightly understood, to keep up and carry on, to say the very least, the processes of past research and discovery at the highest level of efficiency, and to maintain that general tone of high acquirement and intelligence—of noble emulation and ambition, out of which kindred sparks may be struck, and further victories achieved. Proof has been given within the year that has now concluded, of the aptitude of the rising youth of Ireland for praiseworthy distinction and brilliant success, of which I am happy to find that one of your own Colleges has afforded so memorable an instance. And if, as was perhaps natural, the elder University of our land has in point of numbers seemed to lead in the race, I am confident that your younger academical institutions will feel that they have only to make increased efforts which they owe to their country not to be distanced in the future. Many of you whom I now address, and into some of whose hands I have just had the high satisfaction of delivering the well-earned marks of success and honour, will probably soon be dispersed over different scenes of action, and transferred to new avocations. Be pleased then to remember, my young friends, that the business of education does not terminate with the college class, or with the professor's lecture, but that every day of your lives may add to your knowledge, and every moment of time may promote your improvement. Strive always for the highest exertions of usefulness—for these man may aim at—but be content with any opportunity of exerting them, for these God must decide

for you. I know not how many of you may become great, but I feel sure that all of you may make yourselves good and happy.

THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY IN IRELAND.

SPEECH OF THE EARL OF CARLISLE ON CONFERRING DEGREES, ETC.

[OCTOBER 3RD, 1857.]

MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR, AND GENTLEMEN,

I AM extremely glad, not only to have again, in this place, the opportunity of meeting the Authorities and Professors of the Queen's University, and the youthful candidates for its Degrees and Honors, but also, at the same time, to be able to congratulate them all upon the circumstances which attend the present period of the annual examinations. It appears from the list before us, as well as from the interesting and lucid statement of your distinguished Vice-Chancellor, that the number of successful candidates has on this occasion culminated to a higher point than it has ever yet reached, and double that of last year. It appears, further, that out of seventy candidates, there have been only five rejections; and I apprehend that any one who will take the trouble to make himself acquainted with the examination papers, and the literary and intellectual tests that have been applied, will be amply satisfied that this increase in the number of successful candidates, and this paucity in the rejection of insufficient candidates, have been in no respect caused by any lowering of the standard of proficiency and success. I am tempted also to observe—what might not be so obvious at first sight—that even the amount of success as well as of attendance at these annual examinations do not in themselves afford an accurate measure of the success of the College education itself. I am informed that there are many instances in which the education in the Colleges enables the students to obtain employment which forces them to leave part of their academical career unfinished. One of them, for instance, from the Queen's College at Galway, would have been here to-day, had he not just obtained at a competitive examination the post of master of an agricultural school, with an annual salary of £120. Another, from the same College, has just been

appointed usher to the great school of science at Dungannon. Why have we not here to-day Mr. Devereux, Mr. Bartley, and Mr. Smith? Why, because at the recent examinations for the Civil Service of the East India Company, they have respectively obtained first, and fourth, and tenth places in that distinguished list. And when we remember that the prizes at this Indian Examination are of so high a character as to draw the foremost men from all the Universities of the empire, I think any one who is interested in the character and credit of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland will feel no slight satisfaction that, whereas in former years two of those appointments were carried off by Cork, and one by Galway, in the present year three of them have fallen to Belfast. I am tempted, by the mention of that place, to remind my young friends now here who come from it, that we must look to them as called upon in some measure to redeem, as well as to adorn, that celebrated and thriving community. It is very painful to find in these modern days of enlightenment and progress—I might add, in these days of national emergency and stern pressure—an advanced and polite city like Belfast disfigured by unseemly exhibitions of religious discord and—if such a violent contradiction of terms may be allowed—of religions hatred. We have heard, indeed, Belfast occasionally termed the Northern Athens: I hope the future career of some whom I now see before me, will do much to justify, and secure, and perpetuate that title; but if we were only to give attention to some of the statements we have been lately perusing of the bitter strife and contention amongst those who ought to live as brothers, it would make us think that we were reading not so much the annals of Athens as of Thebes. One further reflection I may indulge in, feeling that it is suggested by the special sphere of action to which some of your late associates are on the point of being called, and whither, I hope, some more among you will follow them,—I mean the Civil Service of India. Other associations, alas! are now mingled with that name besides those of peaceful duties quietly performed, and substantial fortunes comfortably amassed. All who are now sent to that stirring theatre—whatever may be the precise character of their mission—must be prepared for hardship, for danger, for much patient endurance—possibly for high, strong courage—at all events, for sustained and strenuous exertion. In the great drama of Indian re-conquest every one must play his allotted part to the top of his bent; and I fervently hope that, among the honourable and enduring successes of the Queen's

Colleges in Ireland, it may come to be recorded of them that the young men whom they shall have trained for the business of active life have borne a conspicuous and distinguished part in the great imperial task which now devolves upon us as a people, of restoring upon a firmer, a purer, a nobler basis than it ever yet rested on, the hold of civilized and Christian England upon the regained millions of India.

THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

CONFERRING DEGREES, Etc.

[October 14th, 1859.]

WHEN the conferring of Degrees and Honors had concluded, the VICE-CHANCELLOR said:—

May it please your Excellency,

It has already, on three or four occasions, been our fortunate privilege to be thus honoured by your attendance at our annual meetings, while filling the office of Her Majesty's representative. We feel that it is of no small advantage to have once more associated with us, if I may venture on the expression, in the person of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—the early, long-tried, consistent friend and advocate of civil and religious liberty—the supporter of every institution founded for the benefit of our country, and the amelioration of the condition of her people, physically and intellectually. It is a presence to us full of encouragement and hope; it justifies the past, it graces the present, it heralds the future; and in that future we have an abiding confidence that our progress will advance with the advancing prosperity of the country, and will continue to receive, as we think it has hitherto done, the approval and good wishes of all who, like your Excellency, manifest their attachment to the great national principles of united education.

The EARL OF CARLISLE replied:—

Mr. Vice-Chancellor and Gentlemen,

I rise, with your permission, to return a few words of thanks for the honour you have so courteously awarded me. The Vice-Chancellor of the

Queen's University laid before this assembly, with his usual clearness and precision, all that pertains to the present circumstances and actual condition of the institution in which he holds so eminent a post. Into that branch of the subject, accordingly, I may congratulate both the meeting and myself that I am not required to follow him. In meeting once more, on this well-remembered spot, this annual congress of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland, after a very short break of continuity, during which, all will gratefully acknowledge, your academic institutions reposed under no unfriendly auspices in this island, it is certainly very gratifying that I should learn from so authentic a source that nothing has occurred in the history of the Colleges of a retrograde or unfavourable character, but that the intervening period has been marked by features of distinction and hopefulness. I infer, indeed, on this occasion, that there are two causes—one of a more local, and it may be transient, the other of a more general and inherent character—which may be considered to have operated against a fuller attendance of competitors for the prizes and honors which it has been my pleasing duty to award to the successful candidates. The general cause to which I refer has been fully pointed out by the Vice-Chancellor,—the absence of a sufficient number of the intermediate or middle-class schools, to act as feeders or tributaries to the respective Colleges. This want is both recognised and appreciated by the Government, and the subject is now engaging their serious attention. It is not, however, without difficulties both intrinsic and imported. The more local, and as yet at least partial cause is one which I mention neither with a view on this occasion to the expression of praise or blame, of sympathy or misgiving, but as a matter of positive fact. We have been credibly assured, several young men, who would otherwise have been here from the College at Belfast as competitors for our Honors and Degrees, have been diverted from their purpose by the engrossing interest excited by what is generally termed the Revival in the North of Ireland. This is an incident worthy of being considered with that cautious and reverent watchfulness which is eminently due to the whole subject. If, however, there should appear to be temporary deficiency in the number of candidates for the Degrees, I am happy to find that there has been an increase in the total number of students in actual attendance on their collegiate studies, amounting, I believe, at present, to very few short of five hundred; and I apprehend that nothing can be more satisfactory than the quality of the instruc-

tion imparted, the high and deserved eminence of the respective professors, the elevated standard of the examinations as conducted in this place; and the practical results exhibited at the competitive ordeals for employment in the Civil, and more expressly, the Indian Service, combine to place the credit of the Queen's University on the most unassailable foundation in these respects. I learn, also, with increasing pleasure, that the proportion of different religious communions among the students at the Colleges is just what might be expected and wished. The Vice-Chancellor has touched upon the general and most important considerations connected with this topic. Thoroughly unwilling as I should be to introduce into these precincts, usually set apart to social festivity—at this moment to the furtherance of polite, useful, and liberal learning—any subject or any syllable that could tend to excite dissension or promote discord, yet there are periods when the frank avowal of opinion is due from any seat of authority or centre of influence. I do, then, continue to think it most desirable that in our great imperial community, where its citizens are to play united parts, and discharge united functions—to live, in short, an united life—the preparation for it should be laid and learned in an united education. Such, surely, should be the case with respect to the trades and professions which are to build up and perpetuate our united wealth—to the sciences which are to mould our united wisdom—to the arts which are to constitute our united enjoyment. I feel profoundly, at the same time, that all that we are accustomed to gather under the name of religion is of so paramount, so subtle, so ethereal a nature, that it may properly require to be treated as something at once superior and separate, which may repel all interference foreign to itself, and be communicated by no organs and ministrations but those exclusively and distinctly its own. While I, therefore, cannot but wish that education which is general and mainly secular should be united, I as readily admit that what is expressly religious and mainly spiritual ought to be separate. I will yield to none in respectful deference to the clergy of all our religious communions; but, assuredly, to none whatever of them can I, either in a public or a private capacity, concede the right of denying to the laity, of which I am myself a member, the full power of acting upon the decisions of our own consciences, and of regulating the education of our own children. I have never closed the observations I have been called upon to make on these occa-

sions without specially addressing a few short words to the young persons I see before me. You are the main actors and principal objects in the proceedings which will here terminate. As to all the elders here assembled, myself amongst the number, we must feel that the pursuits in which we are severally engaged, and the cares which occupy us, are mainly carried on in behalf of the generation which is to follow us. Your presence here proves that your careers hitherto have attained a certain amount of success; let your subsequent careers exhibit a diligent pursuit of excellence in your several spheres of action, an honest desire to apply your own faculties and opportunities to the benefit of your fellow-men, a pervading consecration of your lives to the God who gave them. We introduce you, as it were, this day into a splendid arena, the service of a great and noble country; may you live to see it—may you contribute to make it—yet greater, nobler, worthier than you have found it.

THE QUEEN'S COLLEGE (CORK).

THE EARL OF CARLISLE'S SPEECH ON THE PRESENTATION OF PRIZES TO THE STUDENTS.

[NOVEMBER 14TH, 1859.]

MR. PRINCIPAL AND GENTLEMEN,

I RISE to return my sincere thanks to you for the honour you have just been pleased to bestow on me. I can assure you that I have felt the greatest pleasure in discharging the honourable function which has just been assigned to me of distributing the prizes to the successful candidates of the Queen's College, Cork. This is not the first time I have been within your walls; and though they may not present those associations of hoary antiquity—those mellow mediæval tints which cling to the semi-cloisters and venerable groves of our older Universities—it is most interesting and most encouraging to witness the vigorous start of youthful impulses, and the promising dawn of your early powers. I learn with satisfaction, from the very clear and able statement of your distinguished principal, that the matriculations for the present year exhibit some increase over those of past years, and that the natural propor-

tion of the members of different religious creeds remains undisturbed. On an occasion like this I impose upon myself the duty of recollecting that, while there are times when a frank and distinct expression of opinion may seem to be required, yet I should do very ill to introduce into those peaceful haunts of learning and into the serene observances for doing honour to literature and science, any topic that could savour of a controversial or embittered character. We know of old that at the sack of ancient Thebes the great Emathian conqueror spared the house of Pindarus, when temple and tower went to the ground; so in these peaceful bowers of the Muses we know nothing of the differences and discord which agitate the world without. It is to you, my young friends, the prizemen and successful competitors of this afternoon, that I would address the few remaining words I have to offer. It must have been greatly gratifying to you, in the presence of this high academic conclave, of so many of your most distinguished fellow-citizens, of so many softer smiles of approval, to receive your well-earned and hardly-won tokens of success. You will, I trust, not lag in that career upon which you have so auspiciously entered. There is everything in the character and reputation of the professors of this College to assist and to encourage you. There is a burden of a modern popular song, "Excelsior," which ought to be your maxim in every field of exertion and in every walk of life. But while I hope that your college careers will exhibit the same honourable and successful perseverance which seems to have distinguished their commencement, you will not fail to remember that life does not end with the college class, or lecture, or examination, or degree. Life and the world—this bustling, battling world! this our mysterious human life—loom beyond them. Win, my young friends, win for yourselves, if you can, distinction, competence, wealth, station. These are some of the hopes and purposes with which you have been sent here; these are some of the hopes and purposes which have led to your successful exertions. But, besides these, and above these, there are things more real, more precious, more enduring—the force of character, which each of you makes for yourself, will teach you how to use those things, and how to do without them—the kindness of heart which will make mankind your well-wishers and friends; the conscious thrill of duty done; the hopes and the assurance of the "world beyond the skies."

THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

CONFERRING DEGREES, Etc.

[OCTOBER 12TH, 1860.]

WHEN the conferring of Degrees and Honors had concluded, and the Vice-Chancellor of the University had delivered his Address,

The EARL OF CARLISLE replied:—

MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR AND GENTLEMEN,

I have already had so accurate and continuous an experience of the fulness and clearness with which the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the Vice-Chancellor of this University, enters into all the details and proceedings which call for any remark in the history and constitution of the learned body which, in this country, he so ably heads, since its last periodical meeting, that I almost as much of necessity as of good-will abstain from the ground thus pre-occupied. It may be permitted to me to express the high satisfaction which I feel at learning that the career of the whole institution, if not convulsively rapid, has been steadily progressive, which perhaps is the most promising condition of all others for stability and permanence; and that the examinations which have just now been brought to a close do not only exhibit a more numerous array of candidates than has been heretofore seen, but have been distinguished by a greater ratio of successful competition, and by improved quality as well as quantity. That the test of the progress of these our young institutions is not yet confined to their own walls, or to their own examinations, is evidenced most pre-eminently, perhaps, by the last Indian examinations, and also by others connected with medicine and law. In these foreign, as it were, and extrinsic competitions, it would hardly be fair not to remark that the College of Belfast has occupied a very conspicuous position. There is, probably, no one cause which has contributed so efficiently to the just credit of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland, or to the success which has distinguished the efforts of their students and scholars,

as the remarkable merits and attainments of the men who have been fortunately obtained as professors in the respective Colleges. But, even as I make the remark, something in the way of drawback occurs to me, and seems to qualify the complacency it naturally would engender—

"Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid, quod inipsis floribus angat."

I have boasted that we obtain able and accomplished men as professors, but do we always retain them? On the contrary, just when we have begun to know them—which is, in other words, to appreciate them—do we not often see them suddenly spirited away, and transferring themselves, by their own choice too, it must be owned, even to bleaker and chiller climes? We cannot dissemble the fact that our Colleges are not territorially endowed; and for some time to come, I fear we must expect to see far larger portions of the national revenue devoted to the arts of war than to those of peace. The result, in plain terms, is, that our professors are clearly under-paid. We hope slightly to modify an evil which we certainly cannot wholly overcome, by reverting to the purpose originally entertained for somewhat limiting the number of chairs, as vacancies may arise, and thus increasing the fund from which the remainder will have to be paid. It is evident, however, that this can only be a gradual process before it can be brought into full operation, and I believe that some alterations of the present letters-patent will be required. I have the pleasure of not coming unaccompanied to this hall. Besides your honoured Vice-Chancellor and his distinguished official associates, I consider with pride as well as pleasure that I am supported on this occasion by my own more immediate associate in the discharge of the Government—the Irish Chief Secretary, Mr. Cardwell. Without entering further here upon topics not connected with the time, place, and purpose of our present gathering, it is at least not inappropriate to remark, that in the manly and liberal studies of his own University of Oxford he laid the foundation of that success which, by bringing the results of careful and enlightened culture to bear upon an eminently calm and clear understanding, he has since signally achieved upon still wider and more important theatres of thought and action. And I might cite many here present as witnesses, that he has devoted in a marked degree his time, care, and judgment to the concerns of the Queen's University in Ireland. We have also the high gratification of

seeing amongst us on this day a most accompished Irishman, Sir Thomas Wyse, who in the Parliament of the realm was the first to recommend, and the steadiest to press for the establishment of those new seats of learning in the provinces of Ireland. He had hardly seen the accomplishment of these his early and persevering aspirations brought about by the ready appreciation and congenial sympathies of the late Sir Robert Peel, when he was himself transferred to a remote, but it may be well termed a still more classical sphere. How trustfully he may have represented and promoted the interests of his country at the Court of Greece, this is not the occasion to examine; but I can at least depose as a witness, that no more trustworthy, or thoroughly informed guide could be found to guide the stranger over every inch of that sacred soil, every fragment of that immortal Athens, the city of the violet crown, the honied hills of Hymettus, the scarce seen waters of the Ilissus, the patriot ravine of Thermopylæ, the gleaming quarries of Pentelicus, the unmatched glories of the Parthenon, the Olive Grove of the Academy. No one, I well know, has been more intent to watch, or more eager to fan the faintest sparks that yet lurk amidst those smouldering embers of the old glory; and it is the same spirit which now watches the infant efforts of regenerate Greece, that formerly laboured to introduce new elements of art and knowledge into the reviving civilization of Old Ireland; and it will be a gratifying tribute to what has been accomplished here, if on his return he shall be enabled to kindle the emulation of those who still tread the haunts of Sophocles and Plato, by recounting what he shall have witnessed of progress and energy in his native land. I have never closed the remarks which it has now become to me a custom to make on these occasions without addressing a few observations to the young men here assembled. I fully believe that, unlike those who have mainly to look back only to the memories of by-gone greatness and of glory, the period at which you are called to enter upon the career of busy and active life is the most prosperous and promising of any that could be selected in the history of your native land; but, however that may be, it is the period, and the only period, which is your own. You can do something—every collection of vigorous and aspiring young men can do something—can do much to make that period more beneficial and more brilliant than it would be without them. Take your share in this just and noble ambition—make your contemporaries, make posterity think better of the

time in which you have lived—of the country which bore you—of the College which fostered you, because of your conscientious industry, because of your honourable exertions, because of your high-minded services, because of your Christian lives. The hopes of the age must always be in its rising generation—may you contribute to the number of its ornaments and worthies.

THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

CONFERRING DEGREES, ETC.

[OCTOBER 11TH, 1861.]

WHEN the conferring of Degrees and Honors had concluded, the EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN,

I have already had sufficient experience, as the Lord Chancellor has told you, for several successive years, of the able and complete manner in which he sets before us the conditions, requirements, and prospects of the institution in which he holds so distinguished a place, to render it unnecessary that I, or that any one, should attempt to fill up either the general outline or the minute details. It will not, however, be thought presumptuous in me if I merely express to you the cordial satisfaction which I feel at the considerable increase in the number of students now in attendance; at the adequate representation of the different denominations of creed in this country; at the honourable places they have held in the public competitions of the empire; at the extension which has been given to the education of the public at large, as evidenced in the system of middle class examinations, and in the establishment of what I remember at my own University, we used to call, perhaps without due academic solemnity, the "Little-go;" and at the credit and success which are attached to the exertions of the respective professors. And here one only matter of regret occurs to me, that whereas last year I expressed a hope that an arrangement would be speedily completed for securing a moderate addition to the very limited scale of salaries, circumstances have as yet prevented the Treasury from giving effect to the

immediate realization of the scheme. I trust, however, that no long time can elapse before at least a beginning shall be made. You have most fitly reminded us, my Lord, that none of these recurring anniversaries can take place without painfully reminding us of the losses and gaps which have occurred in the interval. I cannot pass through the next room to that in which we are now assembled without perceiving, in the long series of portraits of Irish Viceroys, that two of them have passed away from us within the present month. In that short period we have lost the matured wisdom and unblemished rectitude of Fortescue, and the generous spirit and chivalrous patriotism of Eglinton; and I feel tempted to quote once more the apposite lines which I remember using before in this place in a happier hour. We have lost from among us

"Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis sapientia Læli."

I turn now, however, to a gladder theme. Our honoured and beloved Queen has recently visited these shores, where her presence was hailed with fervent loyalty by every class of their warmhearted inhabitants. It is true that the Queen's University in Ireland has as yet no local habitation in Dublin, like her elder and celebrated sister, the University of Dublin, which owes its foundation to another British Queen. Had it been otherwise, I need not say how joyfully our younger University would have welcomed within its precincts a gentler and more virtuous Elizabeth. It will be in the knowledge of those whom I address, that the Act which established the Queen's Colleges in Ireland was passed during the administration of the late Sir Robert Peel. Amongst the witnesses of their early progress, I rejoice to see at my side to-day the son of that most eminent statesman and friend of Ireland. There is no one who left a deeper mark upon the recent annals of the country; there is no one whose memory is more intimately associated with the marvellous work of Ireland's improvement and Ireland's progress than his honoured sire. Most fervently I trust that the son is destined effectually to carry on the same beneficent and exalted mission; and that, among other subjects of hereditary labour, these institutions will largely share and reward his fostering care. I now beg to take my leave of you, my young friends, the graduates, and prizemen of this day, with the most heartfelt good wishes for your future distinction, happiness, and virtue. In the course of these brief remarks, I have brought before you more than

one illustrious name. I will not say that such elevated positions can be within the reach of all; but, in point of actual merit, there is no human excellence which another man may not equal, and even surpass. May the blessing of Him to whom all things are possible be ever with you all.

SIR ROBERT PEEL,* Chief Secretary for Ireland, then addressed the University:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

The ceremony of to-day has been deeply interesting and impressive. We have witnessed the conferring of Degrees and Diplomas, and the distribution of prizes to the successful candidates, by the Senate of the affiliated Colleges constituting the Queen's University. We have heard the language of well-earned compliment, and of earnest encouragement, which has been addressed to the students of this most national institution. We have seen the most eminent and distinguished personages in this kingdom,—the Viceroy and the Lord Chancellor,—taking an active part in the proceedings, surrounded by the *élite* of our society, and in the presence of all who, by their character and countenance, can add weight and dignity to the occasion. And if I now by desire, Ladies and Gentlemen, venture to appear in this place to offer a few remarks, I do so with extreme diffidence; but, at the same time I can truly say that, on more grounds than one, yes, personal as well as political, I have witnessed the ceremony of to-day with the liveliest emotion, not unmingled with recollections of the past history of this institution. The Viceroy has been pleased to allude to the originator of the scheme, and he has done so with that feeling and eloquence which are the characteristics of a kind and cultivated mind. I accept, gratefully accept, in the presence of the Senate of this University, the compliment that has been paid—paid by one who unites to the highest official position and the qualities which can adorn that position, that genial affability and those accomplishments which endear him to the heart of every man who comes within his sphere; and if I may be permitted to allude to the originator of this scheme of the Queen's Colleges as to a public man, I can say what has been very truly said, that the welfare of Ireland—I bear testimony

* See APPENDIX, Sir Robert Peel's Speech, October, 1864.

to a career of forty years—was ever foremost in his thoughts; and the words, "Welfare of Ireland," stand conspicuous in bold characters upon the bright pedestal of his political fame. As allusions have been made to the originator of this scheme, I also must be permitted to allude to one who, by his writings, by one of the most practical works upon the improvement of Ireland, tended considerably to the establishment of this institution—one who came boldly forward and said—"If you want to solve this difficulty, Why Ireland, with its material and natural advantages, with its people physically and morally not inferior to the people of other countries—was more backward than other countries? I will tell you (he said) why it is more backward. Because there is a want of industrial education amongst her people." And he laid down, with indisputable force, this; that academic institutions which would confer on men of all creeds the aid and advantages of professors of science was perhaps the best, perhaps the only, means of remedying the evil. These words were spoken long before the question was agitated in Parliament as to the establishment of this institution. And I am glad to have the opportunity of pointing, on this occasion, to that man who I know took a very active and interesting part in its establishment. I allude to the honoured President of the Cork College, Sir Robert Kane. I have said that on more grounds than one I take a deep interest in this institution. I have watched it from its commencement, and I am glad to trace its development. It has opened to three-fourths of the youth of Ireland those academic advantages which they were before denied, and it has rendered immense benefits, not only to the cause of popular education, but to the good government and to the character of this country. And what is the criterion of the success of this institution? Not mere numbers—they would be very significant, if we looked only at that. But the proof of its success is the great political gain which has been derived by the establishment of a system in Ireland which has opened to men of different religious denominations combined secular instruction on the broad basis of religious equality. That was what mainly interested Sir Robert Peel, when he introduced and originated in Parliament this plan. Sir Robert Peel, I well recollect, said in the House of Commons, "You may hold the opinion that you desire, but I shall relinquish with the deepest regret the hopes of an education for Ireland which will give combined instruction to the youth of the Roman Catholic, the Protestant, and the Presbyterian creeds." Sir James Graham, who was one

of Sir Robert Peel's warmest supporters in the establishment of these Colleges, also said—"Grant this system of education to Ireland, and you will give her an education equal to that of the University of Scotland, or of Trinity College, Dublin." And I ask you, by the ceremony of to-day, whether the result has not corresponded with the expectations those men formed? But, even still more remarkable, I can point to the late Premier, Lord Derby: when, as Lord Stanley, he introduced to the House of Lords the measure of Sir Robert Peel, he most strenuously advocated this system. I heard the words which he then expressed, and which were very remarkable. He said:—"I think that, as you have given your sanction to an exclusive system in Trinity College, Dublin, for the purpose of supplying clergy for the Established Church—as you have connected the theological tenets of the Presbyterian creed, with the College established in Belfast—so, I think, you have wisely and liberally agreed to aid the education of the Roman Catholic priesthood, by endowing the College of Maynooth. All these, however, are theological endowments. Now, when dealing with the laity, I do intreat your Lordships to permit the laity of Ireland to be educated in common, under the same teachers, in all those branches of learning which do not and cannot affect their religious opinions." Well, Gentlemen, as the Lord Chancellor has told you, many years have elapsed since this system has been in operation; and we are justified in asking, has it answered the expectations of those men who founded it for the welfare of Ireland? Now, I have considered it for these eleven years, and it does appear to me that, notwithstanding its progressive development—notwithstanding the benefits it has conferred upon Ireland—there are wanting two things to place this institution on that footing of comprehensive utility which it is calculated and able to enjoy; and if you permit me, I shall allude briefly to the first and most conspicuous of those points. It has been very well observed by an intelligent writer, who probably may be in this hall at this moment; speaking of these Colleges, he says:—"They are the centres which attract to them the highest and best of the national intellect, and then, under the influence of sound knowledge, fructify and develope it for the public advantage." That is true to a certain degree, but not altogether. No doubt, the Roman Catholic and the Presbyterian laity have availed themselves to a very great extent of the Colleges, in accordance with the hopes and expectations of those who founded them. I believe, when these institutions were first founded,

there were six millions of Roman Catholics in this country, only 100 of whom availed themselves of an academic education; whereas at the present day there are more Roman Catholics on the books of these Colleges at one and the same time than there were Roman Catholics who passed through Trinity College in fifteen years. Is not that a proof of the advantages which this institution has conferred upon Ireland? Is it not a proof also that the Roman Catholic laity have not shown themselves willing to accept Trinity College as the source of academic instruction? I may say the same in reference to that most important and influential body, the Protestant Dissenters, who also have shown a great indisposition to avail themselves of the education provided by Trinity College. What do we find? That the provinces of Ulster, Munster, and Connaught have each of them a College—Belfast, Cork, and Galway. And what do we learn? I have gone through the rolls of these Colleges, and found that their educational influences are almost entirely limited to the immediate districts in which they are situated; so that we have the metropolitan province of Leinster and the capital city of Ireland, entirely unprovided with those academic advantages which the youth of Ireland justly and properly claim. This should not be so. We should not have the metropolitan province of Leinster, and the richest city in Ireland, uniting within its limits a more influential Roman Catholic community than I believe is to be found in any of the other three provinces, and also that important body, the Wesleyan communion, entirely deprived, as the rolls of these Colleges show, of the advantages afforded by these institutions. Ladies and Gentlemen, that is one of the points which has struck me as requiring the consideration of her Majesty's Government. It does appear to me that an arrangement might be made, by which, by extending this liberal system of education to all the provinces, you would only be carrying out the original plan of those men who founded these Colleges; but which plan, at the moment, was temporarily adjourned, for the purpose of subsequent adjustment. The other point to which I may be permitted to refer is one which relates to placing this University on a par with the University of Scotland and with Trinity College. It is more easily dealt with, because we do not want to go to Government for grants in order to effect it. By a proper exercise and display of the public spirit of this country—and I believe there is in Ireland as much public spirit as in England or Scotland—this can be accomplished. What is it I require? I find that the

youth of the Queen's University cannot compensate themselves with those scholarships, and exhibitions, and prizes which are supplied by the older Universities. I find, on reading over the memoranda of these Colleges, that there are only ten exhibitions for graduates connected with these Colleges, of £40 a year each, tenable for one year; and the sum at the disposal of the authorities for giving prizes to undergraduates is extremely small. It is given away in prizes of books, and in affording means for the purpose of maintaining those students in their University course. Compare this with what we find in the older University, and it appears most inefficient; and I say that the public spirit of the country, looking at the good which has been achieved, ought now to come forward, and of itself endeavour to place this Queen's University on a footing with other Academic Institutions. If you allow me, then, I wish to take this opportunity of saying that, as I am so firmly convinced of the immense advantages which would accrue to the youth of this country by offering exhibitions for competition, I will myself, with the permission of the Senate, establish three scholarships of £40 a year each—one for each of the three Colleges—for the space of ten years. And I only hope that the example I set may be followed by those who have a more direct interest in the welfare of this country. I do not take credit to myself for doing this. I take it as an honour to be able to assist in the work which was founded by my father, and I accept the position, as I may almost say, on the plea of a "founder's kin." I have spoken with the Secretary of this University on the subject, and I have to-day placed in his hands a memorandum bearing on it. I hope that others will come forward and assist in establishing ten or twelve scholarships or exhibitions—whatever you please to call them—for the undergraduates of this University. At all events, I myself, for a period of ten years, will establish annually three scholarships of £40 each. I have, I fear, too long trespassed on your time; but before I sit down, I cannot refrain from saying that each succeeding anniversary acknowledges that justice—that nothing more or less than justice has been paid to the youth of Ireland by the extension of academic institutions. Each succeeding anniversary acknowledges that the exertions of those who laboured to remove the difficulties which arise from various religious creeds have been crowned with most eminent success. Yes, Ladies and Gentlemen, the in-gatherings of the fruits of this system which we have witnessed this day is a proof of the wisdom of the past. It is the reward, perhaps the only reward,

of the labours those men who strove to improve the educational soil of Ireland for the seedtime of a harvest from which Ireland is now reaping such abundant and recurring crops; and that man, no matter who he is or where he may be, must indeed be callous and indifferent to the welfare of his country, who will not join in thankfulness to God for blessing a work from which such social improvement and sound learning have flowed through all the channels and arteries of this country. One word more, and I am done. Go on, I would say to the youth of this University—continue to advance in the career of knowledge and the fear of God; keep to those paths by which you have been enabled to master not only the rudiments of classical knowledge, not only to become proficients in the specialities of Arts, of Medicine, and of Law, but which have enabled you thoroughly to appreciate those noblest creations of antiquity which, consecrated by the genius of Greece and Rome, have become hallowed by the test of time. Yes, the youth of this University, many of them now, for the first time, young and inexperienced in the world, are about to enter into a wider career—a career, perhaps of social, perhaps of political competition; but, at all events, before one and all of you lie open the struggles of life—its inequalities, its difficulties, its temptations, and its success. Grapple with these difficulties and these temptations with spirit and determination, and success will crown your exertions; but recollect, and be not unmindful in that moment, that your success, and the reward which will accompany it, will not only be a source of gratification to your own individual feelings of just and honourable ambition, but that it will not fail to reflect a bright ray upon those who devoted in your youth their time to your service, and who have laboured that you might become, in the prime and manhood of your vigour, an ornament to society, and a benefit to mankind.

THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

CONFERRING DEGREES, ETC.

[OCTOBER 16TH, 1862.]

MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR AND GENTLEMEN,

I ONCE again meet this distinguished body—the Vice-Chancellor, the Senate, the Presidents, the Professors, the Candidates, and Students

of the Queen's University in Ireland—with the same pleasure that I have formerly felt, and which, so far from palling upon me from length of experience and comparative want of novelty, receives a material increase from the accounts I have received of the continued growth of this our still young institution. This has been in a most marked manner the case on the present occasion. You have alluded, Sir, to this being the seventh time of my discharging the present function, so you may look upon it as a sort of Sabbatical celebration. From the interesting and important statement of figures which you have laid before us, it will be perceived that there has been within the last year a considerable increase in the number of students at their respective Colleges; it seems, indeed, to proceed at the rate of, at least, an additional hundred every year. There is also a considerable increase in the number of candidates for Degrees. But what is, perhaps, a still more gratifying point is quality; and I hear from a source on which I can entirely rely that, in respect of quality, there is a decided improvement in the character of the examinations. This, I believe, is in some degree owing to the operation of the new ordinance which has established what we of the older Universities were in the custom of calling the "Little go"—or half-way examination in the academic career—thus setting free students who were examined in the various branches of the minor examination for the more specific studies to which they might feel inclined to devote their after labours. Much of this improvement, no doubt, is due to the generous spirit of activity and progress which is so apparent, and which incites both the older and more modern systems—alike the most venerable, and the freshest and youngest bodies—into the noble arenas of intellectual activity and competition. The results, as have been already stated, of the Indian and Civil Service Examinations, show that in these fields of competition the Queen's University in Ireland has borne no undistinguished part. Amongst the other incentives to the exertion and progress of our young generation, we may, as the Vice-Chancellor has already forcibly reminded us, gratefully include the handsome provision which, mainly by the impulse, example, and exertion of Sir Robert Peel, has been added to the original stock. I gladly leave to him, who is best entitled to furnish them, any explanations of the arrangements which it is proposed to establish regarding this newly-acquired fund; and I have sanguine hopes that the benefits which may be expected to be derived from it will be more and more increased and recognised as we proceed further from the original date, and have opportunity

and leisure to count up the fertile products. I have the satisfaction of being able to inform you that her Majesty's Treasury has assented to the proposition of the Irish Government, pressed upon them originally by Mr. Cardwell, who was so zealously followed by Sir Robert Peel, by which a certain addition will be made to the existing salaries of the able and distinguished professors of the Colleges. In this pleasing retrospect I ought not omit what is certainly the most important circumstance of all, the pleasure I derive from hearing that the general conduct and moral bearing of the students of the Colleges are equally entitled to commendation with their intellectual and scholarlike acquirements. It is, indeed, most pleasing to perceive these symptoms of honourable, and not unfriendly, competition pervade alike all of our aggregated Colleges. Long may our territorial contests be of this description. If we must put our North against our South—if Cork holds the same relative geographical position in Ireland which New Orleans holds on the American continent—if Belfast is here what Boston is there—if Galway may represent the Far West,—happily these fair cities do not send forth their several children to fighting fields and premature graves. Our struggles for intellectual superiority are carried on in peaceful halls, and are crowned with bloodless laurels. And now, my young friends, I believe most, if not all, of you, are about shortly to enter upon the busy stage of mature life, and the arduous work of independent action. Whatever your separate spheres of employment and duty may be, I trust you will import into them the same spirit of diligence and study which has procured for you such honourable notice here. Still more do I hope that you will maintain throughout your entire careers that strength of character and that tenacity of principle which will alone give real value, and dignity to your future lives. I trust your lot will be cast in times alike of tranquillity and of progress, equally removed from disturbance and from stagnation, affording the best conditions for the enjoyment of your existence and the development of your powers; and if some circumstances in our age and country—I say this entirely without meaning a one-sided or exclusive reference—if some circumstances should suggest any more specific wish, I trust that the world in which you will have to play your future parts will have grown wise enough not to feel it essential, while we exhibit a conscientious and unswerving adherence to our own sense of right, at the same time to think that it is any part of our duty to make ourselves

offensive or disagreeable to those who hold a different set of opinions. Every year—every day which passes over my head—convinces me more and more not only of the entire wrongfulness, but also of the utter unreasonableness of intolerance—intolerance in any matter, especially in matters of religion. When we look around us, and consider that it has pleased the Almighty to permit the various creeds and churches of Christendom to be supported and advocated by such men as Luther, Bossuet, Fenelon, Jeremy Taylor, Bishop Butler, John Wesley, Robert Hall, Chalmers, and Channing—men with the fire of Divine eloquence on their lips, and the fervour of Divine piety in their hearts—surely there can be none of us who must not think how likely it is that in many points he may be wrong—how impossible it is that in all points he can be right. My young friends, may the favour and guidance of Heaven ever rest upon you, and consecrate your lives to works of usefulness done in the spirit of faith and love.

THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

CONFERRING DEGREES, ETC.

[OCTOBER 13TH, 1863.]

MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR AND GENTLEMEN,

IT seems rather a perverse coincidence that in company with the increasing dimensions and swelling fortunes of this institution, and of the growing interest which is felt in it, we should, by the domestic arrangements of the mansion in which we are met, be cooped into a smaller space than usual; and this only makes me wish the more eagerly that the time may not be far distant when the University will have a building of its own, duly accommodated to its high days and solemnities—

"Dignis invita callida templis."

I always feel on these occasions that the Lord Chancellor—the Vice-Chancellor of the University—has brought before you in an exhaustive manner all the details connected with the progress of the University and of its affiliated Colleges. Among the other circumstances of the day

I have been especially gratified at observing, seeking for *ad eundem* Degrees, persons of conspicuous merit and fame in their own seats of learning. But I have now so frequently discharged the gratifying duty of distributing the prizes at this recurring celebration, and of addressing to the youthful competitors arrayed before us expressions of congratulation at their well-won Honors, and of affectionate encouragement for their future careers, that I should feel completely unable to vary in any degree the utterances of former years were it not for one circumstance, indeed of a most afflicting novelty. On most previous occasions I have seen sitting beside me, in the highest place, highest in fame among the gathered nobles of the realm, Richard Whately, Lord Archbishop of Dublin. Within the previous week this great and good prelate has been removed from us. Beside the graceful and touching allusion of the Lord Chancellor, as the Vice-Chancellor of this University, to the loss of his illustrious colleague in its senate, I feel profoundly that this is not the place, and that I am not the person, to deal with the highest aspects of this great bereavement. That pious office has been already rendered in its appropriate place, the chapel of this palace, by lips youthful indeed, but second in eloquence to none in Ireland, in a way in which I exhaust the praise when I say it was entirely worthy of the great theme. I stretch no daring hand to touch the cords of the hallowed tabernacle; but here, at least, in a learned assembly, met for a purpose purely academical, it is permitted even to such as me to hang one unavailing wreath upon the funeral bier of one whose mind and whose existence were strongly impregnated with academic influences, and who ever felt and displayed the most large and generous sympathies with every branch and form of learning. He came here from his own Oxford, and perhaps no intellect ever reflected more accurately the exhaustive learning and transparent clearness of her favourite Aristotle, though none would have more disdained to be slavishly bound by his or by any other person's trammels:

"Magis amica veritas"—

the love of truth, and the unfaltering desire to discover, develope, and proclaim it, were the guiding instincts of his moral nature; and to this high bent he brought the aid of the highest gifts of mind—a perception alert, acute, and sagacious,—a style of such marvellous perspicuity, that the complacent reader and hearer became quite unconscious of the in-

tricacies he threaded and the heights he surmounted; and a power of illustration in which I believe him to have been unparalleled by any other man that ever lived. His large toleration, his abounding charity, his luminous faith, I designedly leave to other pens or voices. He no longer moves, converses, preaches amongst us; but, though dead, he yet speaketh. The lessons that once flowed in such resistless logic from his living lips now breathe with scarcely less convincing clearness from his honoured grave. Few of you, my young friends, can hope to rise to so high a place either in Church or State, either in theology, literature, or science, as that which he filled and adorned; but there is enough to teach us that the causes why he was so admired in life and so mourned in death were, not because his seat was exalted among the great of the land, not because rank and station and authority will some few hours hence follow his bier down the cathedral aisle, and the anthem will peal above his cold remains, but because he did what every one of you can do—he studied how to make the best use of the talents his Maker had confided to him, and devoted a life of conscientious and unflagging labour to his calling, his fellow-creatures, and his God.

THE NATIONAL BOARD OF EDUCATION.

THE EXAMINATION OF TEACHERS IN TRAINING, NATIONAL MODEL SCHOOLS, MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

[JUNE 16TH, 1857.]

THE Earl of Carlisle was received by the Right Hon. Alexander MacDonnell, Resident Commissioner; the Rev. Dr. Henry, President of the Queen's University, Belfast; James Gibson, Esq., Q. C.; and Dr. Andrews, Q. C.

When the Examination had concluded with an exhibition of the "Drummond light,"

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

As everything must pale after the light which has been named—after one who was my most esteemed friend and excellent colleague in this country, the late Mr. Drummond—I think we cannot better close our proceedings than now. But you will allow me, before I leave you,

in a few words—and in a very few words—to express to you how much gratified I feel at having had this opportunity of attending you through that wide, extensive, and varied field of examination over which we have travelled this afternoon. I say, with all sincerity, the results appear to me to be most satisfactory; and, considering the limited time for which many of you have been here, I must say they seem to be quite surprising,—reflecting infinite credit upon the capacities and the varied acquirements of those who teach, and upon the aptitude and flexibility of those who learn. I suppose that a very short time will now transpose you from those peaceful but busy haunts, and from your emulous but not, I am sure, envious studies, to your own separate scenes and spheres of action. I am sure no hint from me could be necessary to impress upon you the usefulness and the dignity of the calling which you have adopted. There may be other professions which attract more of public notice and of vulgar applause, but I feel sure that there can be none which, if faithfully and conscientiously pursued, is more calculated to leave its impress upon the race, the race which is growing up around us, and which will come after us. I have myself known some who have passed from your ranks, from under the shelter of this institution, who are now carrying on successful inroads against vice and ignorance and degradation, and who deserve the gratitude of the posterities of those whom they will have done so much to reclaim from sin and from pollution, and to put on the road of self-reliance and of duty. There is only one more practical suggestion which I would ask your leave to make to you before you all disperse on your several paths; and it is this—I am happy to see amongst you who now sit before me, as well as amongst those who are gathered behind me, members of different religious persuasions. Now, I trust I should be the very last person to call upon you to undervalue the importance of your different religious convictions; but I think you will yourselves have been able to ascertain, during your sojourn here, how much good and worth there may be amongst the members of different persuasions; and you will have derived no better lesson here than if, in your future lives, you inculcate those results of your own happy experience upon those who will be placed under your charge. Inculcate upon them the love of learning—for that is your special mission as schoolmasters; inculcate upon them the love of God—for that is your foremost duty as Christian men; and as a branch, a main branch of that love, and the measure of your own

experience here, inculcate upon them the love of one another: and may the blessing of the Almighty be always with you.

THE "ALBERT MODEL FARM," GLASNEVIN,

IN CONNEXION WITH THE NATIONAL BOARD OF EDUCATION, MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

[DECEMBER 20TH, 1859.]

AFTER the distribution of Prizes, the EARL OF CARLISLE addressed the students, and said:—

MY YOUNG FRIENDS,

I need not tell you how delighted I am to meet you all here on the present occasion, and to distribute these Prizes which have been awarded to you by your teachers and professors in their several departments. You are receiving here from the State very excellent instruction of the best kind, and such as those who are placed over you have considered most suitable to the sphere of life which you have embraced. I do not require to inform you how much you are indebted for the education you receive, and for the kindness and attention paid to your requirements by the superior and excellent teachers of the institution. I have been told that some of the young men who have been educated here have obtainad good situations—some of them in the Colonies—and I trust that by their good conduct they will reflect credit on the establishment in which they were trained, as well as on Old Ireland which gave them birth. The excellent education imparted to you here will fit you specially for improving the soil; and it is expected that you will pay back something of what you owe to your country, by making the surface soil of our fair island more fertile, more ornamental, and more productive than you found it. In conclusion, I have only again to repeat what very sincere pleasure it gives me to meet you all here, and to state what great interest I take in your welfare; and to wish you individually, success when you enter on the real business of life.

THE NATIONAL BOARD OF EDUCATION.

EXAMINATION OF TEACHERS IN TRAINING, NATIONAL MODEL SCHOOLS, MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

[JUNE 18TH, 1860.]

WHEN the examination of the teachers in training had concluded, the EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

GENTLEMEN,

I wish in a very few words to express my satisfaction at the examinations which have just been concluded. We have been carried through a very varied range of acquirements, denoting great attention, intelligence, and animation, on the part both of the teachers and the taught. I am very glad, too, to receive excellent reports upon the still more important points of your good conduct, and your friendly and brotherly feelings towards one another. There is a still further gratification to be derived from an occasion like this—that the knowledge, the accomplishments, the aptitude, and the ability which you have brought under our notice will not be confined to your single bosoms, or your individual careers, but will be communicated to circles of more or less extent around you; and, as time rolls on, will, in the more fortunate instances, spread the fruits of your teaching and your example over the district, the county, and the kingdom. These are great opportunities—they are high prerogatives of the functions you will be called upon to exercise: may you be fully alive to them. Allow me to wish you, one and all, individually and collectively, every possible success and credit in your several spheres of action; and may you all have the satisfaction of feeling, when your careers are closed, that you leave the portion of society in which you have had to act, better than you found it.

NATIONAL MODEL SCHOOLS, MARLBOROUGH-ST.

EXAMINATION OF THE TEACHERS IN TRAINING.

[JUNE 16TH, 1862.]

WHEN the examination had concluded, the EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

I cannot allow these proceedings to end without very briefly expressing the pleasure which I have felt in witnessing your examination here to-day. I have been very much struck with the extent and variety of the branches of knowledge in which the examination has been conducted, and with the readiness and accuracy which have been exhibited on the part of the respective students. I am still more gratified to hear the very striking testimony to your behaviour and conduct, which has been borne by Professor Butler, with respect to all the classes which have attended this session. You are now, I believe, about to separate, and proceed to your several destinations; and I am sure that all who have been concerned in the work of your training—the able and zealous professors, the members of the Board, my valued and beloved friend, the Resident Commissioner, Mr. MacDonnell—and, if you will allow me to be included in the number, I shall say myself—shall accompany you all with the sincerest good wishes, that whatever may be the functions or duties to which you are about to devote yourselves, they will be fulfilled with credit and comfort to yourselves, and with advantage and usefulness to others. You may probably be aware, at all events you may become aware, that the system of mixed training, in which you have borne a part, is not viewed in all quarters with equal favour. Now, I have neither the right nor the inclination to quarrel with any conscientious opinions. It is open to any people to object to the system of mixed education and training; it is open to them to object to any education at all. I happen to differ with them; but I trust I have not passed through three scores of years without learning what appears to me to be the most essential, but what human experience

shows to be the most difficult of all lessons,—that of full toleration for the sincere convictions of our fellow-men. As, however, out of the large number of years to which I have referred, a full dozen of them has been spent in immediate official connexion with Ireland, I feel that I speak with the authority of some experience concerning the National System of Education, in which I have ever felt so strong an interest. Let any one, then, attach what weight he will to any theoretical objections to the system of mixed education; but, with respect to the practical operations, I have two broad facts, which, I believe, I am correct in stating—that, in all the training establishments under the National Board there has not been a single instance in which any pupil or student has relinquished the religious faith in which he was brought up; and next, that there has not been any known or appreciable instance of any quarrel or disagreement among the young men themselves on account of their religious opinions. Now, I cannot but consider this as a valuable testimony to the actual operation of the system; and allow me to add, that it is a result the advantages of which ought not to be least appreciated in Ireland. I will only say that it seems to me to be as near an approach, as the necessary imperfections of human projects and performances will admit, to the fulfilment of that great Christian commandment of loving one another, which is to be a law for us on earth, and a habit for us in heaven.

BELFAST NATIONAL MODEL SCHOOLS.

THE ANNUAL EXAMINATIONS.

[DECEMBER 17TH, 1862.]

WHEN the examination had concluded, the EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

MY LORDS, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN,

It has been a great satisfaction to me to have been able to devote a short portion of the only time I am, unfortunately, able to spend in Belfast, to the examination of the Belfast National Model School. The

numerous other avocations which I unfortunately have, precluded me from lingering longer among you than I would otherwise have wished, so that I have not been able to go over the whole cycle of instruction. However, I have heard both the boys and girls examined on matters both various and sufficiently difficult to test the system under which they have been brought up, and it seems to me that the answers were delivered with great precision and accuracy. I am not surprised at the excellence of the musical classes, when I find that they are still presided over by Mr. Washington. I have been very happy to renew the pleasing impressions which I derived from the former visit which I paid to this institution; and I am most glad to find that it is in such a flourishing condition, both with respect to the aggregate number who attend, and also to the proportion of the respective Churches. It is not at all necessary for me at this time of day to make use of any expression to show my adhesion to the National System of Education in Ireland. The fidelity of now thirty years is a sufficient voucher for me; and the first introduction and working of that system, and the continuous experience I have had of it, have only renewed my adhesion to its broad and fundamental principles. The very few words which the other engagements of the day admit of my making use of on this occasion are directed to the young pupils and students, and are quite independent of the principles of any system of education, or any maxims of State policy. They lie outside of them, and they rise above them; for I would desire to convey to you, my young friends who are assembled here, and to those to whom my words may perhaps be afterwards repeated, that it rests with one and each of you all to bear your own part in life, to discharge your own duties, to bear your own burdens, and to mould your own characters, and, so far as may be, to a great extent, shape your future course in life, and, in humble dependence on the Divine blessing, you may secure your own immortality of happiness and glory. I do not wish to appear to assume too solemn a tone, lest I should be thought to be encroaching on the province of the right rev. lords and rev. and eminent divines whom I am so happy to see here on this occasion; therefore, I will conclude by asking the authorities of this establishment to be so good, in commemoration of the welcome I have received within these walls, and the good report I have received of the general efficiency and conduct of the pupils, as to make an increase of three days to the present vacation.

NATIONAL MODEL SCHOOLS, MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

THE EXAMINATION OF THE MALE AND FEMALE TEACHERS IN TRAINING.

[DECEMBER 21ST, 1863.]

THE Earl of Carlisle was received by the Right Hon. Alexander MacDonnell, Mr. Gibson, Q. C.; and the Secretaries, Mr. James Kelly, and Mr. M'Creedy. There were also in attendance Dr. Sullivan, and Messrs. P. J. Keenan and W. H. Newell.

When the examination had concluded, the EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I regret that I was not here at a still earlier period of to-day's examination; but I know, both from what I have heard of it, and from former experience, and from what I well know of the attainments of the distinguished Professors of this Institution, that the examination, which is now brought to a close, has been both searching and satisfactory. Most of those whom I now see before me have nearly finished their useful and diligent labours upon this spot, and are about to apply the lessons, and to exhibit the fruits of what they have acquired here, in their respective localities. My friends, I have to wish you all the utmost credit and success in that noble work of tuition for which you have been set apart; for I believe there is no calling and no class of persons in the community who will have the opportunity of exercising a more powerful influence, both for evil and for good, and who can go so far, collectively, in moulding the hearts and the character of the coming generation. Great is your responsibility, and great be the reward you may all receive, both from the visible effects of your teaching, and still more from the inward testimony of your own private consciences. You may have learned here other lessons beside and beyond those connected with the actual abstract knowledge of which you have made yourselves masters—you may have learned, you will have learned, if the genius of the place has made itself rightly felt within you, how

young persons, it may be of different opinions—whether secular or religious—can be brought together, and can live together, and can entertain mutual regard and friendship for each other together, without assailing the opinions of others, and without compromising their own—how you may be all things to all men, and yet belong wholly to God. This is the principle—the living principle—which has always made me feel deeply attached to this parent institution, and to all those throughout the land which are moulded in its form, and have embodied its spirit. It is now thirty years—if I may advert for a moment, before I take leave of you, to myself—it is now thirty years since I first gave my adhesion to the system of National Education in Ireland. That system has, in all essential particulars, remained the same. It has passed through many phases of opposition, and lukewarmness, and misrepresentations—of violence, blowing with strange force from the most opposite extremes—

"Una Eurusque Notusque ruunt."

Even in the midst of all this encircling whirlwind, it has maintained for itself a tranquil inner haven, where the moderate, the liberal, the peace-loving might find secure refuge, and pursue their appointed work. It has leavened, though not to the fullest possible extent, and with the most entire success, the intellect of the country. It has inculcated the value and the dignity of honest industry; and where that industry could not find a proper field for its employment at home, it has, as we have been lately informed from an eminent quarter, stirred the stagnant level of the peasant mind, and roused it to find elsewhere for that industry more ample development and more secure reward. I have mentioned the period throughout which my allegiance to that system has not faltered; and, if I may judge of the future by the past, it is not likely to do so.

SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT OF THE

COMMITTEE OF PRIVY COUNCIL ON EDUCATION.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AT THE MUSEUM OF IRISH INDUSTRY, AND GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, APPLIED TO MINING AND THE ARTS, ST. STEPHEN'S-GREEN, DUBLIN.

[JUNE 17TH, 1857.]

WHEN the presentation of medals and prizes had concluded, SIR ROBERT KANE, Director of the Government School of Science, said:—

He had now to offer, on the part of the professors of the Institution, and on his own part, their grateful thanks for the considerate kindness which had induced his Excellency to favour by his presence, and by the part he had taken in the proceedings of that occasion, their humble efforts for the advancement of the objects of popular and liberal education, in the success of which it was well known that his Excellency took the deepest interest. The presence on that occasion of the representative of her Majesty—a nobleman himself distinguished in the field of literary achievement—was a most useful stimulus to the exertions of the pupils.

The EARL OF CARLISLE replied:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I have to return my best and very grateful thanks for the most kind expressions which have just been addressed to me by the Director of this institution on his own part, and that of his colleagues, the professors and officers who have co-operated with him so ably and so effectually in organizing those operations, of which we have had just presented to us so gratifying a summary. I can assure you that I rejoice with very great sincerity to find that these your labours have received at once their most satisfactory attestation and their best reward, in the increase alike of numbers and of proficiency among those who have resorted to your courses and classes. Your enlightened Director has referred to the examination papers which have been placed before us; and it has often struck me on such occasions, as it does on the present,

that it might have a very awkward effect if the tables were turned, and if those who had been examined—who had competed for premiums, and received them—were in their turn to subject to examination those who assist, or even who preside, at these exhibitions. For instance, if I was called on, in the geological science, "to give a sketch of the subject of denudation and uncomformability"—or if I were questioned as to what was "the polygon of forces"—or if I was asked to "convert four volumes of deutoxide of nitrogen or nitrous oxide into protoxide of nitrogen"—or, further, if I were told to define what are "phyllodia and phyllocadia"—I fear it might lead to a very mortifying exposure; and I do not know that it might not be proposed, and perhaps carried, that I should be forthwith abolished. And, by the way, I am just tempted to remark that I do not see among these classes any one in English composition; if there had been, I should have been tempted to appeal to them against the rebuke to which I see I have been exposed by certain writers for the public press, for having ventured to call a portion of the community by the name of "persons." Now, I should have appealed with some confidence to them, that "persons" is the proper English name, or noun of number, for any portion of the community—for men and women, whatever their social station may be. That, I think, is a point of mock gentility on the part of my objectors; but, however that may be, I am very glad to see to-night such an assemblage of attentive and interested "persons," to witness the honourable exertions and applaud the well-earned triumphs of their fellow-citizens. And heartily do I rejoice to observe the classes and sexes which are drawn together to compete for these humble but honourable marks of their meritorious exertions. I would beg leave cordially to exhort them to persevere in that most becoming and creditable career in which they have given such good promise of attaining almost any degree of success, which always will follow on well-placed application. They will find the pursuit of knowledge delightful in itself, and that it will always lead them onward to new resources of enjoyment, and fresh means of usefulness—to increased gratitude to their common Creator, and to expanded benevolence to the whole mass of their fellow-creatures.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AT THE MUSEUM OF IRISH INDUSTRY AND GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, ST. STEPHEN'S-GREEN, DUBLIN.

[OCTOBER 20TH, 1859.]

WHEN the presentation of medals and certificates had concluded, SIR ROBERT KANE said:—

It is now my duty to present to your Excellency, on the part of my colleagues, the professors and officers of this institution, and of the students that have been to-night so highly honoured, our most sincere and respectful thanks for the courtesy with which your Excellency complied with our request, that you should honour this meeting with your presence, and also for the kindly sentiments of appreciation and sympathy by which you so eloquently encouraged to further exertion and success in life those whose ability and diligence had already come so favourably under your Excellency's notice. It is no novel feature in the literary and scientific history of these countries to recognise, as guiding the neophyte in the arduous paths of science, or illustrating the pleasant ways of literary research, those whose higher and more responsible positions have rendered them wielders of the nation's power, and the champions of her liberties; but it is not often that the disciples of literature and science are so favoured as on this occasion, when their exertions have been rewarded by one who, to illustrious station and historic ancestry, superadds the still nobler titles to reverence and esteem of self-earned intellectual distinction. It is to us a further ground for satisfaction, in receiving your Excellency this evening, that we meet here in an institution founded exclusively for the public good, and affording a ground of general co-operation, where all the various classes of the community, too much and too long separated by the jars and conflicts of worldly objects, may amicably meet, and on which all may cordially work together. Long may such ground be preserved sacred and inviolate, and wider and wider may its range of influence always tend; and, certainly, by your Excellency's presence on this occasion, we may hope that still further confidence may be felt in the success and diffusion of industrial education, for which this institution has been founded. My colleagues, therefore, through me, beg to tender to your Excellency their respectful thanks.

The EARL OF CARLISLE replied:—

Sir Robert Kane, Ladies, and Gentlemen,

I rise to return my thanks in the first instance for the invitation with which I was favoured to be present on this occasion, and next for the great kindness with which I have been received. This is not the first, nor even the second time of my having the honour and the pleasure of assisting at the delivery of the prizes and certificates which are awarded in the Museum of Irish Industry. I believe, indeed, the first occasion of my being present was when the prizes were first awarded. On the last occasion the duties which I am now so well satisfied to resume were discharged by my immediate predecessor, the Earl of Eglinton, with his accustomed taste and courtesy. It is with the highest satisfaction that I learn, from the clear and able statement which we have just listened to from the Director, that in the interval since I was last among you on this occasion, he can give so favourable a report of the progress of the institution with respect both to the increase in the numbers of those who attended its classes, the exactness of their answers in the very difficult examinations through which I know they have to pass, and to the general full development of the purposes for which this institution was founded. It is, I confess, very satisfactory and very refreshing for me to feel, on an occasion like this, that we are not breathing any possible atmosphere of controversy. I feel that I have not risen to-night with any fear that the words which drop from my lips need be watched with any suspicion, or interpreted with any anxious misgivings. The products of nature, the materials of industry, the deductions of science, which form the special and exclusive subjects of attention and study within these walls, have nothing in common with the passions of the parties of the passing hour. We are here treading the serene temple of knowledge, which is pursued for its own bright sake with a homage which is perfectly disinterested. The rivalries of creeds and parties can find no admission here; and as for worldly honour and emoluments, the most lucrative rewards that we can offer to you are, the humble, but honourable prizes and certificates which it has just been my privilege to deliver. It will further, I am sure, be looked upon as a most satisfactory incident in these proceedings, that as no distinction of class, or creed, or opinion, can find admission, so likewise there is no monopoly of sex. The laurels that

are to be gathered here are twined around fair as well as around manly brows. And I feel assured that all, while they enter with zest and real enjoyment into the several branches of study to which they are pleased to addict themselves, will only be taught by success to exhibit that modesty which is the natural accompaniment of all true knowledge. I will likewise venture to hope that the contemplation of the marvellous fertility of nature, and of its wonderful adaptation to the wants and uses of mankind, will strengthen their piety to look up from the gift to the All-powerful and All-wise Giver. Amongst all the wondrous additions to the civilization and knowledge of the times in which we live, I feel that perhaps the most general drawback to that civilization is to be found in the habits which prevail amongst large portions of our population of indulging immoderately in intoxicating drinks. You will not think that I mean this reproach to apply to any of those who would naturally frequent the classes of an institution like this; least of all, I am sure, can it apply to our fair competitors. Still I do feel that, in whatever degree the tastes and aspirations of the public can be directed to intellectual, to refining, to elevating pursuits and studies, just in the same degree will a counterbalancing check be provided against those degrading and brutalizing habits to which I have referred; and such I conceive to be the liberal, the elevating, and the ameliorating tendency of such an institution as this. One expression struck rather disagreeably, and it was the only thing that did so, on my ears, in the statement of the Director, when he told you that some of the medals could not be delivered last year in consequence of their not having been forwarded in sufficient time from London. Why should it be necessary to send to London for the medals which are to grace and adorn the possessors of Irish genius? Surely we ought not to allow it to be said, if you allow me to quote a line from the Roman poet—

"Excudit alii sperantia æræ."

Why should not Ireland cast her own medals as well as nurture her own successful prizemen? I feel assured that the students at large are sensible of the debt of gratitude which they owe, and which the country at large owes, to the enlightened Director of this institution, and to its staff of able and eminent professors, who, I have no doubt, will, on the other hand, find their best reward in witnessing the progress, the acquirements, and the careers of such a band of disciples as that by which we are this night surrounded.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AT THE MUSEUM OF IRISH INDUSTRY AND GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, ST. STEPHEN'S-GREEN, DUBLIN.

[JUNE 25TH, 1860.]

SIR ROBERT KANE, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN,

I BEG leave to return my sincere thanks to you all for sanctioning the proposal which has been so kindly submitted to you. There is one point upon which, on this occasion, I am inclined to entertain a feeling almost akin to despair, that whereas it has become a sort of yearly duty of mine to offer some observation to you from this chair, I can entertain but very slight hopes of infusing any novelty or variety into them. I know the privilege is great, the pleasure is great, the honour is great, but the novelty is not forthcoming. In the first place, we almost all know why we are met together; the actual routine of the proceedings is familiar to most of us; and I am specially forbidden by the nature of these proceedings, by the very genius of the place, from making the slightest allusion to general politics or difference of religion. I am addressing an audience with far too good taste to put up with anything so vapid as general unmeaning compliments; and as for the particular subjects which form the materials of the competition for the respective prizes which have just been adjudged, it would be very soon discovered, not only by the eminent professors by whom I am more immediately surrounded, but by the more youthful candidates and prize-bearers who now front me, how ill qualified I should be to bear any personal part in such a high and difficult disquisition. I can, then, only congratulate you all, which I do most sincerely, on the useful and lofty pursuits to which you have devoted your leisure hours—not too abundant, I know, as must be the case with many of you, for such a purpose—and on the very creditable degree of proficiency to which it has been proved by the proceedings of the evening you have attained. I am sure all the company must have seen with the same pleasure as myself, to select merely one of the competitors, that Miss Hester Harman has received the highest number of marks at the examination in two such arduous and interesting branches of study as botany and practical zoology; and she is surrounded by those who do not grudge, but who emulate her success. The company will have heard with much grati-

fication of the very interesting and important additions which the zeal and diligence of the accomplished Director, Sir Robert Kane, have made within the year to the valuable collections in the galleries of this Museum; part of them, he has told us, is calculated to throw light on a manufacture which might have been this year, which very probably will be in future years, of great interest and importance to all classes in this country—the manufacture of paper—though I perhaps only heard with mitigated regret that Ireland is losing her pre-eminence in the production of rags. Special allusion has been made by Sir Robert Kane, in his interesting, luminous, and suggestive address, to the late increase in the production of the mines of the county of Wicklow. We learn from him that the vale of Ovoca, dear to song as

"the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet,"

is now not only famous because nature has

"shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal, and brightest of green;"

that this valley has not only

"the soft magic of streamlet and rill;"

but, hold! am I justified in saying that it has

"something more exquisite still?"

For what is it that it has? Copper and sulphur. Now these do not seem at the first sound the most romantic or the most fragrant of articles; but I take courage, and I will maintain that there is something yet more exquisite than all the soft witchery of romance, or even all the ardent loveliness of nature, and that is honest, hearty, human industry, exercising the body, developing the intellect, bracing the energies, sustaining the family, benefiting the district, enriching the country. You will have remarked, too, how the short-sightedness or the selfishness of man appears to be overruled to promote the general onward progress of human civilization. You have heard how the late King of Naples, not actuated probably by a desire to promote the principle of free trade, perhaps not out of a feeling of any great partiality to this country, gave a monopoly of the exportation of sulphur to another nation; yet true it is that this temporary stoppage in the supply of the natural article has stimulated the working of the sulphur ore in

Wicklow, and the removal of that sulphur ore has opened the way to the more unencumbered working of the copper ore also. It is thus that, by the overruling of a gracious Providence, even the jealousies and mistakes of men and of nations are yet destined to work for the common good of the human family. It is most gratifying to me to see the large assemblies attracted, and the obvious interest elicited by these anniversaries. It is true that we are not enabled at present, in this our Irish capital, to offer the same stirring and animating spectacle which attracted the admiration of the metropolis of England on Saturday last; but yet, in a more limited space, and in a more quiet scene, here are our Dublin Volunteers. They have not been taken into the ranks by the prospect of pay or promotion, or any tangible reward, but they have been brought here together by the desire to slake their thirst at the pure fountain of knowledge, and to become thoroughly versed in those pursuits of peaceful industry and humanizing science which have for their unmixed end to augment the stock of human happiness, and to leave their humanizing impress upon the welfare and the character of the coming generation.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AT THE MUSEUM OF IRISH INDUSTRY AND GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, ST. STEPHEN'S-GREEN, DUBLIN.

[October 3rd, 1861.]

Sir Robert Kane, Ladies, and Gentlemen,

I BELIEVE it is customary on these occasions for the Lord Lieutenant, after discharging the agreeable duty of delivering the prizes to the respective successful candidates, to say a few words—"of his own bat," if I may borrow an expression from a game which seems to have become a favourite with the citizens of Dublin—in acknowledging the vote of thanks with which the Director has kindly closed the proceedings. While I hope, however, that for this, and for other purposes, there will be no break in the continuity of Irish Viceroys, I must say, as Sir Robert Kane has already hinted to you, if you wish to obtain any variety in the observations which are thus periodically addressed to you, you must also secure some variety in the persons who fill that distinguished office. And while I thus happen to mention Irish Viceroys,

I must speak with concern and apprehension about the health of one of the most valued and beloved of the whole catalogue, my predecessor, the Earl of Eglinton, of whom very uneasy accounts have been received this day. While, however, I fill the same position, it will be always a great satisfaction to me to have the opportunity of listening to the full, able, and suggestive addresses—to which that of to-night forms no exception—which are delivered to you on these occasions by your distinguished Director, Sir Robert Kane, and at the same time of bearing my far less adequate testimony to the intrinsic merits of the pursuits which this institution encourages and promotes, and of the painstaking and laudable exertions of those who take part in them. I sincerely rejoice to collect that so much of progress and success has marked the latest annals of this Museum. I am sure we all must have listened with interest to the flourishing accounts which have been laid before us this night as to the mining prospects of Ireland. With respect to this new species of currency which has been placed in my hands, I certainly am glad to hear of any contrivance which has a tendency to diminish drunkenness amongst so valuable a portion of your population; and I suppose, after the very recent repeal of the paper duty two days ago, this mode of currency will become even cheaper. At all events, it holds out to our mining population the opportunity of complying with that line of the poet,

"To eye the mine without a wish for gold."

It is always a pleasing feature in the proceedings here, that whereas in almost every other quarter where we hear of classes and lectures and competitive examinations, the actors in these operations are almost exclusively of the sterner sex, while here, without any departure from the rigid rule of impartiality, the lists are entered, and the palm is, as we have seen, frequently carried off by gentler aspirants. And, indeed, it seems only fitting and becoming in a country where one illustrious lady fills the highest place in the realm, that all classes of our women should have the opportunity of showing that they can excel in the accomplishments and attainments which are consistent with the grace and modesty of the female character. Having thus casually alluded to our gracious Queen, whose arrival in our crowded thoroughfares all classes in this city had so much pleasure in witnessing, and receiving her, as they did, with so much delicacy and with so much fervour, I feel myself at liberty to take this first subsequent opportunity of mentioning—which I am fully authorized

to do—that her Majesty expressed herself highly gratified by every circumstance of her visit to Ireland; not only with the noble plains of the Curragh, and with the unmatched loveliness of the Lakes of Killarney, but with the loyalty, the warmth, and the whole demeanour of her Irish people. Greatly pleased and struck, indeed, her Majesty could not fail to be with the obvious marks of progress and improvement in this portion of her dominions. They meet us in every branch of occupation, and in every field of exertion. I know that I have been sometimes charged with presenting almost too favourable and highly coloured a picture of the condition of the country; but I do not conceal from myself that the entire of the season through which we have already passed, and the great prevalence of more than even our usual watery skies, must inspire us with some uneasiness, lest there may not be a corresponding amount of precaution, if distress is to be apprehended in the ensuing winter. These may be all matters for action and watchfulness; but let us not, in any case, forget that the proper result of privation is patience, and that difficulties are sent to call forth the energies with which to conquer them; and it will go far to ennoble the pursuits and studies which engage you in this place, if you accustom yourselves, not merely to consider them as the pastime of an idle hour, or as the extra gilding of the stern realities of life, but as the means of imparting additional strength and solidity to your intellectual powers, and, perhaps, of furnishing you with a safe and enduring protection against the rude weather and the storms which disturb the moral as well as the material world.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AT THE MUSEUM OF IRISH INDUSTRY AND GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, ST. STEPHEN'S-GREEN, DUBLIN.

[DECEMBER 22ND, 1862.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I AM extremely obliged to you for the cordial manner in which you have assented to the kindly proposition of your accomplished President. As I have on several occasions before discharged the same

agreeable function of delivering the prizes to the candidates, I am happy to say of both sexes, who have proved themselves worthy of distinction; and as I do not by any means come here as a stranger, I should indeed have found it difficult to impart the slightest novelty to any remarks I have to make; but this is a matter which can fortunately be dispensed with on the present occasion, in consequence of the happy idea of introducing a lecture by the President himself; and I am sure, we all here agree that that lecture has been an eminently instructive and interesting one. Sir Robert Kane has shown us how out of the darkest, and duskiest, and grimiest material of nature, there can be brought the most gaudy rays of colour, the tenderest tints of beauty, the most exquisite delicacies of scent. And is it not true that this is a law which seems to pervade both the natural and the moral world. The night gives way to morning; the icy blasts of winter herald the balmy breezes of spring; the howling storm to which we often are doomed to listen, purifies our atmospere; everything in a state of violence and disturbance seems to give way to a settled order and regularity. The slimy silkworm produces the lustrous silk, and even the dusky charcoal emits the blazing diamond; and so the very privations and struggles which thicken round the doors of the less opulent and favoured members of society engender the industry, the invention, the enterprise, the patient toil, the manly bearing, the Christian faith, which only meets difficulties to master them. It is said, perhaps in the most perfect of all poems,—

> "Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
> Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
> Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
> Or wak'd to ecstacy the living lyre."

And this is the merit of an institution like this, that if there are the seeds of success in handicraft, in art, in science, in literature, latent amongst us, by your lectures, by your studies, by your competitions here, there is at least an opportunity given for discovering and for developing them. We heard to-night of what occurred in the case of a Pontifex. If we had him here, I would not say I would confer the order of knighthood upon him, but I would dub him Pontifex Maximus. I rejoice to hear from Sir Robert Kane so agreeable and satisfactory an account of the progress of the institution, and of the studies and compe-

titions which we hear have been carried on; and, thanking you for the kindness with which you have personally received me, I hope you will allow me to wish you all a happy Christmas and a prosperous new year.

SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT OF THE COMMITTEE OF PRIVY COUNCIL ON EDUCATION.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES—MUSEUM OF IRISH INDUSTRY AND GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, STEPHEN'S-GREEN, DUBLIN.

[October 1st, 1863.]

Sir Robert Kane, Ladies, and Gentlemen,

I AM very glad to have once more an opportunity of performing the agreeable office of distributing the prizes to the successful candidates in the classes of this institution. I rejoice to hear that in the past season the attendance has been so large, and the prizes and medals awarded so numerous. Probably most of you are aware that the affairs of this institution have been the subject of some discussion. Now, I feel that this is not the time, this is not the place, and, most of all, I am not the person, to enter on any controversial topics. I feel it to be my duty always, when properly called on, to give such an opinion as my opportunities enable me to form; that opinion has always been given in commendation of this institution. I believe that much work has been done here. I believe that the work has been done well. I believe that the officers attached to the institution are able and eminent men, who zealously and conscientiously devote their time and abilities to the work set before them; and my general feeling in such matters is, that while we cannot hope to obtain perfection in an institution, or in any system, it is always the wisest and safest course to let well alone. Your able and accomplished Director, Sir Robert Kane, has this evening given us a most interesting lecture upon the making of matches. I suppose he does not wish to consider himself our incendiary, although at times we might almost believe that he was going to show his abilities in that quarter. I suppose he will be content if we dub him "the

great matchmaker;" and I only hope that the parents of the young ladies and gentlemen who come to these classes—the ladies, by-the-bye, having been this evening conspicuous by their absence—will not think he carries that capacity beyond the bounds of prudence. Ladies and Gentlemen, this city has been much engrossed this week by the Channel Fleet. Now, this is a subject not directly akin to the business of this institution, whose object is certainly not to raise seamen for Her Majesty's navy; but I think it was impossible to pass under those mighty fabrics which I saw yesterday, not exactly answering to the language used by Canning, in one of the most brilliant passages of his matchless rhetoric—"Reposing upon their shadows in perfect stillness." But, as I saw them, I could not fail to become intensely conscious how much every principle of science and every nicety of manufacture must have contributed to the ultimate object and perfection of those constructions; and you will all do well to bear in mind that there is no pursuit or project of industry upon which science does not send her guiding ray; and that without exercising the spirit of constant perseverance, and the travail of patient labour, no success or excellence can finally be obtained. With the best wishes for the institution collectively, and for you, Ladies and Gentlemen, individually, I beg respectfully to take my leave.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES—SCHOOL OF ART.

[March 31st, 1860.]

MR. MACRORY returned thanks to His Excellency, on behalf of the Committee of Fine Arts, for his kindness in presiding over the proceedings of that day. He was sure it was no small source of gratification to the pupils that they had received their respective rewards from the Representative of Majesty in this country.

The HON. GEORGE HANDCOCK seconded the vote of thanks.

The EARL OF CARLISLE said :—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I beg, briefly, but most sincerely, to return thanks to one and all of you, for the kind reception you have given to the proposal of a vote of thanks which has just been submitted to you. Let me assure you, on my own part, that I have had the greatest pleasure in resuming the functions which I once, at least, exercised before—of distributing, as I have just now done, the respective prizes to the successful competitors in the Royal Dublin Society's School of Art, which has thus become housed and fostered in the precincts of the Royal Dublin Society. It occurs to me how most appropriate to the functions in which we are engaged is the very spot where we are assembled,—surrounded as we are by those types and models of antique and heroic art, which of themselves probably furnish a considerable part of the inspiration that has prompted the work which has been this day so honourably distinguished. I learn, with great pleasure, that this branch of your institution is making such decided progress. I collect, in the first place, in the mere item of number, that during the last year the number of students has increased from 600 to 730, being an addition of 130 within a period of a single year. The mover of the vote of thanks, for which I am now expressing my acknowledgments, appropriately reminded you of the different classes which contributed to the exertions of the past year, and to the exhibition of this afternoon; and it is plain, from what we have witnessed to-day, that aptitude for art, as well as propriety of demeanour and intelligence of countenance, are not exclusive appendages of any class or calling in our country, or in the city of Dublin. I think it is gratifying to observe the number of callings and avocations of those who contribute their quota to the pupils of this institution. I perceive by the Report that mention is made of their respective pursuits and employments, and of those who are stated to have no occupations there are 320. Now, I hope, and I am sure, this does not intend to denote that those persons are without any occupation or employment whatsoever in life; and I must express my belief that if it were so, they would be probably, of all human beings, the most unhappy. Perhaps every profession and pursuit has its peculiar annoyances, drudgery, and drawback; but, depend upon it, the most irksome and tedious of all careers is a life of idleness. However, I must assume that this large

item chiefly comprises, not those who do not intend to betake themselves to any pursuit or calling in life, but those who feel such an aptitude and genius that they intend to make Art a profession. I would only give a caution to such of my young friends, that they should be very careful before dedicating themselves solely to such a calling, without having in view some more substantial reliance in life. Such a pursuit, I believe, is calculated to add to the general knowledge of those who are anxious to study, and is followed for the purpose of acquiring a greater proficiency in the fine arts, which are such useful adjuncts to almost every calling in human industry, and which in themselves exercise such reviving and ennobling influence on all who cultivate them in a proper spirit. Your excellent Secretary, in his opening remarks, referred to the aptitude for artistic study which distinguishes the people of Ireland. I had only last night an opportunity of witnessing the proficiency of those who cultivate the divine art of music; and am proud and happy, on this afternoon, to find such successful exertions on the part of those who have chosen to pursue those not less noble arts of sculpture and of painting. I have not come here, Ladies and Gentlemen, to deliver a lecture to you on the fine arts in general. The auditory I have now the pleasure to address, composed of those who have attended on the classes of the schools, have been competitors, and received rewards; and those who come to witness the recognition of their merits show, by their presence here to-day, that they amply appreciate the value, dignity, and nobility of true art. It only, therefore, remains for me to compliment, as I do from my heart, the students, their families, the very able chief teacher and his skilful assistants, on the great and marked progress, and the success which has attended their exertions, and which have been crowned to-day in this institution.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES, SCHOOL OF ART.

[JANUARY 27TH, 1862.]

WHEN the Prizes had been distributed, the **EARL OF CARLISLE** said:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I do not know whether I may assume that the motion so obligingly made has been adopted by the meeting. As this, however, appears to be so, I beg to return my very sincere thanks to you for the kindness that you have shown; and I beg to congratulate the members and friends of the Royal Dublin Society on the degree of activity and progress which has marked the proceedings of this not the least interesting and attractive of the departments in this liberal and enlightened institution. The merits of the compositions to which prizes have been assigned speak in the most telling way their own story, by being exposed to public view and criticism; and, as far as I am able to judge from a very cursory and retrospective view, I must say that the productions appear to me to evince a very considerable degree of merit and promise, so as to lead me to indulge the hope that the advice so very impressively given will be acted upon, and that the winners of the prizes will persevere in the delightful pursuit that they have adopted. It has been mentioned, in the course of these proceedings, that this distribution of prizes has taken place at a somewhat later period than was originally proposed, in consequence of that event which has been so greatly and universally deplored—the death of His Royal Highness the late Prince Consort. We are now specially concerned with a subject which engaged his constant, unflagging, and enlightened interest—the promotion of the art of the country; and it is touching to remember that the last visit which he paid to any exhibition of those fine arts which he loved so well, and fostered so wisely, must have been to the collection which proved so attractive last year within the walls

of this institution. I feel it would be impertinence in me to wander beyond the strict boundaries of the present subject and the present occasion. It is no doubt true that there are many higher spheres of duty than the domain of the fine arts, and there were in the lamented Prince far loftier and more ethereal qualities of soul. But it is enough for the present purpose to mention, that I think, without doubt, no one in the British Empire did nearly so much to implant a taste and capacity for the enjoyment of refined pursuits, or to organize those great centres of competition which have given in our time such a large impulse to our modern industry and art. It seemed to be given to him to reflect the best attributes of the ancient worthies: he was the Arthur of our courtly chivalry, and the Alfred of our enlightened civilization. I have already adverted to the collection of the fine arts which took place during the summer and autumn. I need not dilate upon the variety and the interest of that exhibition; and I trust that so spirited an undertaking has not been without a marked benefit on the taste and intelligence of the community amongst which it was held. I quite agree with Mr. Maunsell in the panegyric which he pronounced upon the improved architecture of this city. It is true that, in past times, you had very fine models to go upon; but still, until within a comparatively recent period, very little has been done. It is now impossible not to perceive the marked improvement in architecture, whether in churches, in museums, in clubs, and what is perhaps not least important, in the shop fronts of your streets. It is still further very gratifying to reflect that, besides such occasional exhibitions as we all enjoyed for the last season, we have the prospect of seeing very soon a permanent gallery for the reception of works of art opened within the precincts of the Royal Dublin Society; and I trust that this new gallery is destined in the largest degree to direct the taste, to guide the fancy, and to stimulate the exertions of the present and future generations of the inhabitants of Dublin, by the exhibitions of the models of departed excellence. Ladies and Gentlemen, I have again very gratefully to thank you.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES, SCHOOL OF ART.

[DECEMBER 23RD, 1863.]

AFTER the Prizes had been awarded, the Lord Justice of Appeal, the RIGHT HON. F. BLACKBURNE, proposed a vote of thanks to His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, which was seconded by Mr. G. W. MAUNSELL.

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

I do not know that I ought to put the motion which has been moved and seconded. Perhaps I may assume that there is no one opposed to it. I can assure you, Ladies and Gentlemen, that it has been a great pleasure to me to come here once more, to have heard the interesting information which is supplied to us, and to have borne my part in the distribution of the medals, whether local or national, to the successful candidates. I will no longer risk my character by detaining in my hands a cheque for £10, but I transfer it with the greatest possible pleasure and with sincere congratulations to the successful candidate for the Taylor Prize, Mr. O'Hea. I have always thought it was a very wise and considerate piece of forethought on the part of the Royal Dublin Society to add to the many other branches of science and industry which come under their fostering care a School of Design, and a department for the cultivation and encouragement of the Fine Arts. To be sure, the subject matter in which we are engaged to-day affords a remarkable contrast—although, I think, not an irreconcileable contrast—to the spectacle which was exhibited in an adjoining building last week. We there saw a goodly array of fat beeves, well-fed sheep, and more than well-fed swine, to say nothing of the poultry of Cochin China. Ladies and Gentlemen, all these specimens of animal nature ought also to exhibit, to a certain extent, lines of a good and proper symmetry and proportion, and great pains are taken with them for the purpose. Still we must acknowledge that the contours and outlines which they present to us differed somewhat from the exquisite form of the Venus, or the

faultless shape of the Apollo. At all events, I congratulate you that this department of the Fine Arts will receive very shortly a more appropriate accession and aid, and that too within the precincts of this institution, by the opening of the new National Gallery of Ireland. I quite endorse the opinion which Mr. Maunsell, in his spirited and excellent remarks, told me that I used before in congratulating the public in Dublin upon the manifest improvement which, within a very short memory, has taken place in the architectural appearance of the metropolis, in its houses, shop-fronts, schools, hospitals, galleries, and churches of all religious denominations. Even some improvement is traceable in the domestic furniture now used; and in this respect I cordially subscribe to his opinion, that the classes of such an institution as this, by the care which they bestow upon the nicety of hand and accuracy of eye, form the most powerful auxiliary to this improvement that can be imagined; and I trust that those model schools are likely to supply Ireland with a great many Deanes, Lanyons, and M'Carthys. I congratulate the department upon the acquisition made by the engagement of the new principal Master, Mr. Lyne,—a person whose admirable antecedents speak for themselves; and I feel sanguine of the efficiency which will be displayed by Miss Julyan in her new capacity. I am happy to see amongst the distinguished company present one of my own colleagues in the government of this country, Sir Robert Peel, and I feel confident he will never fail to show the utmost sympathy for, and give encouragement to, the interests of this department. I have long felt that Irishmen do not fail in any native susceptibility for art, though they may labour under the disadvantages of not having due cultivation and encouragement of art; but I trust that this institution will have a powerful effect in developing and guiding that native susceptibility which is not only not wanting, but is very marked and distinguished in the Irish character. I thank you for the kind reception you have given me, and beg to express my most cordial wishes for the development and continued success of this institution.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

PRESENTATION OF MEDALS AWARDED BY COUNCIL.

[MARCH 16TH, 1862.]

THE President, the Very Rev. Dean Graves, having presented the Cunningham Medal to the Rev. Dr. Lloyd, for his researches in physical optics and magnetism; to Mr. Whitley Stokes, for his work on Irish Glosses, edited for the Irish Archæological Society; to Mr. Robert Mallet, for his researches into the theory of earthquakes; and to Mr. John Gilbert, for his "History of the City of Dublin,"

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,

I feel sure that I shall command the unanimous assent of the assembly which I have the honour to address, in submitting to them a proposal for requesting the Very Rev. the Dean of the Chapel Royal to permit the able, interesting, and instructive address or addresses which he has just delivered to be printed. It would be at once beside the purpose and beyond my power to travel again over the ground which has been so fully and luminously explored by him. Most of all should I shrink from entering upon the domain of Dr. Lloyd's researches and discoveries. Of a truth indeed I can say,

> "Ne has possum naturæ accedere partes
> Frigidus obsteterit circum præcordia sanguis."

I will only say, it is not possible to hear or think of Dr. Lloyd without being reminded that even the severe studies and loftier views of science seem, in his case, to be almost effaced by the modest and unassuming graces of his demeanour, character, and life. With reference to Mr. Mallet, whom I think, Sir, you next touched upon, he seems to be to the earthquake something of what Dr. Franklin was to the lightning; but though he has shown himself able to detect and track its footsteps, I fear he will not be equally enabled to arrest or intercept its force. The President has eloquently remarked that Mr. Mallet has "followed

the course of those tremendous breakers which have rolled in upon the trembling shores, even at vast distances from the points where the ocean bed has been agitated by subterraneous commotion." Our language seems hardly dignified enough for such magnificent ideas; and if Horace had been alive, he would have called Mr. Mallet *Gaiecochos Ennosigaios*. The President, I think, next touched upon Dr. Stokes, and I am sure our worthy President was quite in his element when he dilated upon Irish philology; and most pleasing it is, indeed, to find the son of a father who has done so much to lighten suffering and prolong life, himself showing so much bright promise in the cultivation of those pursuits and humanities which so powerfully contribute to dignify and adorn it. I am sure we shall hail with pleasure the promising career of such a son of such a father. With respect to Mr. Gilbert, I feel it most gratifying to have our attention directed to so full and accurate a history of the city in which most of the assembly whom I see before me are now living—in which I myself have spent many eventful and I may add many happy years; and I anticipate great additional interest to the walks, and rides, and drives which I may happen to take, by having it in my power to learn more of those objects of antique association, or of historical record, with which the capital and its delightful environs are so copiously studded. I only feel warranted in saying further, that the pleasure with which I find myself among the members of this dignified society is greatly enhanced on this occasion by our being met under the presidency of the Very Rev. Dean, in whom, besides his special adaptation for those immediate stations and pursuits which belong to this institution, I have found, by competent experience, as complete a proficiency in all the branches of polished learning, in the amenities of social intercourse, in true kindness and impartiality of judgment, in the benevolence and consistency of the whole Christian character. I beg to conclude with moving that the address to which we have listened to-night should be printed.

MEDICAL EDUCATION.

LAYING THE FIRST STONE OF THE NEW COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

[JULY 8TH, 1862.]

DR. CORRIGAN, President, said:—

We feel proud of the presence of your Excellency as our Viceroy, the representative of our Queen, and of such a Queen. No further expression of eulogy will I attempt; for no words of mine could adequately convey the feelings of loyalty to her throne, and of devotion to Her Majesty, which we cherish. Although engaged in the pursuit of a science which presents few opportunities for the adornments of literature, we hope we are not the less capable of appreciating those literary attainments which add lustre to rank, and when, moreover, past and present unite to twine together the names of MORPETH and CARLISLE, we feel that we have indeed many good reasons to make us gratified and proud of your Excellency's presence. The King and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland is one of our oldest corporations, having obtained its original Charter from Charles I. The Charter under which we are at present incorporated was granted by William and Mary, and hence the name which our College bears, "The King and Queen's College of Physicians." By a recent Act of Parliament we are privileged to assume the title of "Royal," but we are so much attached to the name of "Queen," that we have determined not to avail ourselves of the privilege, but to retain our present title.

The EARL OF CARLISLE, having been requested to lay the first stone of the New College, said:—

DR. CORRIGAN, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN,

I consider it both an honour and happiness to perform my part in the good work of laying the foundation of the New Hall of the King and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland. This city of Dublin is not without its fair allowance of comely architectural buildings, whether for the purpose of business, of pleasure, of learning, or charity. But, surely, none can have been raised for a nobler or more benevolent

end than that which we are here met to inaugurate. The immediate site on which we stand has, till very recently, been applied to the uses of social intercourse and good fellowship. We grudge them not the ampler space and proportions which they have now obtained hard by; but, certainly, if to soothe and to save life is a higher function than merely to enjoy it, this spot will lose nothing of interest or dignity in its new consecration. Glad I therefore must justly be to find myself in any way united with the objects and members of a profession who fill so exalted a place in the service of humanity. Among the medical body of Dublin it has been my happy fortune to know many who have coupled their special professional gifts with all the qualifications that can exalt, and all the graces that can adorn our life. I think it a happy omen for the work of this day that the profession has found a president so entirely worthy to represent it as Dr. Corrigan. May the blessings of the Most High rest on this undertaking. May those who fill a high place in the medical profession of this country be evermore associated with the high ability and conscientious worth which have heretofore rendered it illustrious, and which have attracted to this city from all shores crowds who deemed it a privilege to sit at their feet and profit by their lessons; and may the building of which we have just laid the first stone ever take within and send without its portals a long succession of pupils and students, who shall carry from those honoured walls the learning, the skill, and the devotedness which shall soothe suffering, prolong life, and increase the happiness of the coming generation.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AND CERTIFICATES—DR. STEEVENS' HOSPITAL AND MEDICAL COLLEGE.

[NOVEMBER 7TH, 1862.]

DR. HAMILTON, Honorary Secretary to the institution, having read the Report of the Committee,

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

GENTLEMEN,

I can assure you that I feel a very high degree of satisfaction at having been intrusted with the honourable function which I have this

day discharged. It is very gratifying thus to meet within the boundaries of an institution first founded by an eminent member of the medical profession, and completed by womanly love and piety, and whose whole subsequent history has been marked by a series of splendid services to the most suffering class of mankind—the sick poor. It is very satisfactory to reflect that this noble institution has not exhibited any symptoms of stagnation within mere prescribed routine; but, on the contrary, during the past few years, the Governors have most promptly and efficiently acted upon the recommendation submitted to them for the foundation of a Medical School, of which to-day we see some of the happy and promising fruits. It is also pleasing to see, in the number and character of the company here assembled, a testimony to the interest which all classes, independently of those immediately connected with the place and the profession, take in the credit and success of this establishment, and indeed in the general progress of medical science. I do not, however, forget, in consequence of the part which I am called upon to take in the daily business of the country, what valuable assistance this Hospital is constantly rendering to that admirable body of men, the Constabulary Force of this country, whom the wear and tear of duty, exposure to weather, varied by accidents and injuries, render most proper subjects for its treatment; and I will only further mention, among the many claims for interest and sympathy, the touching circumstance connected with the Medals—which I cannot say I have this day delivered, but which are represented by the papers which I have put into the hands of the successful students—that they have been provided by the liberality and filial piety of Mr. Cusack, who thus prolongs the connexion between this Hospital and his honoured father, who, during his illustrious life, was its main support and ornament. Gentlemen, the prizemen of this day, whom I have now the pleasure to see immediately before me, will not need, at all events from lips so uninstructed as mine, any further incentive or panegyric, beyond the honourable certificates of their merit which they have just received. In the military and naval professions, the stars and crosses which glitter upon the breasts of their heroes do not merely serve as a recognition of their past achievements, but also supply an assurance that in any future hour of their country's danger she may confidently rely upon them for their voices in council and their arms in fight. And with respect to the Medals which you shall shortly receive, I feel that they may equally be re-

garded as a pledge upon your part that in any of those hours of trial which most of you in the profession you have chosen will have to meet, when the steady eye, the resolute hand, and unflinching nerve, may be required in any decisive operation,—when contagion may hover around unseen, bringing the pestilence that walks in darkness, and the sickness that destroys in the noon-day,—we may be confident that you will exhibit as brave and unshrinking courage in the work of preserving life as ever has been lavished upon the work of destroying it. I do not doubt, Gentlemen, that the pupils and students of this Hospital will not be slow to profit by the advantages which are here provided for them; and I may be allowed to express a hope that they may seek to be improved by the perusal of that excellent address which it was my good fortune to hear only two days ago within the walls of a kindred institution, delivered by a living light of the profession, Dr. Stokes. They will gather from it how formidable, it is true, but at the same time how honourable a task is set before the genuine student of medical science—how it behoves them to obtain a mastery over almost overy branch of knowledge. Yes, my young friends, stir yourselves up for the full purpose and dignity of your calling. Man—the sentient, living man—is the subject of your treatment; and if it be true that the diapason of nature ended full in man, you should learn how to penetrate all her laws—how to blend all her harmonies. I feel I must not trespass upon ground far too high for my imperfect insight; but from my soul I wish you all every degree of credit and of usefulness in the honourable career which you have marked out for your future lives.

LAYING THE FIRST STONE OF THE "CARMICHAEL SCHOOL OF MEDICINE."

[MARCH 29TH, 1864.]

DR. R. M'DONNELL said:—In the absence of Dr. Mayne, who is prevented from attending by indisposition, the duty of reading the address to your Excellency has been deputed to me. We regret his absence, because he is one of whom we are all justly proud. He has been

the master of us all; he is now our colleague, and our very valued friend. I regret that he is not here on the present occasion to perform the pleasing duty which I perform for him.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

Being the Senior Lecturer at the Old Carmichael School of Medicine, I have been deputed by Mrs. Carmichael and my colleagues to express to your Excellency our grateful acknowledgments for the high honour you have conferred upon us in graciously consenting to lay the foundation stone of the New Carmichael School this day. By Mrs. Carmichael and by all of us your presence at this ceremonial is hailed as an auspicious omen of the success of an undertaking which we owe to the princely liberality of her late illustrious husband, Richard Carmichael. Your Excellency will permit me to add, that we never for one moment doubted that your Excellency's reply to our humble request would have been in the affirmative; for the whole history of your Viceroyalty has shown the deep interest which you have at all times taken in every enterprise calculated to develope the resources of this country—art, science, and literature, commerce, trade, and agriculture, having each in turn, as occasion offered, received your patronage and support.

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I have only further to say, that the time and labour which they have hitherto devoted to the Old Carmichael School shall be henceforth devoted with increased assiduity to the New Carmichael School; and that this noble educational establishment, worthy of the name and worthy of the fame of Richard Carmichael, shall never fail from any shortcoming on their part. On such a theme, were I to follow the bent of my own inclinations, much more might be said; but the sentiment of the Roman poet forcibly occurs to me, and my classical friends will agree with me, and my fair friends will, I trust, pardon me for addressing you in his words:—

"Cum tot sustineas in publica commoda, peccem
Si longo sermone morer tua tempora."

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

I have accepted most gratefully, and indeed with a deep sense of personal obligation, the invitation to lay the first stone of the New Carmichael School. It would be most superfluous here, in the heart of

Dublin, in the immediate neighbourhood of the noble clustre of the surrounding hospitals—and, above all, in the presence of so many of his own associates, pupils, and admirers, to recur to the professional reputation, memorable achievements, or not less signal personal qualities of Richard Carmichael. I would merely remark that there is a most appropriate and admirable consistency between the engrossing and devoted labours of his illustrious life, and that parting and posthumous bequest of which, by our act of this afternoon, we are about to realize the beneficent results. In drawing an omen from the past efficiency of the Richmond Hospital, or Old Carmichael School, it must be most gratifying to see the inaugural work on which we are now engaged graced by the presence of Mr. Adams, who was one of the original colleagues of Mr. Carmichael in founding the primary institution, and who has trod the same path of honour and usefulness. This brief address would be indeed most incomplete if it made no mention of her who had the most interest in the fame of her husband, and who has done more than all others to extend and perpetuate it; who, showing a wiser as well as a nobler love than the Carian Queen of old, has not sought to raise over his cold remains her mausoleum in the dumb marble or lifeless statuary, but has caused him, though dead, still to speak in precious services to suffering humanity—still to live in the thanks and blessings of rescued multitudes.

TRINITY COLLEGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

[NOVEMBER 21ST, 1860.]

THE Auditor, Mr. F. C. Wills, A.B., having delivered the usual Address, the EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

MY LORD CHANCELLOR AND GENTLEMEN,

When I was favoured with the invitation, as kind as it was respectful, to attend this meeting of the Historical Society of Trinity College, I stated two things—one, that I should be very glad, indeed, to come; the other, that I only could come in the strict character of a listener. I clearly do not mean to deviate in any but the slightest de-

gree from the performance of that character, in which, indeed, I have been amply rewarded by listening to the instructive, reasoned, and eloquent address of your Auditor; and, if I should appear to trespass for a moment beyond those far more agreeable acoustic functions to which I propose to confine myself, it is just to tell you with what deep sincerity I appreciate the honour which has just been so—to me—agreeably proposed, so graciously received, and the hearty kindness of your reception. Well, indeed, Gentlemen, may I congratulate myself that I am not called upon to provoke any further contrast with the genius and eloquence of which your Society, through so many years, has been the honored depository, and which has received such frequent, though not wholly uninterrupted echoes within these classic walls. Happy, beyond dispute, should I be if, by any humble instrumentality of mine, I could hope to establish any more intimate connexion between those who govern and those who adorn the community; or, to localize my idea, in plain terms, between the Castle and the College. And I felt that it was only by at once accepting your courteous invitation that I could in any degree appropriate to myself the boast once uttered by an English minister—

> "Non obtusa adeo, gestamus pectora Pœni;
> Nec tam aversus equos, Tyria, Sol jungit ab urbe."

And it is indeed a great additional pleasure to stand within the noble precincts of Trinity College, beneath the august names of her early judges and her sainted prelates, her favourite orators—ay, and I hope ere long, too, in the immediate neighbourhood of her inspired bards. Pleasant indeed it is to do this, and that at a time when the native pursuits of the place are showing such a large increase of efficiency and expansiveness. Well, this College, to all her old elements of renown, is adding new cycles of instruction, and new careers of usefulness, when she is sending forth relay after relay of her sons to fresh theatres of usefulness, and to regions yet unexplored—*Super Garamantas et Indos.* I have again, Gentlemen, to thank you, and take my leave of you, with the most cordial good wishes for the continued character and fame of this special institution, and with a beautiful prayer—*Floreat Academia.*

THE DUBLIN STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS, DELIVERED BY J. A. LAWSON, ESQ., Q.C., SOLICITOR-GENERAL FOR IRELAND.

[NOVEMBER 26TH, 1862.]

DR. W. NEILSON HANCOCK having moved the thanks of the Society to the Earl of Carlisle, for his many services in promoting the progress of Social Science, John Lentaigne, Esq., D. L., seconded the resolution.

The EARL OF CARLISLE said :—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I am extremely obliged to you for the high compliment you have just been pleased to pay me. Though there were reasons just now for my having remained in seclusion, yet I could not break an engagement which secured me the pleasure of attending the meeting of a Society actuated by such laudable motives, and directed to such beneficent ends : a Society of which, I am glad to find—for I own I had forgotten it—I have the honour to be an Honorary Member. That pleasure has been much enhanced to me, on this occasion, when the address of the evening was delivered by a person for whom I entertain confidence as an official adviser, and regard as a private friend ; and when that address, to which we all have had the pleasure of listening, was signalized by so much ability, clearness, and large-hearted philanthropy. It will not be required from me, and I certainly should be quite unequal to the task, to follow the Solicitor-General in a review of those topics which he has treated with so much fulness and precision. I will permit myself one remark suggested by the existence of such a Society, and by the encouragement which I rejoice to find it has received in this intelligent and spirited metropolis. The social disorders which it is the main province of the Society to examine, and as far as may be possible to suggest appropriate cures for, may still prevail with a frequency and an intensity with which the progress of education, of knowledge, of invention, of civilization, of Christianity itself, has hitherto but imperfectly grappled. For while we most thankfully record that within our times

and within our memory, schools, asylums, institutes, hospitals, churches have been most thickly multiplied, still we cannot shut our eyes to the melancholy and mortifying fact that gross ignorance, fearful want, cruel suffering, unabashed profligacy, flagrant impiety, are still rife and rampant around us. A great source of comfort and hopefulness which seems to present itself in subordination to those vigorous agencies which guide the planets in their course, and men in their waywardness and darkness, is this, that at no previous period, I believe, in the history of the world has there been such a fixed desire and positive determination thoroughly to probe every wound, to bare every latent symptom, to dissect every complication, to throw light on every dark hole and corner, to discover all that is wrong, in order that we may see and know how to do all that is right. Hence it is that the condition of our poor-houses, our lunatic asylums, our hospitals, the social evil in our streets, the best mode of dealing with our convicts both within the prisons and without them, the agrarian assassin in one place, the stealthy garotter in another, questions of sewage and ventilation, the best mode of obtaining a supply of fresh air and pure water, the laws of population, the incidents of rent, the rate of wages, the preference to be given to agriculture or pasture—all these varied and multiplied questions are receiving such intelligent, such zealous, and, above all, searching investigation. Well, then, Ladies and Gentlemen, I believe that this Society faithfully reflects one of the leading and most wholesome influences of the age in which we live. On this account I wish it all success; and I trust that in its proper sphere and range it may contribute its efforts so to deal with the knotty and tangled past and present, as to add powerfully to the light and lustre of the future.

PUBLIC LECTURES.

ADDRESS OF PROFESSOR CAIRNS, ON THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, AT THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

[October 30th, 1862.]

WHEN the Lecturer concluded, the EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

My Lord Bishop, Ladies, and Gentlemen,

I assure you I have felt great pleasure in having found myself able to attend at the opening of another winter session of this flourishing and valuable institution; and I gladly discharge the honourable office which has been upon former occasions assigned to me, of asking all present to join with me in a cordial vote of thanks to the accomplished Lecturer, for his most able and eloquent address. It is not the first time of my becoming acquainted with Professor Cairns. I remember that I first heard him some years ago discussing, with singular clearness and ability, some very knotty points of political economy, at the meeting of the British Association within the walls of Trinity College; and what I heard from him, and of him, made me exceedingly glad when I had the opportunity of conferring upon him the vacant chair at the Queen's College, Galway. With respect to the Lecture which we have just heard with such gratified attention, I believe that the subject, especially at the present moment, is second to none in importance and delicacy; and the light in which Professor Cairns has presented it does not in any way detract from its importance, or the responsibility of those who have to deal with it. It perhaps had a more intimate interest for me, inasmuch as I have myself visited the great American continent, and have become familiar with many of the actual battle grounds and scenes of conflict. The broad Potomac, the winding James, the gentle Ohio, the brimming Mississippi, still glide before my memory with all their distinctive features. Most shocking, indeed, it is to me when I reflect that all this wealth of waters formed by the Almighty to fertilize the earth, and blend its myriad families, of late should only have wafted the instruments of mutual torture; and that those endless slopes of

waving verdure on which I have gazed with such fond admiration should have been reddened with the blood of fellow-countrymen and kinsmen—their own kinsmen and ours. I feel that I shall best fall in with that, as it appears to me, wise principle of neutrality which the Government to which I have the high honour to belong, backed I believe by the general sense of the people, have hitherto maintained through these distressing conflicts; and I am sure that, maintaining that principle, and not presuming to express any opinion myself upon the respective merits of the conflicting parties, I yet shall be giving vent to the wish which must pervade every Christian assemblage, when I express a hope that, under the overruling shapings of Divine Providence, more moderate counsels and a milder spirit may for the future prevail—that slavery may loosen its hideous grasp, and peace resume its blessed sway. I beg to move that the cordial thanks of this meeting be given to Professor Cairns for his most able and eloquent address.

ROYAL HIBERNIAN MILITARY SCHOOL,

PHŒNIX PARK.

DISTRIBUTION OF THE "CRIMEAN BANQUET FUND" PRIZES.

[DECEMBER 22ND, 1863.]

WHEN the Prizes had been distributed, the EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

SIR GEORGE BROWN, COLONEL WYNYARD, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN, AND ESPECIALLY MY YOUNG FRIENDS HERE,

I believe you will all be aware, and even the youngest among you as well as the others, what sincere pleasure it gives me on all occasions to come within these walls, and to be present, whether it is as a spectator of your summer sports,—when you assault a New Zealand pah, or make an attack even on the Imperial Throne of the Emperor of China,—or at a more serious moment to assist in the distribution of these annual Prizes, and, above all, to hear of your proficiency in your studies; or,

still more, that your general conduct and character have merited the approbation of your superiors. Indeed, if I could change ages with any one of you, and put my gray hairs under one of your light caps, I do not know where I could find a person under whose governance I should like more to be placed than that of your excellent principal, Colonel Wynyard; and I know that he is assisted in his conscientious works of love by many others who co-operate with him in carrying on so successfully the affairs of this institution. I may mention my friend Major Speedy, and the other gentlemen associated with him; and, amongst others, your excellent head master, Mr. Gibbons, than whom I never met a more able or competent one. What I am anxious, therefore, for is, that you should none of you neglect the golden opportunities which are here placed within your reach; but that you should, by your orderly behaviour, by your docility and obedience to your superiors, by your cheerful good humour amongst each other, by your diligent attention to your studies, and by the cultivation of real earnest religion, make those hours of youth now vouchsafed to you sweet to look back upon, and thus leave the best foundation for your future comfort, credit, and honour in life. You see before you in the front forms the former pupils of this institution: what good specimens of British soldiers you may all one day hope to be, if you will follow their good example! I have been gratified at hearing the announcement made by Colonel Wynyard respecting the completion of the arrangement by which we hope that noble institution left by Alderman Drummond will be made available for those in whom I am sure you all feel the liveliest and the most affectionate interest, and many of whom are the sisters of your own homes. The State, which is perhaps a convenient form of using an expression when nobody may particularly like to take the responsibility, has not seen its way to make an addition to that generous bequest; but it all the more, therefore, devolves on individuals to supply what the State cannot do, according to their opportunity to follow so beneficent and generous an example. I have told you that it gives me great pleasure to come among you on these anniversaries, as well as on all other occasions; and I am reminded by the inscriptions around the room that though it may not be your lot—and as a man of peace, I hope it will not be your lot ever to be called on to scale such ridges as the Alma, under so brave a leader as my friend Sir George Brown, or to join in so desperate a charge as that of Balaklava, or to bear the brunt of such a fierce stand-up

fight as that of Inkerman, yet you will all have opportunities, if you do not neglect them, of proving yourselves in the future life on which, when you leave these walls, you will have to enter, that you can acquit yourselves as good soldiers, good citizens, and good Christians. I have no more to say to you than to wish very cordially that you may all bear an honourable part in the common life in which we have all to discharge our several duties; and that you may have reason to look back with pleasure and gratitude to the time spent within the walls of the Royal Hibernian Military School.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

FIFTH CONGRESS OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

[August 14th, 1861.]

LORD BROUGHAM, the President of the Association, having delivered the opening address,

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

My Lord Brougham, Ladies, and Gentlemen,

I have not risen with the presumptuous intention of pointing out or pourtraying the various merits of that full, able, and eloquent address to which we have just had the pleasure and privilege of listening. Its rich copiousness of topics belongs to the several departments of inquiry now about to be opened in this present meeting. The eminent and enlightened men who constitute those sections will bring to that address all the discriminating attention which its importance so amply deserves. But about the author of that address,—the renowned President of our Social Congress,—though he has himself given me warning that panegyrics are not popular, yet I may be permitted to say what shall nevertheless be a very few words. These words, indeed, might be many, if they endeavoured to follow the brilliant track of his lengthened career, or to sum up the diversified list of his powers, and the thick amount of his achievements. I will not rekindle the ashes of any ancient controversy, nor run the risk of awakening the sparks of new ones. I will not utter even one of those breathing and burning words which have

formed the battle-cries of contending parties; but I will only ask what great cause has triumphed within the memory of the present century which is not associated with the name, the labours, and the triumphs of Henry Brougham and of Lord Brougham. Without trenching too much upon what is merely personal, I may mention the delight it has been to me to bring to a meeting like this, as my honoured guest, the person who, above thirty years ago, was my own colleague in the representation of what was then by far the largest constituency in the United Kingdom. Often have I heard him, as was said of the great orator of old, whom he has been one of the foremost to appreciate and to approach—

"Torrentem et pleni moderantem frœna theatri;"

and it is indeed now a rare and a refreshing spectacle to see him, at the period of life which he has reached, with a milder and mellower wisdom filling up the large outlines of his past career, and crowning his life-long work of public spirit and benevolence. A few words more I feel to be due to the occasion of our being here assembled; and I may, from the circumstance of the post which I now have the honour to fill in this country, avail myself of a somewhat representative capacity in bidding welcome to the Association for the Promotion of Social Science within the ancient capital of Ireland. It has been my gratifying lot to serve in the ranks of this Association when it held one of its meetings upon English soil, in the great town of Liverpool, and I then formed a high estimate of its capacities for usefulness. Besides the amount of actual knowledge imparted, and of ideas interchanged, the main advantage derived from the concourse of so much intelligence and benevolence is the stimulus and guidance which it affords to private effort; and it may well happen that statesmen and legislators may derive some of their happiest and most pregnant inspirations from the hints thrown out and picked up in the quiet but earnest gatherings of the sections of this Association. The Association, Ladies and Gentlemen, has for two or three successive years held its meetings in England and Scotland. It now opens this evening its beneficent mission among a quick-witted, an impulsive, and a generous people; and I firmly trust that the results of its being gathered in Dublin and in Ireland will be mutually satisfactory and salutary. I now beg to move—"That this Association offers to Lord Brougham its warm thanks for the eloquent address now delivered, and for his unwearied exertions in its support."

MUNICIPAL BANQUETS, CITY IMPROVEMENTS, &c.

MANSION HOUSE—MUNICIPAL BANQUET.

THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH BOYCE, LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

[APRIL 26TH, 1855.]

TOAST:

"The Health of the Earl of Carlisle, and Prosperity to Ireland."

MY LORD MAYOR, MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

I RISE to return my most sincere thanks for the kind—the more than kind—and cordial manner in which the mention of my name has been received by this numerous and distinguished company, assembled, as all companies ought to be, in this great civic hall, and on those festive occasions, without any exclusiveness of class, or distinction of party. I have great reason to be much gratified by the different demonstrations of welcome which I have met with during the past fortnight, capped by your acknowledgments of this evening. The Lord Mayor, our excellent host, has alluded in the most considerate terms to my former residence in this country; but I am bound to say that in one respect my present experience contrasts happily with my past, because, although I trust that during my former residence there were not wanting many interchanges of good feeling and good fellowship between the members of the Corporation of Dublin and myself, in which none more conspicuously took a part than your Lordship (the Lord Mayor), yet undoubtedly public causes did then prevent me ever being a guest in this stately hall—not that I have been wanting in some experiences of Dublin festi-

vities; for I can remember, as well as some that are now present, that in the year 1828 a large assembly of the public met in Ireland did then, at a dinner in Dublin, cheer my first young efforts in Parliamentary life. Again, in the year 1841, a still larger assembly, at a dinner in the Theatre of Dublin, were pleased to crown my long official career in this country; and now, in 1855, we are thus met together, perhaps not without the memory being somewhat saddened when it reverts to the associations that have been snapped, and to friends that have passed away; but still with much matter of high compensation, with, I trust, many national evils much diminished; many national trials altered; many national differences composed, and many national feuds buried, I trust to revive no more. And, if we are thus destined to mark each recurring decade by continuous festivities, I have only to hope that we may often again thus meet together, and ever find some new topic of mutual congratulation. I am most pleased to find that, in the toast which your Lordship (the Lord Mayor) has been pleased to propose, with my name is coupled that of "Prosperity to Ireland." And I do believe and hope that we are justified in forming an encouraging view of the present condition and prospects of Ireland. I know that such views ought always to be entertained in the spirit of humble gratitude, and not of arrogant confidence; but I do collect from the most authentic sources that are at my command at the present period, the national peace within this island is hardly anywhere seriously disturbed—that crime has sensibly diminished—that agriculture is undergoing systematic and scientific enlargement—that wages are higher—that there is rather an under than an over supply of candidates for employment—that the task of the ministers of justice is materially diminished—that schools for instruction and temples for divine worship are multiplied; and that the services of those who minister within them are sedulously and reverentially attended to. There never has been a deficiency in Ireland of alert heads and active hands; and if they are set to work in the spirit of perseverance, industry, and self-reliance, there are not in our day wanting legitimate vents for their laudable exercise. Would that I might add that those energies and exertions were only to be drawn upon for the pursuits of civilization, benevolence, and peace! But the fell spirit of war seems unhappily to be still in the ascendant. Well, then, Gentlemen, if we are under that stern necessity, we have in the first place the consolation of the noble alliance which has been so

appropriately dwelt upon by the foreign functionary who has addressed you, and who has almost made us feel that our languages as well as our course are the same. And, speaking to an assembly composed mainly of Irishmen, I may say that I do feel a confident expectation that the valour of Ireland will not decline, as it has never yet declined at the most trying epoch of this fearful summons. Why, Gentlemen, the strongest of your means, and the bravest of your blood has already been freely expended on the embattled slopes of the Taurian Chersonese, or in the long line of hospitals that stud the Bosphorus and the Euxine. And we have read no later than last week that the shout of the Connaught Rangers rose the loudest above the deadly gripe of the bayonet on the blood-stained parapet of the latest midnight assault. Well, Gentlemen, I am sure that we all sympathize with the sufferings of our countrymen, we all thrill with admiration at their heroic exploits. But with what gratitude and with what triumph shall we hail the return of our heroes in peace! Gentlemen, I have to repeat my thanks for the kind and cordial reception I have met with at your hands, and I feel that I cannot better embody that feeling of gratitude than by calling on you all now to join with me in drinking the health of our worthy host, the Chief Magistrate of Dublin. I feel it is not for the person who has last arrived in this assembly adequately to delineate the merits which have won the regard and confidence of his fellow-citizens; but I can at least assure him that no one will join with greater pleasure and cordiality in the welcome which I am sure you will one and all accord to the mention of his name.

MANSION HOUSE—MUNICIPAL BANQUET.

THE RIGHT HON. FERGUS FARRELL, LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

[JANUARY 31ST, 1856.]

TOAST :

"The Health of the Earl of Carlisle, and Prosperity to Ireland."

MY LORD MAYOR, MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN,

I BEG to return you my best thanks for the honour and the kindness which, as the Representative of our gracious Sovereign, I have just received from the loyal body over which your Lordship now presides, and from the distinguished company which you have this night assembled. When I had last the honour of being within this brilliant circle—I speak with literal architectural accuracy—I expressed the high opinion and the good wishes which I entertained of your Lordship's respected predecessor, who then filled the chief place in this apartment. His career and services in all respects fully bore out that opinion and those wishes; and I have now to congratulate your Lordship on the unanimous feeling of assent and approval from all classes of this community which have sanctioned the choice of your colleagues, and on the happy auguries which, whether I speak with respect to what personally concerns yourself, or to the external circumstance of the times, marked your entry on your civic reign. The condition of this great city, from the uninterrupted spectacle of tranquillity and order which it exhibits, happily affords no room for comment. It was the honourable privilege of the late Lord Mayor to distinguish his period of service by a great benefit bestowed upon the cause of public sobriety and morality—and I have no fear that your Lordship will sanction the recurrence to contrary habits; nor is it, I conceive, slight praise to all classes of the citizens of Dublin, that few, if any, were found to grudge some sacrifice of the jollity and merriment so congenial to their gay and lively tempers, when they once became convinced that the serious risk and mischief far outweighed the transient enjoyment. While I thus venture to hold out to your Lordship and your respected colleagues excellent ex-

amples, let me only say, besides, take care of our healths as well as of our morals, and, in addition to dry cups at Donnybrook, give us dry footing in Dublin. If we extend our glance from the city to the country at large, though there are strips of its territory in which sad warning has not been wanting of the necessity of continued vigilance and even of stern repression, yet upon the whole broad surface of its territory we may acknowledge with thankfulness a wonderful absence of disorder, turbulence, and crime; and though the last lesson which such blessed intervals ought to teach us is wantonly to presume upon their continuance, still I cannot but indulge the hope that in the improved condition and habits of the bulk of the people, in the interest which is felt in many quarters in the promotion of their education, and, perhaps the most remarkable of all, in their increased spirit of industry, enterprise, and self-reliance, fair promise is given of a long Irish summertide of peace and plenteousness. But when an occasion like this, which assembles so many distinguished men from all quarters of the country and of the empire, and especially on the very first day of the reassembling of the Imperial Parliament, we cannot wholly restrict our sympathies to our streets, or even to our own shores. I cannot, of course, make any such authentic announcement as was made by the Sovereign whom it is my high office to represent in this country to her assembled Houses of Parliament on this very afternoon, still, thanks to the marvels of modern discovery, we are enabled to form a tolerably precise notion of the contents of what was then delivered; and we know that from her gracious lips has fallen to-day perhaps the most gracious word that can be vouchsafed to human utterance, and that word is Peace. Let me not be here mistaken. I feel confident that from neither the Sovereign, nor the Government, nor the Parliament, nor the people of this country, can a consent be extorted to any peace which shall not substantially satisfy the grounds upon which recourse was had to the dreadful extremity of war, and which would not be consonant with the fair claims of national good faith, justice, and honour. With respect to my own feelings, I certainly cannot charge myself with any indifference either to the endurance or to the renown of our brave countrymen in arms; and proudly indeed may Ireland count up the services and the triumphs of her sons on many a corpse-strewn field and many a blood-stained rampart. Even in this peaceful and festal assembly I am not a little pleased to come amongst you attended by several gallant youths, who have

borne their full brunt of toil and peril in the bivouac, in the trench, and in the battle,—and you may see honourable marks about them,—and who do honour even to the exalted position which it is my fate to fill, by spending with me the brief period of inaction which recent wounds, or shattered health, or the compulsory regulations of the Service necessarily impose upon them; and who, I know with most certain knowledge, are panting for the time of resuming active service at the first summons of their Sovereign and the earliest call of honour. They might not, then, perhaps feel full sympathy with me; but I know I might appeal for full sympathy, had not circumstances unfortunately prevented his being present on this occasion, to that distinguished and gallant veteran, the Commander of the Forces in this country, who has in many portions of the globe served the public with such fulness of credit and honour. I know he would feel full sympathy with me when I proceed to state that, assuming—as I know we may assume—that all claims of national faith and honour will be completely secured by whatever conditions of peace shall be adopted, I shall hail with unmeasured joy and thankfulness the advent of peace itself. To pretend, after all that our military forces have done, and dared, and suffered, and with the knowledge which we have of the bristling state of equipment, efficiency, and vigour with which they are now braced up for any number of campaigns that may follow—to pretend that, with such a past and with such a present, the military renown of this empire has suffered any tarnish, seems to me to be only more absurd than it is calumnious. From one thing, indeed, I should think that the fair fame of England would suffer tarnish, if for the sake of effect—for the sake of a more imposing attitude at the dropping of the curtain—if for the sake of an additional gloss upon her well-won laurels she were to consent to one hour of unnecessary war. But these are matters which I will not anticipate. I shall rather express my fervent hope and prayer that you, my Lord Mayor, and the long series of your successors, may exercise your high functions through an unbroken period of restored peace, of reviving industry, and of confirmed national prosperity.

MANSION HOUSE—MUNICIPAL BANQUET.

THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD ATKINSON, LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

[FEBRUARY 19TH, 1857.]

THE LORD MAYOR said:—

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

I have now the honour to propose a toast which, I am sure, will be received with that respect and enthusiasm which it so highly merits; it is the health of a distinguished nobleman, who has for many years evinced an untiring solicitude to promote the best interests of Ireland—whose sound, statesmanlike views, great talents, and discrimination, have been devoted for many years to serve our common country. I therefore give you, with much pleasure, the health of His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant. Any panegyric from me would be unbecoming and uncalled-for, and in the presence of our illustrious guest would be painful to his feelings. I shall therefore merely give you—

"His Excellency the Earl of Carlisle, and Prosperity to Ireland."

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

MY LORD MAYOR, MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN,

I rise to return my thanks for the honour you have just been good enough to pay me. I feel that my increasing familiarity with the festivals held within these walls only inspires me with fresh motives to derive satisfaction and pleasure from their recurrence. Among the most prominent of those motives, on this occasion, is the circumstance of my having just had the honour to have my health proposed to you by a Chief Magistrate who, a very short time ago, made such a speech as that uttered by you, my Lord, on the occasion of your inauguration to your present high office; for I may truly say that, to my mind, that speech contained a retrospect, and described a career, and imparted advice which made it one of the most well-timed and impressive addresses that could

be delivered. It placed before us a spectacle than which some may be more exciting or dazzling, but none, I am clear, can be more really honourable or more conformable to the best spirit of our institutions—the spectacle of a life spent in the pursuits of honest industry and sober enterprise mellowing into an age of comprehensive charity, and now drawing its crowning reward and honour from those among whose ranks his day of labour and burden was spent, the body of his fellow-citizens. I have the further pleasure of seeing at your Lordship's side your respected predecessor in the office; and I am sure I only add to the echo of the general tribute to the friendly and honourable mode in which he fulfilled the duties of his honourable post. And, perhaps from a most pleasing reminiscence, I am especially led to remark on the great zeal, tact, and successful effort which he brought to bear upon a most memorable occasion, the Crimean Banquet of Dublin, when the inhabitants of this city, or perhaps I may say with more truth of this island at large, eclipsed, unquestionably, all other portions of this empire, in the splendour and heartiness with which they celebrated that feast of heroes. There is one other motive, slightly more personal to myself, which causes me more eagerly to appreciate the kindness with which you have received me this evening; for I perceive that there are quarters from which I—in common, indeed, with all the future Lord Lieutenants of Ireland—have been threatened with a deposition from my present viceregal state. I certainly have received no official intimation on the subject. Our most gracious Sovereign has not made me believe that there is any intention of depriving me of that delegated authority which I so unworthily wield in her name. And I cannot pretend to say that I have received my doom in the countenances or demeanour of the Irish people, or even of this brilliant assembly. I therefore will only conclude that that question, in Parliamentary *parlance*, has been indefinitely adjourned. But, being now in my place, I should find it impossible, and I should think it unjust and ungenerous if it were possible, to refrain from congratulating the inhabitants of this city, and of the country at large, upon the general symptoms of prosperity and progress which are now in active and healthy operation around us. It would, indeed, be little suitable to an occasion of relaxation and festivity like this, if I were to assail such a company as the present with an array of statistics. They are the proper food and material for council chambers and deputations, and do not properly enter within such a

charmed circle as this. Now here in Dublin, notwithstanding the sincere respect which we all feel for the present Commissioners of the Dublin Police, yet sometimes an opinion will ooze out that they form rather an expensive bulwark for our properties and persons. But just to show you that there is value received, as well as value paid, I would ask you to compare, for instance, the year 1838, which was the first year of the introduction of the present police in this metropolis, and the year 1855, the last year for which the full returns have been made out. In the first year of my comparison (1838), I myself spent a considerable portion of the year in the neighbourhood of Dublin, and certainly, notwithstanding some faction fights, and funeral fights, and combinations, and strikes of workmen, and "slating" obnoxious individuals—the feuds of bludgeons and Billy-welters—I found it by no means an intolerable place of residence; but, looking to the authentic contrast, I find that in that first year, 1838, the persons arrested in the Dublin police district for manslaughter and assaults with intent to murder, amounted to eighty-six; in the year 1855 they amounted not to eighty-six, but to one. The total number of offences, including all offences, both against the person and against property, in the first of these years, was 30,000 and odd; and it is now, notwithstanding a much more efficient system of detection and repression, fallen down to 18,000 and odd. With respect to the Poor Law there is less plain sailing, because, as many of you must be aware, it operates more severely on the districts of Dublin than on any other portion of the country, from causes on which I need not now enlarge; but still I hope that even in this respect the corner has at length been turned. In January, 1856, in the North Dublin Union there were 2,871 inmates, who have fallen in 1857 to 2,500. In the South Dublin Workhouse there were 3,417; the number has fallen now to 3100. And the decrease of the rates is still more favourable; for in 1856 the rate in the North Union was struck at 2*s.* 11*d.*, it has now been struck at 1*s.* 6*d.*; in the South Union, at 2*s.* 3*d.*, and now at 1*s.* 4*d.* But if we compare the state of Ireland generally, in respect of crime, even with England herself, though, from time to time, there are still occurring events here which must disturb undue complaisance, and stimulate increased vigilance and caution, yet still the whole results must be regarded as most favourable. If we can credit all we read, the English mind of late seems almost disturbed from its accustomed propriety about tickets-of-leave; and there would appear

no shore or region on which it is not eager to pour forth its criminal population. Now, in Ireland, what in the last six years has been the diminution of sentences of penal servitude or transportation? In 1851 there were 864 so sentenced; in 1852, 1,358; in 1853, 1,013; in 1854, 692; in 1855, 521; in 1856, 375. You will admit that is a gratifying descent—from 864 to 375. In the past there have been confined, under intermediary or probationary stages of punishment, 750 male convicts, and among the whole 750 only six or seven very slight offences have occurred. With respect to tickets-of-leave, 400 male convicts had been discharged with those tickets and licences, and out of that number it has been found necessary to recall the licences of seventeen. The state of the female convicts is, perhaps, still more satisfactory. There have been sent to houses of refuge, in 1856, fifty-two female convicts; of these there are thirty satisfactorily employed, and there has not been one single instance of complaint or misconduct. Now, my Lord, I state these to be the results which have occurred under a system confessedly in its infancy, and while there are various plans for its improvement and development still in preparation. Other remedial measures are, no doubt, called for, amongst which I will only mention an improved system of classification in the county prisons of Ireland, which ought to be the rule, instead of being at present the bright exception. These results seem to me to have been deserving of this special mention, redounding, as they do, to the just credit, primarily, of the Irish people, and next to that of the administrators and officers under which they have been obtained. I have only further to remark to you, that when I addressed you from this place one year ago, the country was still exposed to the dangers and burdens of war, and some of those honoured guests whom I now see at your Lordship's table were wandering upon a distant and a foreign strand. We meet them now here in the midst of light, and goblets, and song; and I may add, I am sure, we shall not return the grasp of their manly hand with a less cordial pressure, because we are no longer called on to assist the growth of their laurels by a war income tax. I feel I cannot well carry my topics of felicitation further, and therefore I beg now to thank your Lordship and your numerous guests, and to wish you all length of life and health to enjoy the relief.

The EARL OF CARLISLE afterwards rose and said:—

I have reason, my Lords and Gentlemen, to think that you will accept a toast which is better than a speech from me, and I also think you will anticipate that it is the health of the giver of this splendid entertainment. I have already endeavoured to express what I feel concerning the Lord Mayor, and I can rely upon all that I have said, as well as what I have left unsaid, being confirmed and supplemented by the company that I see around me, and by the whole bulk of his fellow-citizens. Let us, then, drink with the cordiality the toast deserves, "The Health of the present Chief Magistrate of the City of Dublin;" and I feel sure that he will not resent the allusion, when I say that from my heart I cordially wish that the texture of his remaining days may be as soft, as rich, and as bright as that beautiful fabric with which he has done so much to enrich the manufacture of his native land.

MANSION HOUSE—MUNICIPAL BANQUET.

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN CAMPBELL, LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

[FEBRUARY 4TH, 1858.]

TOAST:

"The Health of the Earl of Carlisle, and Prosperity to Ireland."

MY LORD MAYOR, MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN,

I BEG to return my best thanks to this numerous and brilliant assembly for the kind, and more than kind manner in which they have just been pleased to drink my health. I might almost have begun to fear that my appearance on these annual occasions would have become rather a monotonous occurrence; but at all events they give me an opportunity of paying a very sincere compliment to the continuance of the orderly and peaceable condition by which the city in which we live has been for a long time pre-eminently distinguished, and upon the respectable manner in which the series of its chief magistrates is prolonged and

renewed. We have not far to fetch our specimens. Your immediate predecessor, my Lord, who now sits beside you, by a long career of unremitting industry and unswerving integrity attained a position equally high in civic dignity and in the estimation of his fellow-citizens; and among the happy incidents of his year of office I may mention the cordial and courteous manner in which he received that body of eminently scientific men who formed the British Association. Your antecedents, my Lord, are similarly honourable; and I wish you from my heart a similarly prosperous year of administration. It may be allowed to me to observe, especially after you have just drunk my health in so friendly and encouraging a manner, that a certain degree of interest, to which your Lordship has yourself referred, may at this period attach itself to the office—the high office which I have the honour to fill, and which I certainly could not claim personally for myself. But, as we have seen it announced of late in several quarters, and with a certain appearance of gravity, that it has been in the contemplation of the Government to put an extinguisher at once upon an office so elevated and a person so humble, I can only say that such a project is without my privity, as it clearly would be without my sympathy. In glancing at the general condition of the country at large, it must be admitted frankly that since we last met within this hospitable and radiant circle—to use a term of literally descriptive propriety—the financial prosperity of the country has met with some checks and rubs; and the internal tranquillity of the country, though, I am happy to say, in very scattered instances, has been somewhat marred by occasional exhibitions of outbreak and a spirit of combination; yet, upon the whole retrospect, I may frankly and fairly congratulate the finance and commerce of Ireland upon the singular calmness and steadiness, rendered still more remarkable by contrast, with which they have encountered the monetary trials which sorely shook more extensive and populous communities. And I may also truly commend the people of Ireland at large for the prevailing absence of crime and violence which has blessed their borders. There is one lesson I feel a very strong wish to inculcate, and I need not again go further for illustration and example than the practice of the distinguished Corporation which it is now my privilege to address. I is now a matter of happy notoriety with what signal success the evil genius of religious discord has been kept aloof from all questions bearing on the succession of the Chief Magistracy, and I believe I may add from

the Civic Council generally. Would that this feeling and habit, so happy and honourable to the city, could be fully engrafted on the country at large. I know it would very ill indeed become me on such an occasion as this to assume the office of a lecturer, if the reflections I permit myself to make did not apply equally to all sides and parties. Indeed, I cannot but be aware that the conduct of the Government itself, and my own conduct, are tolerably sure of encountering censure—perhaps just censure—now from one side, and now from the other. But, with whatever risk of the imputation of presumption or self-sufficiency, I cannot yet dissemble my strong conviction that amongst many and striking instances of progress and improvement in Ireland, there is still the great, and I fear in some respects it might be said almost the increasing drawback of alienation and animosity founded on differences of religious creeds and worship. The Imperial Government of France, indeed, has lately issued a command to the press to abstain entirely from topics of religious controversy. You will not suspect me of any wish to enforce such a prohibition here. It would, indeed, be easier to roll back the Liffey to its source, or to submerge the Hill of Howth in mid-channel. Still, right pleasant it would be if the practice of mutual forbearance, respect, and tenderness, could spring up—not in consequence of the decree of absolute power, but under the constraining influences of Christian gentleness and love. It would be difficult, my Lords and Gentlemen, for any large number of our countrymen to be brought together at this period, without their thoughts being directed to that great imperial struggle which is now being waged in India, without their pulses being quickened at the brilliant exploits of our brethren in arms—without their heartstrings thrilling at the sufferings of our brethren and our sisters in that stormy trial. True it is, indeed, that in some dark lurking-places of shame and disgrace, even in this fair island, contrary sentiments had been avowed, and contrary sympathies indulged in. Perish at once and for ever this unworthy discord! But if it be indeed true that a few frantic outbursts of disaffection have escaped from Irish lips, for their rebuke and refutation I would not resort to any arguments of a general bearing, or to any pleas of imperial histories: I would appeal to the valour of Ireland, which is now scouring the plain and storming the rampart—I would appeal to the blood of Ireland which is being shed like water on that burning soil. And truly may it be attributed to Ireland, that while she acknowledges in a

spirit of generous emulation the brilliant feats of Englishmen in this sharp crisis of our empire—while she exults that the combined races should be headed by a leader so competent and admirable as the Scottish Campbell—she has not borne any backward part herself, in that mighty struggle. Truly may she so boast while she refers to the consummate statesmanship and the temperate vigour of both the Lawrences—while she weeps over the bier of Nicholson—while she sees every rank and class of her children press forward to a career of duty and honour, whether they bear names like Pakenham—that race so prodigal of its blood—or like Cavanagh, of whom two have been singled out from humbler classes for most conspicuous mention. What Irishmen have been they will continue to be, whether they are enrolled in our old regiments, or whether they shall enlist in the revived Royal Irish Dragoons, whom, in common with another Irish regiment our glorious Queen, in mark of her admiration of Irish bravery, and her confidence in Irish loyalty, is now recalling to her standard; and we, while we dwell in our quiet homes, or gather round our peaceful goblets, shall hear with grateful exultation of their exploits, and shall wish our heroes a safe and a triumphant return.

MANSION HOUSE—MUNICIPAL BANQUET.

THE RIGHT HON. REDMOND CARROLL, LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

[FEBRUARY 20TH, 1860.]

TOAST:

"The Health of the Earl of Carlisle, and Prosperity to Ireland."

THE EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

MY LORD MAYOR, MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN,

I thank you very sincerely for the honour you have just been pleased to pay me. Being allowed, after a very short interval, to be present at this annual festival, to which we are the bidden guests of the Chief Magistrate of the city of Dublin, I have to thank you all for resuming on your parts also those sounds and signs of welcome which now seem familiar to my experience, and which come like natural echoes from these hospitable walls. In addressing this numerous and brilliant company, it is an immense satisfaction to me to feel that I may take up unbroken that chain of congratulation which I and my immediate honoured predecessor have been led to indulge in, with respect to the general flourishing condition of the empire at large, and of Ireland in particular. It would indeed be superfluous for me to congratulate your Lordship and your associates in the municipality of this town on the singular spirit of order and tranquillity which have for a long period honourably distinguished this metropolitan city. We must all gratefully acknowledge that this character contributes to make it a right pleasant place to live in. With respect to myself, I perceive that an old and very agreeable friend of mine has recently complained that I invest the office which it is my high honour to hold with not a sufficient degree of solemnity and gravity. I confess that this is not the precise charge which I should most readily have expected from that quarter. As to the real force of such a charge, I feel this—the time has been,

within the fresh memories of most of us, in days of national gloom and distress, when the shrill wail of famine and the low moan of fever rose in almost every street, and thrilled through every hovel—when the unwholesome produce rotted in the untended field—and the graves scarcely sufficed for the neglected dead. I know, then, that predecessors of mine were content to give the long hours of day and of night to the toil of devising remedies for enormous evils, and for lessening the sufferings of a stricken population. But now, when, to speak comparatively at least, and admitting fully that there are still cases of great individual suffering and privation, nay, and moreover, in some districts—limited, I am justified in saying—the occurrence of outrage seems still to call for daily vigilance; yet looking to the condition of the country generally, now that, under the blessing of Almighty goodness, the sore pressure and the dark blight of the old evils have been lightened or removed—now that the earth renews her harvest, and the clouds drop fatness—now that the rewards of industry are daily increasing, that your workhouses are all but emptied, and your gaols greatly thinned of their inhabitants—now I feel that, as we are told by your own poet, Erin has the smile as well as the tear in her eye, I know that I am not lowering my position, and that I am acting up to all its requirements, by the fullest sympathy with every pulse of your gladness as well as of your sorrows. And, be the subject matter which calls forth your energies what it may,—be it the improvement of your agriculture, the extension of your trade, now about, I hope, to receive a greatly accelerated impulse—the spread of your education, the spell of your music, the progress of your architecture, the fame of your literature, or the feats of your heroes—into all with you will I enter, and bask myself in the brightness to which I know there is nothing that I can contribute. The only overt crime I find alleged against me is, that I opened baths and wash-houses. Well, I confess that I am ready to do the same any number of times again. I hope it will not be thought a mortal sin that I am at this moment engaged in putting up a drinking fountain. Nay, moreover, I shall hail with the utmost pleasure—though, of course, I do not breathe a syllable about the most proper means of accomplishing it—the bringing into all the streets and houses and rooms of Dublin a copious supply of pure and wholesome water. And, if I should not be thought diving too low, I have no scruple in wishing the utmost possi-

ble prosperity to the penny banks of this city. But, to rise to subjects more imposing and picturesque at least, there embarked within the last week from the quays of this city a cavalry regiment, entirely raised, horsed, and equipped in Ireland, the 5th Royal Irish Lancers, which, I am informed by competent authority, will be able to pass muster with the proudest and oldest cavalry regiments of the British service. With respect to individual Irish enterprise, have we not recently welcomed the return from his voluntary service of hardy daring the gallant young M'Clintock? and no later than to-morrow will the venerable University of Ireland hard-by assign her appropriate honours to the illustrious Sir John Lawrence. No one can walk the streets and squares of this metropolis without being struck with the great improvements in the appearance of the shop-fronts and the buildings which are springing up in so many quarters; and I trust you will persevere in adorning your noble spaces with more statues of her most eminent poets, warriors, and statesmen; and altogether, not to intrude upon you longer, I feel that the Ireland of to-day deserves a large share in those noble lines which were addressed to an Irishman of a former generation—

"Bid harbours open—public ways extend,
Bid temples worthier of the God ascend,
Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main,
Back to their bounds his subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers through the land:
These honours peace to happy Britain brings;
These are imperial works, and worthy kings."

MANSION HOUSE—MUNICIPAL BANQUET.

THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD ATKINSON, LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.*

[FEBRUARY 7TH, 1861.]

THE LORD MAYOR said:—

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

I have now the honour to propose a toast which I am sure will be received with that respect and enthusiasm which it so highly merits—it is the health of a nobleman who has for many years been the Representative of Her Majesty in this country, and who has at all times evinced untiring solicitude to promote the best interests of Ireland. The toast I am about to propose is, "The Health of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland"—a nobleman distinguished for his great talents, administrative capacity, and, beyond all, by his high intellectual and moral worth, which have gained for him the respect and esteem of the people of this country, and all who know him. It is unnecessary in an assemblage of Irishmen to dilate on those qualities of head and heart which so eminently distinguish His Excellency, therefore I will simply give you—

"The Health of the Earl of Carlisle, and Prosperity to Ireland."

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

MY LORD MAYOR, MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN,

I thank your Lordship and all your honoured guests very much for the way in which you have been pleased to receive my name and drink my health. I have indeed much pleasure in being again a guest at this right hospitable board, and the pleasure of which is enhanced when I

* The late Earl of Carlisle was so much pleased with the public spirit and patriotism of the Lord Mayor (Alderman Richard Atkinson) in giving such a magnificent ball, at his sole expense, to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on the occasion of his visit to Dublin, that he immediately sent a letter to his Lordship, offering the highest honour in his power to bestow, viz., knighthood, but which his Lordship respectfully declined. *See* Appendix—the Earl of Carlisle's letter.

find myself for the second time the guest especially of your Lordship. I felt, as soon as I heard of your re-election, my Lord, that it was a presage of reconcilement and peace; and that it would be your high privilege to come forward, not only as the chief magistrate of this ancient city, but also like one of the famous heralds of the earlier times, at whose gentle bidding and before whose unpresuming aspect the excited combatants would be parted, and the uplifted weapons would drop. And I sincerely trust that this image will prove an augury of the spirit of good-will and comity which may prevail throughout the whole period of your renewed tenure of office; and that herein, moreover, the example of the capital shall serve as a copy for the entire country.' It happened, my Lord, that almost as soon as you re-occupied your old position, we found ourselves engaged in some correspondence. You, my Lord, did me the honour to address a question to me upon a subject of much immediate interest indeed to myself, but of more permanent and abiding interest to a large proportion of those by whom I have the pleasure of seeing myself surrounded. I feel that I answered that question with all the distinctness and plainness which my duty and position admitted of. It is not the first time that I state to the members of the municipality of Dublin—it is not the first time that I state in this room my dissent from the policy of abolishing the Irish Viceroyalty. Moreover, in accordance with what I wrote to your Lordship, I fully believe that Her Majesty's Government have neither the intention nor the wish to bring forward any such proposition. If it is further put to me what, under any possible contingencies, they might feel it necessary to do, I can only say that I should have thought myself unwarranted in making any such inquiry from them, as I am sure they would have thought it inconsistent with their duty to have told me. My belief is, that the question lies mainly with Irish representatives and Irish constituencies. I will do what in me lies to prevent the abolition of the viceroyalty; and, I may say, that to secure the permanence of the union between the two countries, I should think it unwise at this period to set the example of disturbing an essential provision of the Act of Union, and I relegate to the other side of the Atlantic all secessions and separations. If, indeed, I might avow an individual preference for any scheme, I should be inclined to express my partiality for a proposition which I believe was mooted before the corporation of quintupling my official income; and all I can say is, that if such a pro-

position should be carried into effect, I will answer for spending the whole of it in Dublin. I do not know, my Lord, that there is anything within your immediate jurisdiction which would seem to call for much comment from me on an occasion like the present. I think no one can fail to be struck with the improved appearance which in many respects the city of Dublin now presents. Though there is undoubtedly much which still remains to be wished, and I hope still remains to be done, there is a marked progress in the architectural improvement of your shops and houses; and it is gratifying to see that the members of both of the two great religious persuasions which divide our society seem intent upon improving the character and enhancing the dignity of ecclesiastical architecture. I would not be thought to lay an undue stress upon these outward demonstrations of piety, but I think still there is an incongruity in seeing the skill and genius of our artists lavished upon our private dwellings and the various purposes of civil life, while we are content to leave in comparative neglect the temple of the Most High; and, warned by the experience of the past year, I trust that no long period will elapse before this city procures a supply of water both plentiful and pure, and also takes sufficient guarantees against the recurrence of loss to property and life from fires. The general aspect of the country, I think we may gratefully acknowledge, bears all the marks of continued prosperity and progress. No doubt the unfavourable weather, which in many ways marked the whole of the year 1860, has been the cause of considerable privations, especially in districts where they mainly depended upon turf and peat for fuel, and there has been in many parts of the country a great deficiency of fodder. However, our recent legislation has done much, very much, to surmount the exigencies even of such an exceptional year as the last. There is one consideration more painful still, we cannot boast that Ireland, nor even the city of Dublin, has been wholly exempt from those crimes of appalling violence which, within the last year, have disgraced the criminal annals of the United Kingdom. However, we may thank God that these crimes, execrable as they are, are still partial in their occurrence in this country; and, when we hear of the assizes for the North Riding of Tipperary furnishing only one prisoner for trial, there is hardly any future improvement of which I feel we need despair. If we extend for a moment our view over a still wider horizon, I fear it cannot be said that the aspect of the world at large presents the placid fea-

tures of composure and repose. Europe is still comforted with the professions of peace, but at the same time hears much still of the preparations for war. Asia has been the scene of many a bloody conflict. It cannot be said that America is in a state of perfect quiescence. I believe that Irish valour has not belied itself on any field; and with respect to its latest exhibition on the distant shores of China, I am sure it has called forth one universal feeling of admiration and sympathy for the hard fate of the gallant and gifted Brabazon. I am sure you will excuse me, my Lord, for mixing the pledges of your festal wine cups with this brief tribute to departed heroism; but I feel sure that all here will be united in the common wish that the noble empire of which this country every year forms a more flourishing and efficient portion will not only within its own boundaries preserve the invaluable blessings of peace, but that also, by its high influence and disinterested efforts, it will do much—and, with the favour of Heaven, it can do much—to preserve the harmony and advance the civilization of the whole human family.

LORD CARLISLE again rose, and said, he was sure the company would excuse him for trespassing upon them again for a few minutes. He had already taken the opportunity of expressing the opinion he entertained of the character and influence of the worthy gentleman whom they had twice placed in the highest seat in the city. The fact of their having done so must go farther than than any compliment or eulogium that he could devise. He lately had an opportunity of looking at a portrait of the Lord Mayor in the "Illustrated London News," but, without meaning to derogate from the ability of the artist, he would prefer the original. He was sure they would all join in one cordial expression of admiration, not only of the general character and qualities of the Lord Mayor, but also of his splendid municipal hospitality, which on that occasion had overflowed its usual bounds.

The LORD MAYOR rose amid loud applause, and said—For the high honour conferred on me by his Excellency in proposing my health, and for the kind and, I may add, too partial estimate of my humble deserts by His Excellency, and also for the cordial and flattering response by this distinguished assembly, I return my sincere and grateful thanks. I feel, indeed, that I do not deserve such high commendation; but I hope and trust, with Divine aid, the only effect it will have on me, will be

to stimulate me to fresh exertion, to encourage me to increased efforts to discharge the onerous and responsible duties that necessarily devolve on me as Chief Magistrate, so as to give such satisfaction, that at the end of my year of office I may still retain that which I prize and value so much—the confidence and approbation of Her Majesty's respected representative, the Earl of Carlisle, each individual in this distinguished assembly, and my fellow-citizens generally, which I have now the honour and gratification of enjoying.

MANSION HOUSE—MUNICIPAL BANQUET.

THE RIGHT HON. DENIS MOYLAN, LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN

[FEBRUARY 4TH, 1862.]

TOAST:

"The Health of the Earl of Carlisle, and Prosperity to Ireland."

MY LORD MAYOR, MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN,

I THANK you from the bottom of my heart for the warm and kind welcome you have given to my name. It has not been possible, perhaps, to listen to the toasts of customary observance which have already been given from the chair, even if they had not been accompanied by the touching and appropriate comments which the Lord Mayor has made use of, without being struck and pained by the memories which they awaken and the contrasts they suggest. It is not, however, amidst the accompaniments of such a scene as this—it is not amidst the blaze of lights and the flow of goblets, that I should seek to dwell upon the gloom of the grave or the wail of a nation's sorrow. We run no risk of forgetting that the place of him who stood next to the person—next, in very truth, to the heart of our beloved Sovereign—has become suddenly vacant. May the loss that can never be repaired be softened by Divine goodness to her who is the chief mourner. May the memory that never can be effaced be hallowed to the improvement of all her fellow-mourners, who are co-extensive with her people. With respect

to the circumstances under which we meet this night, it is true, as the Lord Mayor has reminded you, that I flatter myself I need not consider myself a stranger to this assembly. It has been my lot to witness a considerable series of the Chief Magistrates of the city of Dublin; and it affords, indeed, very gratifying matter for reflection when, as in the case immediately before us, a gentleman like the late Lord Mayor, belonging to one of the large religious divisions of the empire, justly remarkable by his old, unblemished probity of conduct, and his long career of sustained benevolence, is replaced by a successor belonging to another great religious division, which he adorns by similar qualities and virtues. It is—if I may permit myself the comparison—like what happens to the traveller who may chance, on a few nights in the year, to stand at the hour of sunset upon the cliffs of Tornea; he looks upon the sun in his full red orb sinking slowly upon the far horizon, but before he has quite disappeared he resumes his upward course through the still unclouded sky, and joins the yesterday and the morrow without an instant's interval of night. Casting our eyes round the wide horizon, we must all feel grateful and relieved that we can still, without any sacrifice of national honour, retain the invaluable blessings of peace. When it appeared for a moment that under the shelter of our honoured flag the honoured right of asylum might have been violated, I believe the country at large applauds the spirit, the promptitude, and the efficiency with which preparations were made to exact due reparation. That object has been fully and happily achieved; and while we thankfully feel that we are not ourselves called upon to draw the avenging sword, would that we could plant the olive of peace between the two contending bands, both springing from our own race—"*Propice tela manu, sanguis meus.*" But, as I think we have justly determined to observe a strict neutrality, I feel it might be, perhaps, departing from a strict consistency with that course if I were to seek to pronounce any formal judgment between the combatants on both sides. One thing I am anxious about, that in the shifting and changing relations which must always wait upon such protracted struggles, we shall never suffer our national conscience to be tarnished by losing sight of those principles of right which are absolute and eternal. I may mention by way of illustration, that I trust no conceivable circumstances could lead these free and imperial islands to recede one jot from their undying abhorrence of slavery. With respect to our own Ireland, I do not know that there is any subject which calls

for very prominent remark; and it is, perhaps, well on the whole for the general condition and prospects of the country, that this should be the case. The undoubted improvement observable in most parts of the country, and certainly not least in its capital, has had to struggle with several unfavourable seasons. I am disposed to hope that they have not been without their effect in calling forth the benevolence and the energy of resident proprietors and the lords of the soil. And I think we may fervently assume that such is one of the main objects which they are intended to promote. In the city of Dublin, it is at least gratifying to know that, within the last ten years, the decrease of offences of all kinds has been at the rate of 56 per cent. The decrease even of arrests for drunkenness—about which I entertained some apprehensions—has been at the rate of 28 per cent. The letting value of houses in the city has increased 25 per cent. within the last five years. Complaints, I know, have been made, and justly made, of the condition of some of the lodgings of the poor. At the same time, I think it would be unfair not to admit that the accumulation of filth in the streets and lanes, even if still it can be detected, has been materially diminished. In such an assembly as I have now the pleasure to see around me, I feel encouraged to congratulate Ireland upon the diminution—I could say upon the total disappearance of religious animosities. I remember well the impressive and eloquent advice which was given upon this point last year by your learned and accomplished Recorder; and of a truth there is little else wanting to remove almost all the political and moral evils which are still allowed to check and retard the full growth of Irish tranquillity and prosperity. My Lords and Gentlemen, the more I believe that religion is the most powerful motive, and the most transcendant quality in the universe, the more I feel how utterly inconsistent with it, and incommensurate with it, are our social glosses and miserable discords. If we could only come to the conclusion that not only the chief duties but the chief difficulties of religion are independent of denominational disputes and divisions, we should no longer think it necessary to adjust with scrupulous precision the respective claims of King James or King William. If contending armies were now leaguered under the walls of Derry or of Limerick, of course then at that time of day every honest patriot would take the part which his own principles and conscience commended to him. But surely in this hour of the world, the only rational and ennobling competition with each other

ought to be, whose virtue is most manifest, whose faith is most operative, who has the largest share of the higher life, the heavenly temper, the immortal hope. I believe, my Lords and Gentlemen, that Ireland has every material of greatness and of happiness, if she will only live up to the full extent of her opportunities and her capacities.

MANSION HOUSE—MUNICIPAL BANQUET.

[FEBRUARY 13TH, 1863.]

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN P. VEREKER, LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

TOAST:

"The Health of the Earl of Carlisle, and Prosperity to Ireland."

MY LORD MAYOR, MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

IT has happened to me now so often to stand in this place, and to return thanks for the same honour which has just been paid me with the same unabated kindness, that I almost flatter myself that I have accomplished rather a difficult feat, which is to have become acquainted with the divers echoes of this large circumference within which we are assembled. It has also happened to me, within the same protracted experience, to have sat at those large and genial banquets under varied auspices as the guest of Chief Magistrates—sometimes of one political creed, and sometimes of another—of each sometimes—and generally of men who, in the different paths of honourable and persevering industry, have founded their well-earned affluence and position upon their own exertions; and to-night I certainly find it no unpleasing novelty to see in this ancient office of the Lord Mayor of Dublin a gentleman directly connected with the hereditary nobility of the land. On a smaller theatre I had already seen such a connexion established among my own neighbours in the instance of the Lord Mayor of the city of York; and I am glad to find the same connexion has now been adopted in the metropolis of Ireland, because it seems to me an appropriate illustration of those reciprocal relations which unite the great abiding interest

of agriculture with the varied and multiform operations of commerce, and which, in this free and equal country, bind all the separate portions of our society into one not homogeneous but harmonious home. On some previous occasions it has been my good fortune in this place to dilate upon the favourable condition and satisfactory aspect of the country. On some previous occasions, I say, it has been my good fortune, without contradiction or objection, to do so. Last year I was not enabled to take so sanguine a view; and this year I feel more strongly, in common with the Lord Mayor, who has already addressed some observations to you on the subject, that three moist and ungenial summers have left their traces upon the land, and upon those who live by it. I concede that it is impossible to deny that considerable pressure now rests upon most of the agricultural classes. It has not, I am proud to think, made them indifferent to widespread distress in other quarters; and I trust that they will find such alleviation as may be requisite in local benevolence, and in local exertions, whether in the form of increased attention to drainage, or other methods of agricultural improvement. It is satisfactory to think that a considerable surplus is now still vested under the Landed Improvements Act, which may be applied to those purposes; and I cannnot fail with humble humility to breathe a fervent hope that under the blessing of Almighty Providence, and in accordance with what we may anticipate from its ascertained processes, a favourable cycle of seasons may soon await us. The city of Dublin has naturally had its share in the pressure of the times, which has been felt by the country at large; still these are not too discouraging circumstances. I find that the rateable valuation of the city of Dublin has sensibly increased, and that the rates proposed to be levied by the Collector-General for the ensuing year are lower in amount than they have been in the past years. It cannot, I think, be denied that a very gratifying improvement must be acknowledged by all who walk the streets to have taken place in the architecture, not only of the more ambitious buildings, such as museums and churches, but in the shop fronts and in private dwellings; and, if we cannot get new bridges over our rivers, we are at least offered them over our streets. A considerable and very primary progress has been made in what concerns those two leading forces of our nature—fire and water. I believe a very well devised scheme to be in operation for putting at the command of the citizens of this metropolis a most abundant supply of pure fresh water; and by the

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time that this new supply shall serve the tops of all your houses and sparkle in your fountains, I am glad to find that one, certainly not the least, of the advantages of a water supply will have been promoted by the formation of a Fire Brigade, which, under the auspices of this Corporation, is now in the course of operation. My Lords, the empire at large does not furnish me with any very salient grounds for comment, and as Her Majesty, in her own gracious speech to her Parliament, omitted any mention of particular measures, it does not seem to me to be incumbent upon her Viceroy to deviate from so august a model. The empire, we must all thankfully acknowledge, both at home and abroad, is in a state of profound tranquillity and peace; and even where there have been suffering and privation, the exemplary patriotism and uninterrupted harmony of all classes have only come out in more brilliant relief. Would that we could waft this blessed olive branch—I mean on the Galway line of packets—would that we could in any way waft this olive branch of our own ark of safety to our warring and bleeding brethren in the other hemisphere. I do not believe, in the present position of circumstances in that great continent, and amidst the present passions of men's minds, the occasion has yet arisen when we could interfere with advantage or with efficacy. There are two points on which I feel anxious with respect to our own country. One is that, while we do not precipitate, we should not churlishly neglect any available opportunity for counselling peace. The other, which I feel still more strongly, is that we should keep ourselves thoroughly and entirely clear from complicity with slavery. I cannot, before I conclude, omit to advert to one topic which has already been the subject of graceful comment by the Lord Mayor—I mean the auspicious event shortly about to occur in the highest family in the realm. In this same gay apartment many of us not long ago saw the Prince of Wales joining in the festive amusements which became his youth and station, and we have now in the same room pledged the full wine cup to his approaching bridal day. Our hearts were with our act and with our voices—not merely, I will take upon myself to say, because the Prince of Wales is the heir apparent to the Throne of this wide-spread empire—not merely because he bears in his veins the blood of a hundred kings—not merely because the ice-bound tracts of Canada and the torrid plains of India, and the untrodden pastures of Australia shall call him master, but because he has his being in the sanctified love which nursed his cradle

and which watched his youth, and because, so far as we know, he has secured by his own choice those pure and unalloyed treasures of domestic happiness which, while they cheer and gild the lowly stations of this earth, also adorn and elevate the highest.

MANSION HOUSE—MUNICIPAL BANQUET.

THE RIGHT HON. PETER PAUL M'SWINEY, LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

[FEBRUARY 4TH, 1864.]

TOAST :

"The Health of the Earl of Carlisle, and Prosperity to Ireland."

MY LORD MAYOR, MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN,

I RETURN you my very sincere thanks for the honour you have done me in drinking my health, and for coupling it with that which is very near to my heart—the prosperity of Ireland. It is always with the utmost readiness and good will that I attend the summons of the Chief Magistrate of the city of Dublin to be present at the hospitable and imposing banquet which so brilliantly ushers in the civic new year. On this occasion the presence of the late Lord Mayor serves to remind us of the welcome and courtesy which we experienced during the last year; and the auspices under which we are now assembled give us every assurance that the chain of good feeling and good fellowship will remain unbroken. I feel only tempted to express some misgiving lest you should think it a matter of complaint that the same variety which you experience in your Lord Mayors does not follow you in the persons of your Viceroys, and that on this head you may have a well-founded charge of monotony and satiety. I shall best, perhaps, reassure myself by looking a very little way below me at your Recorder, whose unfailing attendance here is always greeted with the same pleasure, and who, I hope,

long after my voice is hushed here, and my presence shall be forgotten, will continue to fill his place at your board, respected, welcomed, and beloved. My Lords and Gentlemen, I do not feel that there is much in our internal affairs which appears to me to call for any especial comment from me on the present occasion, and, amidst a convulsed and warring world, this is not a little thing to say for ourselves; and I think it may in a great degree account for there being no exceptional mention of Ireland in Her Majesty's speech. The protracted pressure of unfavourable seasons, somewhat lightened and relieved by the last, has continued to make its strain felt upon the material resources of this country. Attention has been latterly directed to that which the Lord Mayor touched upon, to the greatly increased rate at which emigration from these shores is still going on. Now, undoubtedly it would be a much more agreeable subject of contemplation if we could witness the simultaneous boast of both wealth and population. It seems to be the modern idea of flourishing communities. I cannot, indeed, go along with the pathetic complaint of the pleasing poet with whose statue we have lately adorned our highways, when he says,

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

I believe there would be much more truth in the converse, and that worse would fare the land where men accumulate and wealth decays. The gentlemen below wish for more mouths, and less food to fill them. This state of things is not desirable; and least of all do I wish, and much do I regret, that Ireland should part with any of her hardy and generous sons merely to supply food for the vultures which hover over the Lethean plains of Virginia and Tennessee. But with respect to the general course and current of emigration, while any attempt forcibly to arrest it would be impossible as it would be cruel, I for one am not prepared to repine at it until the general average rate of wages in this country shall amount to at least 10s. a week. This is very far from being universally the case at present. I certainly am not prepared to follow the Lord Mayor into the details of the political questions, some of a very delicate nature, of which he has laid the heads before you. I think that one great want of Ireland is what sounds of a very homely and prosaic character; but I believe one great lever of Irish improvement would be found not so much in any great principle or doctrine, or in

any adjustment of rival creeds and races, so much as in the adoption, the general adoption, of a better system of farming. Let her children attend to her fertile soil; let them consult the genius of her mild but variable atmosphere; let them readily and with alacrity seize upon such openings as the extension of the linen trade and the opportunity for flax culture now offer to them, and, without presuming to guarantee any sudden or startling results, I think there is every hope for sure and progressive ones. And, upon this head, I have read with extreme pleasure the communications which have lately passed between the enterprising community of Belfast and the spirited Mayor of the city of Cork; and, though Dublin may not be exactly a party to those negotiations, yet, I have every confidence that when Belfast and Cork shall be sowing to any considerable extent, they will leave some rich droppings midway, for Dublin, on their passage. And with respect, Gentlemen, to your own city of Dublin, notwithstanding the fact of the severe pressure upon the country generally, Dublin could not fail to bear its share, yet I fail to discern any marks of a stagnant or retrograde community. The uninhabited houses, which seven years ago amounted to above 1,900, are now only 700. An enterprising firm has commenced considerable operations for the building of iron ships and the making of ocean steamers. An entirely new business in Ireland, that of a sugar refinery, is in the process of being introduced into Dublin. But, apart, Gentlemen, from these minute statistics, for which I do not feel a meeting like this to be the occasion, I will only speak of what I have seen achieved here in Dublin during the period of my own Viceroyalty. Putting aside schools, prisons, reformatories, those weapons of warfare which society must be always waging with ignorance, violence, and crime—putting aside the undeniable improvements visible everywhere in the aspect of private houses, of shop fronts, of banks, of insurance offices, and other commercial buildings of a like class—I have seen myself the rise of manifold churches of all denominations in a style of architecture of which, at least, none of them need be ashamed. Need I mention that vast cathedral restoration which reproduces the piety of the mediæval ages amongst us? I have seen two noble museums opened—one in the College Park, the other upon Leinster Lawn; I have seen a new bridge opened; I have seen a large dock opened; I have seen a very spacious cattle market opened; I have seen three statues to eminent men rise in the most com-

manding positions of your thoroughfares; I have seen the foundation laid of a splendid winter garden; I have seen inaugurated a magnificent system of waterworks, and only yesterday I witnessed the efficient provision made for the extinction of fires; and, what I am sure gratifies me more than all the rest, I have seen three ample and commodious hospitals thrown open for the relief of human disease and suffering. Boldened thus by what has been already done, I venture to cast my eyes forward, and to anticipate the time when Dublin, having gradually cleared itself of its impurities, its squalid buildings, and its choked-up thoroughfares, shall display on that broad slope which stretches from its heathery mountains down to its sapphire seas, rows of gay villas and shining terraces, of stately buildings and fine philanthropic institutions, all constructed in a style of architecture worthy of its unparalleled site, and in accordance with its past renown and its future fortunes.

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

CEREMONY OF LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE.

[March 7th, 1856.]

L. E. FOOT, Esq., one of the Honorary Secretaries of the Society, having read the Address,

The EARL OF CARLISLE replied in the following terms:—

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I take a very special pleasure in bearing the part in the interesting ceremonial of the day which you have been good enough to allot to me. The undertaking we are thus about to initiate has attracted the species of support which is most in harmony with the prevailing spirit of our institutions. It has received that degree of countenance from the State

which it should be the province and the pride of a paternal Government to manifest towards every design to promote the enjoyment and elevation of the community at large; and at the same time it has elicited the amount of individual effort and liberality which is the best guarantee of a continued interest and encouragement. Under these united auspices I trust I am amply justified in the hope that the building about to arise on the spot already connected with high ancestral recollections of Ireland may, with its kindred departments, furnish ever-increasing accommodation for the pursuits of useful knowledge and humanizing accomplishments, and open for the coming generations worthy temples of science, art, and learning, at whose shrine they may be taught how most to reverence their Creator, and how best to benefit their fellow-creatures.

HENRY KEMMIS, Esq., Q. C., one of the Vice-Presidents of the Royal Dublin Society, having returned thanks to the Earl of Carlisle, said in conclusion:—Your Excellency has on this day expressed, in terms more graceful and eloquent than I could venture to do, your feelings upon the subject, and I feel sure that one who takes so deep an interest in all questions affecting the arts and sciences as your Excellency, must rejoice that the extended nature of the Society's operations has necessitated that enlargement of its premises of which it is now taking the initiatory step. I must also remind your Excellency that the Society is one into which no differences of sect or diversity of opinion upon religion or politics ever intruded; but all its members concur in forwarding the object of the day, and in endeavouring to keep pace with the growing requirements of an age of civilization.

The EARL OF CARLISLE, in returning thanks, said:—

MR. VICE-PRESIDENT, MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN,

I beg to return my best thanks for the kind expressions you have just addressed to me. I fully recognise, as must every well-wisher of Ireland, the eminent services which the Society, of whose origin you have now spoken, has rendered to the best interests of science, art, and literature; and I trust that the new Museum, of which we have just laid the first stone, may, by its future results and history, cause us always to feel pride and pleasure in the good work in which we have now been sharers. I shall but say in addition, that the first use which I shall make of the stone now laid [here His Excellency stood upon the

block of granite] is to use it as a vantage-ground from which to ask you all to join with me in giving three cheers for Her Majesty the Queen.

THE INAUGURATION OF MOORE'S STATUE.

[October 14th, 1857.]

My Lord Charlemont, Ladies, and Gentlemen,

THERE is no need that I should tell you how glad I feel to take my part in the work of this day. It is well for you now, men and women of Dublin—it will sound well for you in all time to come, that it can be said of you that you have got the start of London itself in raising an out-of-door statue to one of the sacred band of poets. Kings, warriors, and statesmen have their statues to meet the public gaze under the open vault of heaven. The sister capital of Scotland has the statue of her great true-born son, Sir Walter Scott; and I trust you will all give me credit for being enough of an Irishman to feel glad and proud to join you in placing here, in the heart of the city of Dublin, while an Earl of Charlemont sits in the chair beside me, the statue of Thomas Moore. It has been a most lawful, as well as a most graceful, debt for Ireland to pay. The genius, the temperament, and the affections of Moore were all eminently Irish; they had all that mellow and tender glow, like the atmosphere which melts round your native hills—

> "More dear in thy sorrow, thy clouds, and thy tears,
> Than the rest of the world in its sunniest spheres."

I hope you will bear with me when endeavouring, as I go along, as much as possible, to illumine my rugged prose with gleams of his song. Our bard, as all who hear me must be aware, had very strong national and political feelings; indeed, he could not feel at all without feeling warmly; but I know it will be felt on all sides, why, in an hour like this, we should steer quite clear of any topic of controversy. Yet I cannot, even in compliment to such an hour and to such a man, consent

so wholly to pass over what is due to still higher claims as not to admit that, with the many calls upon our sympathy and our admiration, there was something to rebuke, especially in connexion with his early life and youthful muse. Let us, however, now only remember that, if our bard at one time flew to the bower "where pleasure lies carelessly smiling at fame," he, as you have been well reminded, was the same bard who strung such strains as these to his maturer lyre:—

"False is the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love and hope and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb;
There's nothing bright but Heaven."

And, what is still more valuable as the touchstone of character, there was no one by whom the most essential, and loving, and holy relations of life—as son, as brother, as husband, as father, and as friend—were more tenderly and steadfastly fulfilled. It is, however, in the lustre of his poetical reputation that we have chiefly to regard him to-day; and probably there never was one who bore the bright name of poet who ever equalled or approached him in the union of the most exquisite ear for melody and metre with the liveliest play of wit, the most sparkling warmth of fancy, and the tenderest susceptibility of feeling. In his most sustained effort he devoted those qualities to that far country which now engages so many of our painful anxieties—the gorgeous and mysterious East. But it was to his own green Erin—to her legends and her melodies—that the most thrilling and impassioned accents of his lyre were tuned; to the harp of Tara, the glories of Brian, to the golden collar of Malachi, to the crystal of Avoca, to the round towers beneath Lough Neagh, to Moyle's roaring waters, to the bed of St. Kevin, to the white steed of the O'Donohoe, to the eyes of Nora Creina, to

"The chosen leaf of bard and chief,
The green immortal shamrock."

So that it might truthfully be said of himself—

"Dear harp of my country, in darkness I found thee;
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
Till proudly, my own island harp, I unbound thee,
And gave thy full chords to light, freedom, and song."

I am admonished by my voice as well as by other things, that I must not trespass too long upon your attention. Well, will this statue—this counterpart, as I can myself witness, of the features I remember so well—well will it stand in this spot—this spot so happy in its architectural combinations—so rich in its historic associations; here, beneath the grey walls of the venerable College which sheltered his buoyant youth, opposite the august portico of his nation's hall of legislation? And here let me ask, why should not this method of decoration be extended—why should not other worthies adorn your noble thoroughfares? why, since to-day we have to do with poets—why should not a monument to another consummate Irish minstrel, Oliver Goldsmith, be nestled within the shadows of his own University? However, our special business to-day is with Moore, and amply he suffices for the occasion. I congratulate you—I congratulate the inhabitants of Dublin—upon the completing of this act of honour to their own poet; and, though the fame of Moore will always be mainly linked with that lyre which he could touch alike to melt and to burn—though his lay, accompanying the language of our country, which now girds every quarter of the globe, will always be the delight of every social board, and of every refined circle, will still thrill on the lips of beauty, and fire the pulse of patriotism, I yet do sincerely rejoice that you have given a local habitation and a life-like embodiment to Thomas Moore within his own Dublin.

INAUGURATION OF THE DUBLIN ART EXHIBITION.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

[May 24th, 1861.]

GILBERT SANDERS, Esq., Chairman of the Fine Arts Exhibition, having read the Address, the EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I have often found myself associated with your respected and spirited Society in promoting the high interests of science and agriculture.

I will not seek to establish distinctive grades of usefulness between the different branches of mental and social attainments; but we shall surely seek in vain for more elevating and refining developments of them than in the domain of the fine arts. You have, therefore, done well to add to those important realities of life with which it is generally your province to deal, the grace and the charm which the fine arts generally, and perhaps the art of painting especially, are calculated to impart. Before I actually make the inspection by which I am about to be gratified, it would be premature to express an opinion upon the precise merits of the Exhibition. I have little doubt, however, that a close inspection of the details will only confirm the effect of the rich and glowing spectacle which, as I stand here, I see before and around me. I congratulate the Society on the general co-operation with which they have been honoured from crowned heads, especially from our own beloved Queen; and I think there is every reason to hope that we may be gratified by seeing among the spectators of this Exhibition His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, during his auspicious residence in Ireland. The collection now about to be opened to the public gaze, besides its illustrations of ancient and modern art, will trace some of the manifold connexions between art and manufacturing skill, and will thus add point to the pleasing contrast adverted to in your address, that while in other regions and communities, either the baleful blight of war is ravaging the fair face of nature, or discord is summoning brothers to worse than warlike strife, we, the loyal subjects of our common Sovereign, the tranquil citizens of one united empire, the peaceful friends of the whole family of nations, are in new temples celebrating the high festivals of industry, art, and concord.

THE "VARTRY" WATERWORKS.

[JUNE 30TH, 1863.]

THE following Address was presented to the EARL OF CARLISLE, on the occasion of his diverting the waters of the "Vartry" from the old river channel into the new conduit intended to convey them to the city of Dublin for the supply of its inhabitants:—

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

"We, the Waterworks Committee of the Municipal Council, in the name of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of Dublin, beg leave to tender to your Excellency our warmest thanks for the cordial interest you continue to take in the progress of this the greatest public work undertaken by the municipality of Dublin since its first incorporation. Some months have elapsed since you kindly consented, at a period when doubts and misgivings as to the future still haunted the minds of many, to become sponsor for the Vartry Waterworks, testifying your well-grounded faith in the project by laying the first stone of our service reservoir, and not hesitating to identify with our undertaking the name of the Prince who is heir to the Throne of these realms, and whose virtues have already won for him the affections and the loyalty of this people.

"It cannot fail to prove gratifying to your Excellency to learn that the doubts and misgivings have passed away, and that all controversy as to the suitability of the project is at an end. Mr. Bateman—a man whose name is imperishably connected with the great Lough Katrine Works, and whose high repute gave scientific authority and engineering vitality to the doubts of the less skilful many—has recently re-investigated the whole project, under the sense of official responsibility, and, after a most rigid scrutiny of all its details, has confirmed the favourable opinions pronounced by your Excellency as to the essential soundness and certain success of the undertaking.

"To your Excellency, and to the members of your Government, whose co-operation you procured for us, we are indebted for the financial facilities which enabled us to prosecute these works to the state of advancement you have to-day witnessed. To that co-operation we owe

the success of our application for a loan of £250,000, and the reduction of the interest on that loan from *five* to *four* per cent. In the consequent diminution of their burdens to the extent of £2,500 a year, and in the abundant guarantee thereby afforded that we will be able to complete all our works without increasing either our borrowing powers or our present taxation, the citizens of Dublin will feel the benefit of the warm interest you have taken in their welfare, for which we now desire, in their name, to express our deep and lasting gratitude.

"The waters of this river have passed for countless ages through the channel in which they flow to-day for the last time. A new channel, intended to conduct them to more useful ends, has been designed by the skill of our engineers, and constructed under the direction of the eminent contractor, Mr. M'Cormick, to whose experienced and practised judgment we confidently intrusted all our works. Nearly two thousand native workmen, doomed to eat bread in the sweat of their brow, have here found their laborious industry requited by good wages, bringing in their train contentment and abundance; and your Excellency will learn with satisfaction that their conduct has been throughout marked by good order and disciplined obedience.

"It now only remains for the Waterworks Committee, in the name of the ancient and loyal Corporation of Dublin, respectfully to ask your Excellency to close this old channel now and for ever, and to command that 'the beautiful waters of the Vartry' shall henceforth flow through their new conduit, dedicated throughout all time to come to the high and holy purposes of ministering to the domestic wants, the physical health, and the moral elevation of the three hundred thousand people, in whose name and for whose use we humbly implore the Author of all good to bless, to sanctify, and to perpetuate the work you are now about to accomplish.

"JOHN GRAY,
"Chairman of the Waterworks Committee.
"Tuesday, June 30th, 1863."

The EARL OF CARLISLE replied as follows:—

I have to thank the Waterworks Committee of the Municipal Council of the city of Dublin alike for a friendly address, a picturesque expedition, and a very interesting and imposing ceremony. I well remember the inaugurative function of this great undertaking, and I cordially join

with you in rejoicing that it should have advanced thus far, smoothly and prosperously, in its progress towards completion. I almost feel that you invest me with powers to which neither my imagination nor my ambition ever soared, when you call upon me to divert the crystal waters from the course they have probably followed since these purple Wicklow hills emerged from the earth's crust, and to bid them flow in a new and virgin channel. I well know that this marvel has been achieved by high engineering genius, and by the scarcely less necessary co-operation of a hardy and honest industry. I fervently echo your prayer that the results of this spirited enterprise may fully accomplish all the purposes which have inspired its conception and progress. If in a neighbouring valley the eye of genius could see in the social pleasures which were gathered round "the Meeting of the Waters" a magic more exquisite than their own, so here we consecrate the parting of the waters to a still higher mission, to promote the health, comfort, and civilization of countless families.

The EARL OF CARLISLE, after a brief pause, addressing the assemblage, said :—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I have a very few words to add on this occasion. I wish to give a practical proof of the value I attach to this undertaking, by making a special recognition, in the only way open to me, of the indefatigable zeal and high ability evinced by the Chairman of the Waterworks Committee throughout the whole progress of the undertaking.

The EARL OF CARLISLE then commanded Dr. Gray to kneel down, and, receiving a sword from the Aide-de-camp in Waiting, laid it successively on each shoulder, using at the same time the words,

"RISE, SIR JOHN GRAY."

THE GRAND DEJEUNER AT THE VARTRY.

[JUNE 30TH, 1863.]

TOAST:

"The Health of the Earl of Carlisle, and Prosperity to Ireland."

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I BEG to return you my very sincere thanks for the honour you have done me in so kindly drinking my health. I can assure you that it has been no common gratification to me to have found myself on such an occasion one of a party so distinguished and so full of friendly sympathy. I must say that in all the elements which constitute success, whether it has been the weather, or the scenery, or the object of the day, or the company, or the host, we may look upon this day as a perfect success. I have already fully availed myself of the privilege of giving expression to the emotion of the hour, both in the way of words and in the way of action; and if I wished to give any further utterance to the feeling with which I contemplate such works as that of which we have seen the performance to-day, I would prefer not having recourse to any language of my own, but I would choose the words of one whom I must regard as the most exquisite poet of the civilized age, who says, with respect to such undertakings as that of which we have witnessed the successful progress this day—

"Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples worthier of the God ascend,
Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main;
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers through the land.
These honours peace to hopeful Ireland brings—
These are imperial works, and worthy kings."

The EARL OF CARLISLE, after a short pause, rose and said:—

I rise again to propose a toast which I am sure you will think it due

from me to give, and due from you to receive. I wish you to drink, as it deserves to be drunk, the health of our excellent entertainer, Mr. M'Cormick. This tribute is due from us on this occasion in two points of view—we owe it to the man who has applied the energies of a vigorous and manly understanding to those works in this country, and not in this country alone, which employ the honest labour of the people in developing the resources of the country, and in adding to the mastery of man over nature; and I am sure you will further agree with me that this tribute is also due to our spirited and generous entertainer. It is true that the business of the day has been solely concerned with water, but he has not limited us to water supply. Therefore, in the more generous beverages which are spread before you I ask you to drink as it it ought to be drunk, "The Health of Mr. M'Cormick."

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

CEREMONY OF LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE.

[AUGUST 11TH, 1862.]

WHEN the ceremony of laying the stone was completed, and the Address from the Churchwardens, &c., of the parish had been delivered,

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

GENTLEMEN,

I pray the clergy, churchwardens, and the parishioners of St. Andrew's Parish to receive my very warm thanks for their loyal and kindly Address. I feel very happy and very grateful to have been enabled to join myself to them and to our fellow-Churchmen of Dublin generally, in the interesting and solemn work of laying the first stone of their new parish church. It is gratifying to find that thus much has been already secured by the liberality of the community. But I must be allowed to express my earnest hope that nothing will be left undone to complete the design of the accomplished architect, and to make the new building

a credit to the city, and not an unfit embodiment of its high and holy destination. We know that the worship of the devout lip, and the contrite heart, and the aspiring spirit do not depend upon art or man's design. In rural and sequestered quarters nothing may be required but

> "Such special roofs as piety can raise,
> And only vocal with the Maker's praise."

But here upon the spot where I now stand—here in the very heart—the busy central heart of Dublin—here within sight of the noblest monuments of our architecture, let no niggard shortcomings be a blot alike upon our taste and our piety. I have a sincere and sanguine hope that, when the new church shall first be thrown open, whoever may be the Viceroy who shall assist at its solemn consecration, he will then see before him an edifice of spacious and comely proportions. It is then my most deep and fervent hope that within the walls which shall yet receive great crowds of worshippers, the voice of prayer—the swelling song of praise—the oracles of the eternal Gospel may never more be silent.

THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION PALACE, AND WINTER GARDEN.

CEREMONY OF LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE.

[JUNE 12TH, 1863.]

THE Address having been read, the EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

I can assure you that I have come to the discharge of my allotted part in the ceremony of this day with special pleasure. I feel this in two capacities. In the first, as one of your brother-shareholders, I cannot fail to witness with interest and hope the inauguration, under such auspicious circumstances, of an undertaking which, I trust, in addition to other advantages to which in a moment I will allude, will prove highly remunerative. Next, as the chief Governor, for the time being, of this country, I cordially sympathize with the higher and more disinterested motives which have presided over the whole progress of

the design. I rejoice sincerely that among the multiplied instances of the increasing enterprise and improving taste of this community—among the number of ecclesiastical, collegiate, municipal, and commercial structures which rise on every side of us, one spot should be set apart for bringing rational and refined entertainment within the reach of all classes, and adding to the public stock of blameless amusement. It will indeed be the best, though we do not wish it to be the only reward of the friends and patrons of this enterprise, when they shall be enabled to see large numbers of their fellow-citizens, with their wives and families, issuing perhaps from humble homes, and closing the labours of the counter and the factory, in the unrebuked enjoyment of the beauties of nature and the treasures of art. The list which your address presents of the varied attractions which are to be gathered on this favoured spot pourtrays an enchanted scene, where Flora is to girdle the shrine of every Grace and every Muse. I feel, however, that we have no need to resort to fable or to fancy, when we find our undertaking fostered and supported by the genial patronage of Leinster—the untiring benevolence of Guinness—the practical energy of Dargan. May the blessing from on High allow, prosper, and hallow our work.

THE INAUGURATION OF GOLDSMITH'S STATUE.

[JANUARY 5TH, 1864.]

PROFESSOR J. K. INGRAM, LL. D., F. T. C. D., read the following Address to His Excellency:—

"The Goldsmith Statue Committee, having completed the task intrusted to them, desire to state briefly to the subscribers and to the Irish public the circumstances under which this enterprise was undertaken, and to place on record their acknowledgments for the support by which they have been enabled to bring it to a successful issue. The project of a national memorial of Oliver Goldsmith was originated by His Excellency the Earl of Carlisle, who has thus shown an interest in the literary glories of our country which is well worthy of the imitation of Irishmen. His Excellency headed the subscription list with a munifi-

cent donation to the fund, and seconded the efforts of the Committee throughout the course of their labours by his cordial and generous encouragement. Her Majesty the Queen and the late illustrious Prince Consort honoured the movement with their gracious favour, and aided it with their Royal bounty. The country generally responded to the appeal of the Committee, and contributions were received not only from every part of the United Kingdom, but also from Irish residents in India, and settlers in the Australian Colonies. The execution of the Statue was intrusted by the unanimous vote of the Committee to John Henry Foley, Esq , an Irishman, and confessedly one of the first sculptors of our time. Mr. Foley generously subscribed towards the expense of the work the sum of one hundred pounds, and, zealous for the honour of his native country, exerted all the powers of his art on what, to him, was truly a labour of love. The Statue has been for some time placed on a temporary pedestal, in order that the Committee might be able to form a correct judgment as to the best position in which it could be placed. An opportunity has thus been afforded of obtaining the verdict of the public on the merits of the work; and there has been an unanimous expression of opinion that it is one of which Ireland may justly feel proud, not only as a worthy memorial of historic greatness, but as an evidence and trophy of living genius. It was the wish of His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant that the Statue should be erected on such a site that, whilst it would contribute to the adornment of the city, it would associate the memory of the poet with the University in which his early studies where pursued. The Board of Trinity College thus became specially interested in the work, and the Committee have owed much to their kind and liberal patronage. They not only from the first warmly entertained the project, but subscribed largely to the fund, and have at their own expense erected the permanent pedestal on which the figure of the poet now stands. It only remains for the Committee on the part of the general body of subscribers, to present the Statue, now happily completed and placed on its final site, to the Provost, Fellows, and Scholars of Trinity College. It will remain to our posterity, and especially to the youth who frequent this seat of learning, a visible symbol of the grateful and affectionate admiration which Irishmen must ever feel for the genius and writings of Oliver Goldsmith."

In obedience to His Excellency's command, the green drapery that concealed the Statue was withdrawn, and the Statue was displayed on

its permenant pedestal, and in all its artistic beauty, amid enthusiastic applause.

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

It is now about six years ago since I stood a short distance from a spot not out of sight of us, to do honour to a truly Irish and most delightful poet, Thomas Moore. In the performance of that grateful act of homage, I took it upon me to suggest that on the spot where we now are there should be raised a Statue of Oliver Goldsmith. The proposal seemed to be at once approved of: I will not say it has been hurried into completion; still, by the zeal and liberality of the many interested, it has been accomplished. Though not exposed for the first time to the view of the citizens, the figure now stands upon its appropriate pedestal, and I think we shall agree that any delay which may have occurred in the proceedings has been amply made up for by the grace, dignity, and excellence of the finished work. Look on him as he stands before you: the genial-hearted Irishman, the gentle moralist, the consummate poet stands in front of that College which gave him shelter in his early youth, but which I cannot affirm that he repaid with uniform docility. His subsequent fame, however, has more than made up that debt. Happily, indeed, for myself, and most happily for you, under this wintry sky, I am spared all necessity of detailing to you the adventures of his various career, or of dilating upon the characteristics of his no less various genius. Living biographers have done full justice to his history; and an eminent orator, at once the representative and ornament of this University, has unfolded all his high gifts of mind, and filial reverence, and congenial ability. We contemplate a career not free from imprudence, from error, nor even from ridicule, but redeemed by the most guileless simplicity, by the most romantic benevolence, by the most manly independence. We contemplate a genius of which no more accurate or pithy a summary can be given than in the words which his great friend, Dr. Johnson, inscribed upon the stone which bears his name in Westminster Abbey. "There was no style of composition he did not essay; none he essayed which he did not adorn." Out of so much variety, and so much excellence, if I were called upon to select the most striking specimens, I should naturally name the "Deserted Village," the "Traveller," and above all, perhaps, the "Vicar of Wakefield." Why, the walls of the Royal Academy of England would

not know themselves if a single year came round without exhibiting a subject from the "Vicar of Wakefield." Still, novelist, historian, satirist, essayist, dramatist, as he was, it is mainly as a poet that we represent to ourselves Oliver Goldsmith. If I were to seek for an adjective by which to distinguish his poetry, I do not think I could find one so fitting as "exquisite." Others have soared to greater heights, and shed intenser light in the poetical heaven; but where was ever combined more perfect rhythm, more mellow harmony, more refined simplicity, more graceful truth? Short as my limits must needs be, I would justify my praise by the most convincing process I could use by recalling a few notes of the music of his strains to your, I feel sure, not unaccustomed ears. Take the decline of a virtuous old age, lines I once heard with singular effect applied by Lord Brougham to Mr. Wilberforce:—

"For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves, to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend,
Bends to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be pass'd."

From this it is no violent transition to the Country Clergyman. It is very refreshing to observe how Goldsmith, amidst all his own irregularities and weaknesses, cherishes in his heart of hearts the most genuine and fervid sympathy with goodness. In the case before us this feeling is probably heightened by both his filial and fraternal affection:—

"At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place,
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service pass'd, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Goldsmith had a most happy gift of satire. I consider Pope to have been the greatest master that ever lived both of the most exquisite panegyric and of the most fierce and flaying invective. Between these two extremes Goldsmith could hit off the character of his acquaintance with a touch that was keen, incisive, but never ungentle. Thus, of his great friend Edmund Burke, of whom I shall still have to say a word more—

"There lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool, for a drudge disobedient,
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*."

Then of Garrick—

"There lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day;
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back."

It is difficult to say in these instances whether the praise or blame predominates, as must naturally happen when mixed characters are the subject, save only when he comes to Sir Joshua Reynolds, of whom he felt and delighted to feel that there was nothing but praise to be spoken:—

"There Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind,
Still born to improve us in every part—
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart."

I remember no English poet, except indeed it be Milton, who made more harmonious use of proper names in his verses. Thus:—

"On Idria's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side,"

. . . . .

"The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel;
Zeck's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel."

. . . . . .

"Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound."

. . . . . .

"Through torrid tracks with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe."

I remember consoling myself with that last couplet for a whole day when I was becalmed off the mouth of the Altama. But, above all, his skill in producing harmonious sounds is manifest in a passage which I shall quote for other reasons, not the least of them being that it seems to me to be strung to the loftiest chord in the whole compass of his lyre.

"And thou, sweet poetry! thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame.
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride!
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel—
Thou nurse of every virtue—fare thee well!"

Now for the full burst of harmony:—

"Farewell! and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Tornea's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the Polar world in snow—
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime.
Aid slighted truth: with thy persuasive strain,
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states of native strength possess'd,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away—
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky."

Just let us pause to consider his reference to poetry :—

> "——— Neglected and decried,
> My shame in crowds, my solitary pride."

Well, these tables are turned, at all events. Why are we met here to-day, the goodliest of the city—rank, authority, talent, beauty—but to pay honour to what he thought neglected and decried, to what was his shame in crowds ; here, in front of his own University, where he was the obscure sizar, but where he has given occasion to every sizar since to feel proud of his position ; even here, where we are told that he was laid prostrate on the floor by his brutal tutor, Mr. Wilder ?—there are no such tutors in Trinity College now, the home of all dignified and gentle learning under the mild sway of the venerable Provost—even here we are gathered round the poet's Statue, before London has erected a single statue in the open air to one of England's mighty bards. Mr. Foley has amply atoned for Mr. Wilder. At the beginning of these remarks I referred to the fact, that, while engaged in the inauguration of the Statue of Moore, I ventured to anticipate our work of this day in presenting to Dublin the Statue of Goldsmith. This was six years ago ; but let not six years now elapse before we shall have erected the Statue of Burke. See, the College authorities have most wisely and considerately left a corresponding space, which absolutely requires some one to fill it ; and who so fit for it as he who was probably the greatest intellect of Ireland, the consummate orator, philosopher, and statesman, Edmund Burke ? See, the very Statue of our Goldsmith seems to invite the presence of him who was both the most cherished companion of his social hours, and the readiest and the truest friend in his sore and frequent need. I know my sympathizing hearers—men of high station, men of various bearing, men of large heart—nor will I wholly omit you, fair daughters of Dublin, who have full sympathies for genius and for virtue, you will not be wanting to this most obvious and most patriotic duty. I know that this work has already enlisted the sympathy and exertions of many eminent and public-spirited citizens. I trust that no long time will elapse before, on this very spot, where the historic recollections, the architectural beauties, the main thoroughfares, all the pulses of Dublin life most converge, the passer-by as he halts for a moment, may look up, not without patriotic pride and emotion, to the Statues of Goldsmith and Burke.

OPENING OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF IRELAND,

AND INAUGURATION OF THE "DARGAN STATUE."

[MARCH 30TH, 1864.]

THE EARL OF CARLISLE, who was accompanied by the Marquis and Marchioness of Kildare, was received by Lord Talbot de Malahide, the Lord Justice of Appeal, John Lentaigne, Esq., and Joseph Boyce, Esq., Trustees.

ALEXANDER BOYLE, Esq., Honorary Secretary to the Dargan Statue Committee having read the Address,

The EARL OF CARLISLE directed the Statue to be unveiled. He said:—

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

We have just performed our part together in a most just and becoming tribute to the excellent public servant and citizen whose Statue we have now unveiled. His natural modesty, almost as remarkable as his merit, has prevented our seeing him at my side this day; but at all events I believe the talent of another citizen of Dublin, Mr. Farrell, enables us to recognise the form and features of William Dargan. The erection of public statues has always been considered to be the highest honour which free states and cities can pay to living merit. They have been frequently erected to kings and emperors, to warriors, statesmen, patriots, and, in Dublin at least, we may say to poets. But never could there have been a more appropriate memorial than that which we now place upon this ground to William Dargan. It is true that he wears neither the diadem of monarchs, nor the laurels of conquerors; his hands do not "sway the rod of empire, or wake the living lyre;" and we cannot pretend that his sturdy form and truthful lineaments are exactly cast in the mould of the Apollo Belvidere. But we raise his Statue because he supplies a memorable instance of how a simple, earnest, honest man, without any help from birth or fortune, by the energetic exercise of the faculties which God has given him, may not only raise himself to a commanding level beyond his own original position, but may also confer

signal benefits upon the men of his day, and upon the country which has learned to be proud of him, and thus prides to show it. And we place his Statue here, because on this very ground before us it was that the patient zeal, the strong faith, the disinterested liberality of Mr. Dargan brought to a successful issue that great Dublin Exhibition which gave a fresh impulse to the undertakings of art and science, of which we see the imposing monuments before us. In the adjoining building, which we are about to open, we shall pay fitting honour to those fine arts which bespeak the highest progress of refinement, and adorn the summit of the social column. While thus recognising upon our way these illustrious workmen, we do well to mark that the true basis of all national prosperity is to be found in the steady industry of which William Dargan was so eminently the type and teacher.

An Address having been presented by the Trustees of the National Gallery,

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I return my very sincere thanks to the Governors and Guardians of the National Gallery of Ireland for the Address they have presented to me, and for the share they have allotted me in the gratifying and auspicious proceedings of the day. The Address fully and clearly recounts the history of the origin and rise of this undertaking till the present hour; and I feel sure that no one can survey the noble proportions of the building which has been thus completed, or the works of art which already adorn its walls, without feeling conscious of the difficulties which must have been encountered, and grateful for the zeal, liberality, and judgment by which they have been thus far surmounted. No slight share of these qualities has been applied to this honourable and patriotic task by my distinguished colleague the Lord Chancellor. It would be hardly open to me to signalize the names of other contributors; but it will be allowed to me, in passing, to lament that the imposing assemblage now gathered here could not have been further graced by the venerable form and genial encouragement of the late Earl of Charlemont. Such losses naturally suggest that the delightful arts to which this building is more especially consecrated, painting and sculpture, besides their other happy influences in charming the eye, refining the taste, and elevating the soul of successive generations, have the inestimable privilege of transmitting to distant time the lineaments of de-

parted greatness, genius, and virtue. The previous course of Irish history has scarcely run smooth enough to foster the growth of galleries or museums of the fine arts; while, at the same time, neither the Irish mind nor the Irish hand have shown any want of susceptibility or adaptation to them. It is my very earnest wish that the institution which we now inaugurate may, by the display of foreign excellence, supply a fresh incentive and starting post to your own. It is now my pleasing office to declare the National Gallery of Ireland open.

SHAKSPEARE TERCENTENARY AND FESTIVAL BANQUET, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

[April 19th, 1864.]

THE noble Chairman, the EARL OF CARLISLE, on rising to propose

"The Queen,"

said he was unwilling, even in giving that toast, to divert from the immediate purpose of the day; but Shakspeare himself supplied, in part, a most fitting description of the character of the Monarch now happily reigning over this country:—

"She shall be
"A pattern to all princes living with her,
"And all that shall succeed.
" * * * All princely graces,
* * * * * *
"With all the virtues that attend the good,
"Shall still be doubled on her; truth shall nurse her,
"Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her."

The Chairman next gave

"The Prince and Princess of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family."

He said that with respect to the illustrious couple who headed the toast, it would not be inappropriate to resort to the court of Denmark for a description of them. He would characterize them as—

"The expectancy and rose of the fair State,
"The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
"The observed of all observers."

The Chairman next rose and said:—Ladies and Gentlemen, I come now to what we sometimes hear called "the toast of the evening"—yes, and the toast of the year; and I may with truth call it the toast of my life. This may give a hint to me, before I say one word more, that I ought in some way to account for being where I am. I will make no excuse for my own unworthiness, because, if we come to that, who can be deemed worthy to speak in behalf of Shakspeare? Plato might write of Socrates, but who could be the interpreter of Shakspeare? I believe that I am wholly indebted for the signal honour I am now possessed of to the circumstance of my having filled the office of Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests when some negotiations were being carried on respecting the purchase of Shakspeare's house in this town, which apparently established a kindly feeling between me and the inhabitants of Stratford-upon-Avon, which may have naturally led to their recurring to their previous recollections in connexion with the present celebration. In my case, it is a distinction which, as it was the last I should have anticipated for myself, I also thought the last that ought to be declined. I pass on to worthier themes. I heartily approve the idea of this festival. I think the leading events, epochs, and persons of this our earth require their occasional commemoration. Life is stagnant enough; men and women are commonplace enough, to avoid the risk of such disturbances cropping up too frequently. Least of all can the nation which boasts of Shakspeare fear to misplace her homage; and as I think it right that such a celebration should be held, I am not less clear that the right place to hold it in was Stratford-upon-Avon—his own Stratford-upon-Avon—that Stratford-upon-Avon around which all we know of Shakspeare—all except his undying works, is exclusively clustered—here, on about the most central ground of his own fair England, where I cannot but fancy that the whole impress of the scenery and rural life around is so unmistakeably English, that we like to be reminded how home-like and special and insular was the cradle of that poet for whom we claim the mastery over the universal heart of man, the password over the earth, and the many worlds beyond it. We are following, too, the good English rule of precedent, which was set for us by the celebration at Stratford in the last century, mainly under the auspices of him who seems to be universally acknowledged, out of the long line of illustrious players, of either sex, dead or living, who have distinguished, and in some instances identified themselves with the leading characters of

Shakspeare, to have held the foremost place as the interpreter of Shakspeare—David Garrick. But since that well-timed homage of the England of the eighteenth century to the memory of Shakspeare, with what colossal strides has his fame advanced in the estimation of mankind! In our own country, at the previous period, the public taste still allowed the representation of his plays to be overlaid by the clumsy alterations and tinsel additions of Dryden, of Cibber, and of Garrick himself—*Et tu, Brute!* I need not point out the gratifying contrast which the reverential and affectionate retention and restoration of the original text, and let me add the scrupulous attention to the whole keeping and chronology of the minutest accessories of the representation, supplies in our days. Then, abroad, the middle of the last century was the time when fast and fierce flew the arrows against the alleged barbarism of Shakspeare, aimed from the sarcastic armoury of Voltaire, which did not spare higher things than Shakspeare himself. Consult the first living names in the brilliant literature of France, and mark, not how altered, but how reversed the tone is in which Shakspeare is now spoken of and judged. As to Germany, I believe her boast is that she reveres, understands, and fathers him even more thoroughly than ourselves. I believe I may cite Goethe as the most representative name in the varied and teeming range of German literature; how does he designate Shakspeare? As the greatest traveller in the journey of life. Happily any endeavour to define or gauge the genius of Shakspeare would be as much beyond my mark as it would be beyond the limits and requirements of a scene like this. I think he would be a very clumsy worshipper at his immortal shrine who would not admit that his merits and beauties, while they are transcendant, are still unequal; and that in the whole range of his thirty-six admitted plays, in some of these he not only falls below his own level, but that of several of his contemporaries and successors. But take him in his height, and who may approach him? Presumptuous as the endeavour may appear to classify, there would seem to be a few great tragedies which occupy summits of their own—"Macbeth," "Hamlet," "Lear," "Othello;" I feel we may take our stand within that unassailable quadrilateral, and give our challenge to all the world. I feel indeed tempted to upbraid myself when I think of all the outlying realms of strength and comeliness which I thus seem to leave outside—the stately forms of Roman heroes, the chivalry marshalled around our Plantagenet kings, the wit of Mercutio, Beatrice, and Falstaff, the

maiden grace of Imogen and Miranda, Ariel the dainty sprite, Oberon and his elphin court, the memories which people the glades of the Ardennes, the Rialto of Venice, the garden of Verona, giving to each glorious scene and sunny shore a stronger lien upon our associations than is possessed even by their own native land. It is time that I should call upon you, in the right of all the recollections which must throng in your own breasts far more copiously and vividly than I could hope to present them to you—by the thrill you have felt in the crowded theatre, amid all the splendour of dramatic pageantry—by the calmer enjoyment of your closet leisure—by the rising of your soul when the lines which breathe and warm have led you to recognise and adore the Giver of such gifts to men, to join me in drinking, not with the solemn silence which a more recent death might have enjoined, but with the reverential love and the admiring fervour due to the day and the man—

"THE MEMORY OF SHAKSPEARE."

THE GREAT NATIONAL CRIMEAN BANQUET,

DUBLIN.

[OCTOBER 22ND, 1856.]

SOLDIERS OF THE CRIMEA,

MY wish now is not to speak long, but loud. I wish that every man I see before me could hear me say how proud I feel to be one of them this day. In the place I fill I have the right to tell you, in the name of the good Queen I serve, that her fine troops are welcome. I have the right to tell you, in the name of the Irish people, that they love brave men—that they know that you, one and all, have fought and toiled, and bled, and would have died at your posts; and so they have wished this day to fill your cups to the brim, and to give you the fat of the land. Not for the worth of the thing, not for the sake of gorging you with food, not for the stir of one short hour; but to show you and those who will come after you, and who, some day, will march under the same flags—that your countrymen, and your countrywomen, too, all wish to thank you for what you have done, and to show you that they remember you still in peace, when the din of war is over, and that

they will toast you at their feasts, and bless you in their prayers. We are thrown upon Irish ground, and Ireland has a right to give a welcome to heroes, because she has sent forth many to every grade in your ranks. But Irish hospitality is not stinted to her own children—as it was not asked, when the cheer rose loudest in your charge, whether it had most of the English, Scotch, or Irish accent—as it was not asked, when the red blood flowed in the field or in the trench, whether it gushed from English, Scotch, or Irish veins; and here to-day you are seated side by side at the same board, and you need no other passport but the bright medal which glows upon your manly breasts. It is indeed a deep cause of thankfulness to see you thus—you, who have breasted the steep slopes of the Alma—you, who have dashed along the fatal pass of Balaklava—you, who have held the blood-red heights of Inkerman—you, who have survived the midnight trench, the thundering rampart, and the deadly hospital—it is a matter of deep gratitude to see you thus under a roof of peace, and before a board of plenty. I know well, my friends, that your strength and your blood would be again given to your country, if your country should require them of you again. But I humbly trust that it will be so ordered that those faces I now see lighted up with such an honest glow will never again be darkened by a frown upon an enemy, but may ever beam with good will towards your fellow-men, and gratitude towards your God. I have now only to add that, in my belief, neither a Lord Lieutenant nor any other person ever had his health drunk by such a body of men; and I have only now to say, which I do from my very heart, to one and all of you, May God bless you.

PRESENTATION OF COLOURS

TO THE EIGHTEENTH ROYAL IRISH REGIMENT, PHŒNIX PARK.

[AUGUST 24TH, 1856.]

OFFICERS, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, AND PRIVATES OF THE ROYAL IRISH REGIMENT,

I BELIEVE that at almost the first moment of your arrival from foreign lands your fine regiment had the honour of being inspected by our beloved Queen, and that she directed to be conveyed to you her gracious approval of your gallant services. It is only, of course, in the character of her representative that I have now the extreme honour of delivering these new colours to a body of men thus distinguished both by Royal approbation, and still more by their own brave deeds. In addressing the Regiment of the Royal Irish upon so interesting and happy an occasion, the first of the kind that has occurred in the ancient capital of Ireland since the close of the late memorable war, I almost feel that I might carry my view even beyond your own well-filled ranks, and include all your countrymen who, by the side of their intrepid brethren of England and Scotland, and of our brave allies, have maintained the honour of their Sovereign and their race, alike by their brilliant valour and their heroic endurance throughout every turn and period of the desperate struggle. The ridges and dales of the fair Crimea, the deadly trench and bloody parapet, all are crowded with their thousand proofs that the heroic courage of Ireland has exhibited no falling off in the very newest of her sons. Confining myself, however, on this occasion, as is my proper business, to your Regiment alone, and to the services attested by those old colours now about to be replaced, and not, it must be acknowledged, before the necessity for doing so has become tolerably obvious to all who look upon those honoured shreds, I find certainly quite a sufficient abundance of glorious and stirring recollections to make a selection, within such limits as my time and my voice place at my disposal, no easy matter. In the earliest annals of this Regiment, under the immediate eye and guidance of a new King, it planted its colours on the breach of Namur; and accordingly those colours to this day bear

the name of *Namur*, and quartered, with the *Lions of Nassau*, and the Harp and Crown of your own native Ireland. From that they follow a yet more consummate General—the great Duke of Marlborough—through all his campaigns and all his victories; at the sieges of *Venloo*, *Liege*, *Menin*, *Lisle*, and *Tournay*—over the battle-fields of *Blenheim*, *Ramillies*, *Outenard*, and *Malplaquet*. Perhaps I may record with less pleasure that your Regiment crossed swords with our American kinsmen at Bunker's Hill; but there, as elsewhere, they nobly did their duty. I have alluded to their services under Marlborough; we have had in our own day a chieftain more illustrious than even Marlborough, but the duties of distant service prevented the Royal Irish Regiment from actually fighting under *Wellington*. I speak, however, almost within the shadow of the monument raised by his countrymen on his own native soil, to that great warrior. I speak—more touching association still—in the presence of those whose hoary hairs still recall the bright career of glory which they pursued—may I say learned?—under that great commander; and I call upon that grey pillar—I call upon their time-worn and honoured forms, as my witnesses that the great Duke himself would have approved and sanctioned the ceremony of to-day. But I have not even yet exhausted the trophies of the Royal Irish Regiment. I find them serving, for the most part under Irish commanders, at *Alexandria* under *Cradock*, still in *Egypt* under *Hutchinson*, in *China* under *Gough*—that revered Irish veteran, now happily here to witness your array in peace as he swayed your energies in war. The Sphinx of your flag speaks for Egypt, the Dragon for China. Further, your impetuous onset carried the Pagod of *Martiban* in the last Burmese war; and, latest of all, the memorable day, the *18th of June* saw you actually housed within *Sevastopol*; and the name of that great Russian stronghold, now just added to your victorious colours closes, up to this day at least, the long list of your glories. Such are the colours I may now deliver to your faithful keeping—your Regiment has won these honourable emblems in every quarter of the globe. In addition to the duties as soldiers, you are now called upon to exhibit your virtues as citizens; and let me remind you that one of those is to live in brotherly union, and not to think hardly of each other, though you may worship your Common Father in different houses of prayer. I feel sure, however, that no such lesson is needed under your present excellent officers. Receive, then, your new colours, men of the Royal Irish Regiment, at

my unworthy hands; and it can scarcely be unsuitable for me at such a moment to put up a fervent prayer to the God of Armies, that they may still, as even heretofore, be the rallying point of victory during war, and float above you in blameless honour during peace.

INSTALLATION OF LORD GOUGH AS KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK.

THE BANQUET AT DUBLIN CASTLE.

[JANUARY 30TH, 1857.]

WITH respect to our newest Knight, I feel, on the one hand, that the only point on which I cannot congratulate him is extreme youth. At this, however, he cannot repine, when every year that has gathered round that comely and revered head has been marked by a series of services and of glories. To present an accurate record of so illustrious a life would far exceed the limits of the present occasion. Under the greatest of our commanders, Irishborn like himself, he learned the ways of heroes; he had the happy art of inspiring the ardour which he felt—for which I might refer to that 87th Regiment which he led through a succession of triumphs; and even his recent achievements on a wider theatre have not effaced the renown of the stand he made at Tariffa. When he had emerged to supreme command, he did not find even the enormous empires of China and India fields either too remote or too extensive for the flash of his onset or the laurels of his victories. I might appeal to the soldiers whom he led, and to the family which loves him, whether his heart is not as warm and tender as it is resolute and daring. Now that he is restored to the peaceful bosom of his own Ireland, I own I feel pride in thus having the opportunity, in the presence of his brother Knights, of so many of his countrywomen, whom I am confident he will think no disparagement even to that high company, of his brave companion in arms, himself a foremost ornament of that military service which they both have elevated, the present Commander of the Forces in Ireland, now to bid welcome and God speed to this

additional and most appropriate member of the special Order of the National Chivalry; and I ask you all to drink "Length of health, honour, and happiness to Lord Viscount Gough.

PRESENTATION OF COLOURS

TO THE SECOND BATTALION OF THE EIGHTEENTH ROYAL IRISH, PHŒNIX PARK.

[AUGUST 24TH, 1859.]

COLONEL CAMPBELL, OFFICERS, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, AND PRIVATES OF THE SECOND BATTALION OF THE ROYAL IRISH REGIMENT,

I AM, in good truth, glad to meet you here to-day. I am proud you should take from my hands the colours I have placed in yours. I feel this from more than one cause. In the first place, three short years back, on the self-same day, it was my high honour, not on the same spot, but still on the green Irish sod, to present the colours of the other and older Battalion of the same Royal Irish Regiment, acting in behalf of that much beloved Queen whom I still here represent; next, because the flag that I then gave to their charge has been held by no unworthy hands, but has been borne on to noble fortunes. It was my part to tell them there how the brave band over which it waved had fought all the fights of the great Duke of Marlborough, how it shared in the great wars of Egypt and China, under our own veteran hero, Lord Gough, and how, in the days that seem scarce yet passed, it had been what I took on me to call "housed in Sebastopol." These brave fellows did not go to sleep on their laurels, but have since the time they last left this shore been doing the tough bloody work of their Queen and country on the hot plains and midst the fierce mutinies of India, more to be feared and deplored than the most destructive efforts of the foreign and open foe. Thus far I have spoken mainly of your associates in the other Battalion; but as you will bear the same name—as you will march under a like flag—as you spring for the most part from the same race—I have no fear that you will in any way fall short of what they are and what they have done, and that the only doubt will be of which of the two Battalions of the Royal Irish,

the service and the Queen and your own old Ireland will have most reason to be proud. I am pleased to hear that since the orders came out for the formation of the second battalions the ranks of no regiment could have been more promptly and closely filled than your own; still more pleased, too, am I to learn that since the time of its being assembled here the Regiment not only presents the fine appearance which all around can judge, but by its good conduct and discipline has earned the approval of the commanding officer, and of the distinguished general, that excellent soldier and excellent man, who has the chief military command in this country—Lord Seaton. Little now remains but that I should give these, your new colours, to your own good keeping. It is not given to me, or to any man, to foresee under what circumstances you may have to use them, or whither they may be privileged to lead you. You receive them under what, as a not fighting man, I may allow myself to call happy conditions—here, under the eye of brave comrades, of approved commander, of sympathizing beauty, upon the noblest of Irish swards, beneath skies of more than accustomed lustre, at a time when a generous God has permitted our homes to repose and our harvest to be gathered in peace—has quelled the frenzies of rebellion—has saved us from the shock of contending nations. The soldier can never tell how soon these fair conditions may be reversed—how soon he may be exposed to unhealthy climates, to severe privations, to all the risks of battle, to the deathbed of fame. I am sure I am not wrong in thinking that I see men before me prepared for all fortunes. Take, then, these honoured colours—may the Almighty bless them to you in peace and in war, in sunshine and in storm. Hold fast to them and to all the high efforts of which they are the signs and symbols, even as you hold fast to the ways of honour and the hopes of heaven.

THE DEJEUNER.

Lieutenant-Colonel CAMPBELL having proposed

"The Health of the Earl of Carlisle,"

His Lordship said:—

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CAMPBELL, AND GENTLEMEN,

I need not tell you that I feel very sincerely your having just done me the honour of drinking my health. I feel that I have lost my voice in the service of the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Irish; but when I know

many I see now before me are prepared not only to risk their voices but their lives for the credit of that gallant Regiment, I do not think I can make much of my own privations. I had an opportunity of saying nearly all that occurred to me on behalf of your noble Regiment. I hope you will make yourselves the equals of the first Battalion—you cannot do more, nor will Colonel Campbell or yourselves be satisfied with your being or doing less. I have nothing more to do except to say that to all the other merits of the Regiment they add that of a most liberal and gracious hospitality; and, therefore, Ladies and Gentlemen, who are now their guests, we feel ourselves sufficiently primed to drink, with right good will and sounder lungs than I can at this moment command, to the honour and prosperity of the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Irish. Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, I propose—"Colonel Campbell and the Royal Irish Regiment!"

ADDRESS TO CAPTAIN SIR LEOPOLD M'CLINTOCK,

BY THE MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

[March 15th, 1860.]

DR. WALLER having read the Address,

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

Sir Leopold M'Clintock,

I consider it a high and fortunate privilege for myself, that by virtue of the position which I fill in this country, and specially in this Society, I am charged with the duty of placing the very interesting and appropriate Address to which we have just listened, in your own brave and honest hands. The document itself amply and sufficiently sets forth the exact grounds upon which this recognition and distinction have been awarded to you by the eminent body which is now gathered around you. It is not the first body from which such tokens have proceeded—it will not be the last. We are echoing here to-day the expressions of welcome and approval which have already found utterance

from the Corporations of Dublin and London—from the Parliament of the united realm—from the Royal lips which have supplied the new title by which I have addressed you. The qualities of disinterested and chivalrous enterprise, of manly hardihood, of self-collected calmness in perplexity and danger, are obvious to all who have followed your eventful story. The contributions you have made to geography, to natural history, and to science generally, can be best appreciated by this and other kindred learned bodies. But if I may speak for myself—and I may say, in passing, that if it had not been for a very special interest in the proceedings of the day a recent family bereavement would have kept me in privacy—if I may assign weight to my own immediate impressions—above the mere attributes of bravery and fortitude, common, we may proudly think, to so many of your countrymen, and certainly to so many of your associates—above any additions to our geographical and scientific knowledge, however intrinsically important, I should class that genuine, thorough absence of all assumption and affectation—that pervading modesty of the manners and the heart, which is typified in your whole career, in the clear, transparent current of your narrative, most of all, perhaps, in your breathing and living presence. None, indeed, like the brave and trusty companions of your wanderings and your perils, can have felt the force and the contagion of that even spirit—that hopeful cheerfulness—that sober piety, as unostentatious, and more precious than all the rest. Yes, and they must have felt during that long unbroken night of Arctic winter, when no change of hue relieved the leaden sky—when no sound of life broke upon the icy air, that though the material sun had departed from their gaze, and ceased to mark their day from their night, there was a moral light and a moral warmth among them, which, in the darkest and the dreariest hour, kept clear for them the path of their duty and fed the beacon of their hope. Receive, then, Sir, even from these inefficient hands, the Address which the Royal Dublin Society now tender to you. Perhaps, from a man who, in his day and vocation, has done so much, it would hardly be fair to expect that any more remained to be done; but whatever may be the Divine will in this respect, I am sure that we all join in wishing that you may very long enjoy the affectionate intercourse of your friends and the admiring gratitude of your countrymen.

THE DEJEUNER ON BOARD THE "ADRIATIC" STEAMER, KINGSTOWN HARBOUR,

GIVEN BY THE DIRECTORS OF THE GALWAY ROYAL MAIL STEAM-PACKET COMPANY.

[JULY 30TH, 1863.]

THE Chairman, J. CHAPMAN, Esq., rose, and said that one of the most gratifying duties which a person in his position had to discharge was when he had the opportunity, rarely afforded him, of proposing the health of a high and distinguished officer of the State, of one occupying the exalted position of Her Majesty's representative in Ireland. In proposing the health of His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, who had so kindly honoured them with his presence that day, he felt he was proposing the health of one who had endeared himself to the Irish people. In speaking of His Excellency he could not forget that he referred to one to whose family his (the Chairman's) family were deeply indebted in days gone by. Amongst the most delightful recollections of the sunny days of his boyhood were those on which in his grandfather's old yellow chariot he enjoyed the pleasure of being driven through the majestic glades and avenues of Castle Howard. At that period he could never have imagined that he would stand there, a white-haired man, the Chairman of the Galway Packet Company, to propose the health of the head of that distinguished family, now occupying the high position of Viceroy of Ireland. He felt, therefore, peculiar pleasure in proposing the health of His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, and prosperity to Ireland.

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

Mr. CHAIRMAN, MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

I am sure you will allow one white-haired man to return thanks for the courtesy and kindness that have been bestowed on him by another white-haired man. In taking advantage of the very kind invitation of the company to inspect this noble ship and to partake of its liberal hospitality, I am most glad to express the hearty good wishes I feel for the future success and prosperity of the Royal Atlantic Mail Steam Navi-

gation Company. I do not forget, my Lords and Gentlemen, that it is not open to me to take any credit to myself or to my colleagues in the Imperial Government for whatever merit may be justly due to those who originally set on foot this undertaking. It is no part of our present business, however, to refer to the contrasts or the controversies of the past, and I fully subscribe to the philosophy of the old saying,

"All's well that ends well."

With respect to the future I yield to no man in the heartiness of my wish for the complete success of the whole undertaking; and I am sure that the proceedings of the Company could not have been better inaugurated than on board the magnificent vessel in which we are now assembled—this sumptuous ocean palace, in which I am only too proud to discharge the functions assigned of old to the Doges of Venice of wedding the State to our new "Adriatic." May all happy influence flow from this auspicious connexion! Safe be your voyages, propitious your winds, large your cargoes, skilful your captains, active and healthy your crews, remunerative your returns! And if I may express any further wishes, distinct from the internal affairs and functions of the Company itself, it would be that, when these noble vessels have sped their useful and civilizing errands across the broad Atlantic, they may bring back to us the joyful tidings that the blood of our brethren has ceased to flow in murderous conflict, and that the nations and races once more repose in peace.

The EARL OF CARLISLE again rose, and said:—

He had already had an opportunity of expressing his admiration of the noble vessel on board of which they were assembled, and his good wishes for the success of the Company. He was sure he would best embody that feeling, as well as the gratitude which they all felt towards their hospitable entertainer, by calling on them to drink the health of the Chairman. Those who knew most of the affairs of the Company were best aware how much they owed to the active and zealous co-operation of the Chairman with the eminent persons with whom he was associated. He begged, therefore, to give them the health of the Chairman of the Royal Atlantic Steam Navigation Company.

THE LAUNCH OF THE IRON SHIP,

"KNIGHT COMMANDER."

[FEBRUARY 24TH, 1864.]

THE DEJEUNER.

TOAST:

"The Health of the Earl of Carlisle, and Prosperity to Ireland."

LADIES, MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN,

I BEG to return you my very sincere thanks for the honour which has been so kindly, so aptly, and so considerately proposed, and so cordially received. I am always most desirous for the prosperity of Ireland, at the same time that I feel most diffident about my name being coupled with the sentiment; but, however that may be, I feel sure that the work in which we have been engaged this morning is most properly associated with the prosperity of Ireland. You have all, Ladies and Gentlemen, seen the ship launched; you have been able to judge of her size, of her lines, and her proportions. I have always thought that the successful launch of a large ship, taking into account all it presents to the eye and suggests to the mind, is a sight which has few parallels. This is, I believe, the largest vessel that has ever been built in Dublin; and when we remember that the spot upon which it has been built, and upon which it has acquired all its beauty, was, not two years ago, only a bed of oozy mud, over which the advancing and receding tide sluggishly rolled, I trust we may consider the achievement of to-day to be a promise of many similar and even greater triumphs, and in the still water, view a type of the onward progress of universal Ireland from the sediments of langour and stagnation to all the busy impulses of steady industry and successful enterprise. Our good vessel of to-day, the "Knight Commander," has been launched and christened under the brightest and fairest auspices, and I am sure that we, one and all, win the heartiest wishes that the favour of Him "in whose breast are the winds and the waves, and in whose gift the silver and the gold," will always give it prosperous voyages and remunerative returns. You will, I am sure, allow me to propose to you a

toast which has many claims upon your cordial acceptance, inasmuch as it combines not only in his own individual capacity the Chairman who has shown us how aptly he is qualified to preside on such an occasion as this, but also the respected firm of builders who have accomplished so much in the complete vessel we have seen launched to-day; and, in passing, I may express my regret that, from peculiar circumstances, we could not have the pleasure of seeing amongst us the elder Mr. Bewley, who is so appreciated and respected by all the inhabitants of our city, and not the least to say the gentlemen who have provided us with this magnificent entertainment, which we have also much pleasure in enjoying. I beg leave to propose the health of the builders of the ship, and to connect that toast specially with the name of Mr. Webb.

INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE TO THE EARL OF BELFAST,

ONLY SON OF THE MARQUIS OF DONEGAL.

[NOVEMBER 1ST, 1855.]

THE Chairman of the Committee of the Memorial to the late Earl of Belfast, LORD DUFFERIN, having handed over the statue (Mac Dowell, artist) to the Mayor, Thomas Verner, Esq., to be preserved by him, as a possession of that great town whose name he bore,

The EARL OF CARLISLE delivered the following Inaugural Address:*—

MR. MAYOR, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN,

In commencing the part assigned to me in the solemn and affecting office for which we have been brought together, I feel that I ought to

* "The inauguration address of the Earl of Carlisle was a noble tribute to the memory of the Earl of Belfast. One of the first literary men of the day, who listened with unbounded delight to it, exclaimed at its close, 'Twas a glorious address. I would not have missed it for any consideration.' The Earl of Carlisle is a poet, a philosopher, and

state, in the outset, that though I have come here on this occasion, surrounded by the respect and courtesy which is usually conferred upon the high office that I have now the honour to fill in this country, yet it was not in any public or official capacity that I was first summoned to this pious duty, nor is it merely as the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland that I now take my stand under this still monument. Long before I had the slightest idea of being again called to any public function in Ireland—on the plea of personal regard and sympathy—at the special desire, which I at once felt to be imperative, of the honoured parents of him who is no more, I was invited, and undertook to be present at the inauguration of the Statue of the late Earl of Belfast, and there to speak such words as the occasion, and as the feelings of my heart might appear to warrant. But, Ladies and Gentlemen, though I may thus appear to divest myself of all my official attributes in the task which I am now endeavouring to fulfil, yet I am far from wishing to represent it as devoid of a public—a national—and even an universal interest. For what purpose, let me ask, is it that we are now assembled? To pass what, in both ancient and modern nations, has been always reckoned as the highest and culminating honour which can attach to the departed—to raise a Statue to their memory, in the full light of day, where the concourse of men is thickest. And to whom, let me ask, also, is this honour to be assigned? Is it to the successful warrior, who has defended the firesides, and upheld the glories, of his native land? Is it to the veteran statesman, whose long career of honoured years has been numbered by successive benefits bestowed on his fellow-citizens? Is it to the powerful monarch whose will is law—whose breath is patronage? No; but to a young man who had only attained the age of

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a Christian, and never have his high talents and elevated, chaste, and generous feelings been exhibited to greater or more deserved admiration. His Excellency spoke with great eloquence and power. No hearts were untouched by his moving and most graceful reference to the early and deplored death of Lord Belfast, to his genius and rare virtues, and to the singular forebodings which seemed to have preyed on the mind of the youthful Earl that his years were to be few. With great tact Lord Carlisle set forth before the multitude, who hung upon his words, the most prominent of the leading traits of the Earl of Belfast's mind and character; and as these were glanced at, all must have felt how worthy the departed Noble was, of all the honour done to his memory, and how peculiarly auspicious it was that it had devolved on one so lofty in worth, and genius, and position, as the Earl of Carlisle, to preside at the inauguration ceremony."

twenty-five years, who had never filled any public station, and who, if connected with the people of this district by the ties of hereditary descent and anticipated inheritance of property, yet now, from his cold grave, cannot remunerate, or even thank, one human being. From the narrow scope of a life so short—a career so modest, let me endeavour, with the brevity which time and other duties enjoin, to gather a very few of those prominent reasons which have procured for Frederick Richard Earl of Belfast, this touching and remarkable commemoration of sorrow and of love. Upon the affection of his friends, upon the idolatry of his family, I make no pause. It is not these which have reared this Statue, though how proudly their breasts will throb at this emphatic recognition of all that they so fondly honoured and loved! Notwithstanding his short space of life, he published several compositions in various walks of literature. But neither upon these do I propose to exercise the office of a critic. Of what has been given to the public the public is the only competent judge. I am content with being able to pronounce upon them the most essential of all praises—

"Dying, he left no line he wished to blot."

But it is some praise that a young man of one of the first families in the country—born, so to speak, in the purple—reared amidst all softness—inclined, as well by temperament as by training, to the keenest susceptibilities of refinement, to the polished and imaginative side of human existence, to the soft influences of art, and music, and song—should not yet have confined himself to those smooth limits and trim enclosures from which the bleak winds of our working-day world are shut out so carefully, but should have taken the more real, as well as the more generous, view of the true purposes of human existence. From the days of his early boyhood he had a strong, I may say a fervent wish to apply the faculties which his Creator had given him to the service of his fellow-men, and especially of his fellow-countrymen. Yes, men of Belfast, this it is which gives its special appropriateness to the site selected for his image. It was the country of his sires—it was the city of his name—that filled his constant day dream, and inspired his continuous effort. I have hinted at his aptitude for musical composition, in which he showed such remarkable proficiency. Well, I find that the sale of his earliest musical compositions brought him the sum of £100, which he applied to the relief of the sufferers by famine in the dreadful years of 1846 and 1847, the horrors of

which were felt even in your rich and busy Ulster, and which excited in his young heart, as well as in that of others to whom I should be proud to refer, such heartfelt sympathy. He had long entertained an eager hope of founding in this city an Institution, combining reading and lecture rooms for the working classes, with a gallery for painting and sculpture—arts which he loved and appreciated so well. I have a mournful satisfaction in referring to him as an associate in the delivery of lectures in public assemblies; and many of you, I doubt not, will remember with pleasure the promptitude with which he came forward to make his first speech in public, on a sudden emergency, at the opening of the Belfast School of Design, and acquitted himself so creditably as to occasion the absence of even Mr. Charles Dickens to be scarcely regretted. I am told that, during almost the latest days of his life he was busily engaged in preparing a series of lectures for the people of Belfast, on the literature of America, and in planning premiums for the best essay, by a working man, for the Working Classes' Association. And during his last and fatal journey his thoughts still clung to Ireland. Hear his own words from a private letter :—"We coasted along the beautiful rocky shore of Southern France, which could be already seen in the brilliant starlight, while a long line of white foam, sparkling with phosphorescent light, marked our course over the unruffled expanse of the dark blue water. I sat on the deck, and made the shore echo back the lovely airs of Ireland, which I whistled loudly as I went—but not for want of thought—for I thought of Ireland, and of Malone, and of many happy and peaceful hours passed beneath its roof; and I thought myself a patriot, and felt that, were it not for that (to me) most trying climate, I myself would be an Irishman—one by practice as by precept—for, by love for my country, and by a devoted affection and interest in her welfare, and by a deep sense of all that is poetical, and is esteemed chivalrous in that fated nation, I am already a patriot!" And do thou, fair Ireland, appreciate the filial affection of your sons! It has not always been so constant.

"His heart, untravell'd, fondly turned to thee."

His young days seem to have caught the shadow of that dim presentiment of his death, which is so often conjoined to delicate and susceptible temperaments. When he was quite a boy, he wrote a letter, begging pardon for some boyish fault, to his mother (I almost recoil from the ideas of sorrow and of love connected with that name), in which he

says:—"I entreat you to put an end to your silence, as I feel persuaded I have not long to enjoy your tenderness or care. It may be a morbid conviction, but it is one deeply rooted within me." And then, leaving England for the last time, he made the thoughtful arrangements for those who had served him, and for those who were loved by him, as if, to use his own words on the occasion, they were preparations, not for a journey, but for death. This is the knell often heard in the inmost recesses of the human bosom, without the privity of the outside world, hushing other angry discords, and lulling every pulse of life into evenness and harmony with itself. Much to be envied is he who learns betimes to listen to that still, solemn melody. I should leave even this very rapid sketch incomplete, if I forebore to mention that there are evidences scattered over the letters and manuscripts, as well as over the tenor of his whole conduct, which indicate an early and an abiding habit of deep, unostentatious piety. I might refer to some prayers which were found written when he was quite a boy, and really of a most comprehensive character; but I feel that the surest test in these matters is supplied by a life, the presiding aim of which was usefulness, and the pervading atmosphere was love. If, then, inhabitants of Belfast, you have at all gone with me in the interpretation which I have feebly endeavoured to put upon the life and character of the late Earl of Belfast, you will know why the posthumous image which is to record them is now about to meet the gaze of your public thoroughfares. And I trust it will not be without its useful effect on the generations rising around us—upon those which are to succeed us—that even at a time when the national mind is engrossed by high feats of military glory, and kindled by the daring valour and admirable fortitude of our countrymen in arms—at that very time, a great and thriving community should have paused to render this signal homage to peaceful, private, youthful, modest virtue. Such a combination irresistibly recalls to me words in which I had rather leave my parting impressions with you than in any of my own. They are from the lines addressed by Pope to the youthful Duke of Buckingham:—

> "Yet softer honours, and less noisy fame,
> Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham,
> In whom a race for courage famed and art
> Ends in the milder merits of the heart;
> And, chiefs or sages, long to Britain given,
> Pays the last tribute of a Saint to Heaven."

As these last words were uttered the veil was withdrawn, and the Statue stood revealed, bearing the following inscription, written by the Earl of Carlisle:—

Frederick Richard, Earl of Belfast,*
BORN NOVEMBER 5TH, 1827;
DIED FEBRUARY 11TH, 1853:
HE WAS PERMITTED, IN A CAREER THUS BRIEF,
AND IN A PRIVATE STATION,
TO EXHIBIT RARE ACCOMPLISHMENTS AND VIRTUES.
IN SORROWFUL COMMEMORATION
OF THEIR BRIGHT PROMISE, AND EARLY CLOSE,
ALL CLASSES OF HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS
HAVE RAISED THIS STATUE.

THE BANQUET.

TOAST:

"The Health of the Earl of Carlisle."

THE EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR WORSHIP, MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN,

I certainly do think it a very great, and the crowning honour to the warmth of welcome which I have experienced on this, my first visit to the North of Ireland and the town of Belfast, to have had my name re-

* In allusion to the young Earl of Belfast's death having happened at Naples, the Ode by Denis Florence M'Carthy opens with the following softly-flowing, cadenced Proem:—

"Maidens of Italy,
Napoli's daughters,
Send the sad requiem
Over the waters;—
Over the waters,
Solemnly, slowly,
Sing the sad requiem,
Mournfully, lowly;—
Sing the sad requiem,
Chaunt the low ditty,
Maids of the golden-shored—
Heaven-cinctured city.
Ye who beheld him last,
Fair with life's youthfulness,
Heart-warm with nobleness,
Soul-proud with truthfulness,
Stricken down instantly,
Wrapped in death's gloominess—
While, 'neath his window rose,
Living and luminous
Azure-hued golden waves.
Parthenopæan
Up to the Lord of Life
Singing their pæan.
Borrow their musical
Murmur, ye maidens,
Weak words of elegy
Borrow their cadence.
Wail him beside the blue
Lazulite waters,
Maidens of Italy,
Napoli's daughters."

ceived as it has just been by such a company as that which is now assembled here. I see among you, Gentlemen, men of large hereditary property and high historic descent; members of all our leading professions, including the heroic ornaments of our military service; I see fathers of the Church, and lights of the law; and, especially, many of the enlightened and spirited architects of their own fortunes—who, by their enterprise, intelligence, and integrity, have done so much in nurturing the marvellous progress of Belfast and its whole adjacent region. I am conscious, Gentlemen, that I sustain one great disadvantage from never having been here before. I can perceive, and can wonder at, the indications of activity, wealth, industry, and public spirit which surround me on every side. But I cannot compare the present with the past, from which it has emerged. I can see how much has been done, but I cannot rightly estimate how much of it has been done by the active hands and thinking heads which now throng your streets, or are gathered together around this very board. I cannot tell how rapidly achieved has been the contrast between the present aspect of your wards and thoroughfares, and that period when the Lough only gleamed between the silent hills, and when neither chimneys nor palaces fringed the sides of the Lagan. It seems to me, Gentlemen, rather a piece of superfluous impertinence when a stranger, who has been the last to arrive, proceeds to drench those who have been all their lives inmates of the place, with a copious dose of their own statistics—and Belfast is sufficiently provided with merchants, with manufacturers, with professors of science and literature, to furnish all the information that can be needed respecting its progress in commerce, manufactures, wealth, and education. It has many useful and noble institutions for the instruction of youth, and for the promotion of knowledge and religion. May it ever find a great many to profit by them. It has, as I have witnessed to-day, as good a prison as any in the world—may it find very few to profit by it! I have no doubt that, like all other great commercial communities, this district sustains its periods of reverse and depression; and I doubt not that the terrific war which is now shaking Europe to its centre, must make itself felt in the conduct of business so extensive as yours, and which leans so much upon the supply of the raw material from such a wide circumference. What influence this ought to have upon the cultivation of flax in your own fields I must leave to practical men to decide; but while matters such as this must be decided, and can only be decided, by

considerations of material interest, yet I do know where more interested considerations had no weight at all. I have had an opportunity of seeing how many of the men of Belfast, and Antrim, and Down, and of Ulster, as well as of all the other Irish Provinces, have returned from the seat of war, piteously wounded and disabled indeed, but exhibiting as much of patience and exemplary fortitude in their lorn condition as they had of heroic daring in the deadly trenches and on the crimsoned battle-field. I make no scruple to declare that every day that passes over our heads only makes me intensely long for the day when the sword can be sheathed with honour; and, as it is the happy fortune of this country to be able, when its sons assemble for festive purposes, to drink the health of so many Sovereigns as its allies, I for one shall hail with pleasure such an elongated list of toasts as shall comprise every Sovereign in Europe, without exception; but, till the attainment of a peace which shall be at once fair, safe, and honourable, I feel confident that, while our soldiers are thus prodigal of life and limb, our citizens will be cheerful and resolute in making the exertions which such a struggle entails; and that you, Gentlemen of Ulster, will show yourselves equal to the sacrifices of the war, as you have, in times past, shown yourselves able to reap the noblest laurels of peace. With respect, Gentlemen, to my own share in the proceedings of this evening, and of the two busy days which preceded and are to follow, you are, I believe, aware that I came hither, originally, more upon a matter of private and domestic than of public, and certainly in no degree of what is usually termed political concerns. And, now that we are assembled here in more festal guise, and more after the usual manner of public assemblies, I feel confident that no political difference will obtrude itself between us. In the higher and more true sense of politics, indeed—how to govern countries by the light of temperate wisdom, and in the paths of Heaven-decreed order—how to turn citizens to the blessed purpose of their existence here—I trust no essential difference will be found among parties, however opposed, or Churches, however divided. In these respects we can all widely benefit both the country and the age to which we belong, by cheerful obedience to the laws of the realm—by that spirit of conciliation, forbearance, and love, which is the higher law of Heaven. The condition of Ireland is at present such, on the whole, as gives rise, in my mind, to the strongest feelings of satisfaction and of hope. There is, generally, a manifest decrease of outrage and crime,

with one or two occasional hideous exceptions, sufficient to warn us where human conduct is concerned, never to presume. Agriculture is undergoing an immense development and improvement; and it must be the care of many of you, Gentlemen, to see that our manufacturing processes exhibit a similar progress. New schools of education—new Colleges of learning—new temples of religion—are multiplied on every side, and the general condition of the people has strikingly advanced in ease and comfort. They are better fed—they are better clothed—there is an infinitely greater proportion of shoes and stockings than when I was in Ireland last; and the new complaint of Ireland is, that there are almost too few hands to work, and too few mouths to be fed. I indeed heard lately something of new arrivals being expected in this country from America. Well, then, Gentlemen, will they be those of Irishmen returning home to till their fields again—to work their looms again—to kiss their wives and families again. If so, we will bid them heartily welcome, provided, at least, they come in some moderation. Can it be that they could come here with any hostile intention? I feel sure that the good sense, as well as the good feeling of all true-hearted Irishmen or Americans would repudiate the monstrous supposition. But we will not let such preposterous images mar our social harmony; and I would rather leave you with the bright impressions about you of successful commerce, rewarded industry, restored peace, and expanding civilization. These ideas connect themselves prominently with the town of Belfast; and the best way for me to embody them is, to ask you to drink the health of its First Magistrate—the Chairman who has so ably presided over the proceedings of the evening. I give you—"The health of the Chairman of the evening, the Mayor, and the Corporation of the Town of Belfast."

AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS,

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY OF IRELAND,

AND THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY'S CATTLE SHOWS.

THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY'S SPRING CATTLE SHOW.

[April 12th, 1855.]

L. E. FOOT, Esq., having read the Address,

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I beg to assure you that I receive with peculiar gratification the Address of the Vice-Presidents, Council, and Members of the Royal Dublin Society. The official capacity with which I have just been invested confers upon me the honourable distinction of being its *President;* but the interest I must feel in its prosperity and progress does not date, as you have kindly reminded me, from my latest arrival in Ireland, and is not confined to any merely formal or nominal connexion. I am aware that since my former residence in this capital the schemes and operations of your Society have received considerable modifications and enlargements; and I look forward with much interest to the opportunities which my renewed sojourn will give me of marking the various stages of growth and development which you have already attained, and attending—if I dare hardly say assisting—any onward advances which it may still be in your power to accomplish. The promotion of husbandry and other useful arts in Ireland must be objects appealing to the best sympathies, and commanding the united efforts of all her true-hearted sons. The proofs of her agricultural prowess are gathered round us at this moment, I trust, and I doubt not, to find similar symptoms of activity and success in other pursuits, which tend, through the researches of the studious and

the thoughtful, to improve the details and habits of our daily and practical life, and to promote the enjoyment and elevation of the whole body of our people. I rejoice that, in the enlarged sphere of your operations, you have not declined to associate some of the ornamental pursuits and humanizing accomplishments with the graver branches of scientific and mechanical knowledge—that the Museum co-exists with the Laboratory, and the Garden with the Cattle Show Yard. I have a firm belief that all science and all art, all usefulness and all beauty, are formed to promote and to re-act upon each other; and I trust that in employing their united influence to the glory of our common Creator, and the good of His creatures, the Royal Dublin Society will ever hold an honourable and conspicuous position.

EVENING MEETING—ADJUDICATION OF PRIZES.

The EARL OF CARLISLE rose, and said:—

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I trust you will not be disposed to measure the value which I set upon the objects that have brought us together this evening, or my own sense of that respectful warmth of welcome with which you have received me, by the contracted limits of the reply which I propose to address to you. But, over and above the many interesting and copious matters which have already engaged our attention this evening, I think that I have three good pleas for the utmost conciseness in my remarks. The first is, that my faculties of mind and body have hardly yet recovered their normal state of evenness after the very stormy condition of the sea which I crossed yesterday; the next is, that I have really answered so many addresses to-day that I begin to lose all discrimination respecting appropriate topics; and, thirdly and chiefly, I feel that I am, for the present, too raw in the business in hand. I have too lately on this occasion set my foot on Irish soil to enable me to take a sufficiently accurate or just view of the various matters which have engaged, so profitably and honourably, the attention of this Society, or of awarding amongst them the proper amount of comment or admiration. I may just remark, that during my last residence in Ireland, if I remember rightly, the Royal Society for the Improvement of Agriculture had not then even started into life; and most of you, Gentlemen, know best the

great advances in the science and practice of agriculture which the exertions of that Society, acting with the Royal Dublin Society, in no unfriendly spirit, have subsequently made, and are able, therefore, to perceive how much I have to learn as to what has been done in the interval, and how much reason I have to anticipate pleasures from the strides—the gigantic strides I hope to find them—which Irish agriculture has been enabled to make. We are told, in the interesting remarks made by Lord Talbot de Malahide, that the exhibitions of live stock, which began with about a score, have already amounted to 300; so we may say of the lawn in Merrion-square,

"Tercentum nivii tondunt dumeta juvenci."

I remember thinking formerly, when I traversed large tracts of your country, seldom deficient either in the richness of its soil or beauty of its outlines, after all, that the sight, from its novelty, which most gladdened the eyes was a field of turnips. But I am sure no one could have gone through the show-yard to-day without feeling that there must indeed now be a very large portion of land devoted to the cultivation of every kind of green crop to produce such a display as is there exhibited. To say nothing of the sleek bullocks and oxen of Meath, or the elfin form of the Kerry mountaineers, I find you have been successful in adopting almost every variety of English stock—our short-horns and Devons; and among our sheep the Leicesters, South Downs, Cheviots, and Cotswolds; and although Ireland, I thought, justly prided herself on her breed of pigs, I even find that you have naturalized amongst you the Berkshire breed, and one, to my unlearned eye, bearing nearly the appearance of being marked like Zebras. And myself being engaged occasionally in breeding stock in a limited way in my own home—not at all like Mr. Charles Towneley—not having the victorious propensities, I feel I should shrink from competition with what I saw to-day, as I should be sorry to expose the Viceregal dignity to such a humiliating discomfiture. Besides the interesting topic of agriculture, which occupies so much attention in this country, we have had our attention called to-night by the very able and elaborate statement of the services this Society has rendered to Ireland; and, no doubt, it was highly creditable to find how early it was in the field for the protection of ornamental art, and that now it was girding itself to meet the peculiar strain and competition that have arrayed itself against it. We have also had our attention called to the subject of manures, which, perhaps, does not

seem the most savoury theme; nevertheless, those who are best acquainted with agriculture will feel it is second to none in importance, and that none can bear more striking testimony to that beautiful arrangement of Providence which orders that nothing shall be without its use, and which calls out of that which, unless duly appreciated, would only tend to produce disgust, or generate disease, the elements of fertility and health. Hence it is, Gentlemen, that the rose and the violet are often found only

"To waste their sweetness on the desert air,"

while those substances that are most unlike the rose and the violet in their fragrance, may, if properly husbanded and applied, be found most useful, not only in invigorating our bodies, but in stocking our purses. Well, my Lords and Gentlemen, I am sure you all feel the paramount importance which the systematic and successful cultivation of agriculture, of art, and of science, must bestow on every country, and especially on a country which has had to cope with such difficulties as Ireland. And I trust that even that time of pressure and of suffering through which Ireland has passed, may be found not to have been without its redeeming features; and while we most earnestly pray against its recurrence, we still find that it had its advantages in the spirit of self-reliance and energy on the one side, and the kindliness, the compassion, and the pity on the other, which it may have been the means of extracting out of the blackened surface of calamity. You will only, perhaps, further permit me to add, that I think it especially refreshing at this time to see the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, and the bloodless triumphs of art duly encouraged and fostered by the inhabitants of our country, many other sons of which are shedding their best blood at the call of their Sovereign and their country; and I am sure you will alike feel that every call of duty ought to be energetically responded to and enthusiastically honoured. Still we cannot repine, but the contrary, when the result of these exertions we encourage and uphold is not to shorten, to cripple, or to destroy human life, but to prolong, to enrich, and to adorn it.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY OF IRELAND.

THE GREAT ANNUAL CATTLE SHOW—CARLOW.

[AUGUST 7TH, 1855.]

THE BANQUET.

TOAST:

"The Health of the Earl of Carlisle, and Prosperity to Ireland."

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF LEINSTER, Chairman, said:—

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

It gives me very great pleasure to rise to propose to you the health of His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. My Lords and Gentlemen, I have had the honour and pleasure of his acquaintance during many years, and a more amiable nobleman does not exist. Since he first entered public life he has had, I know, the interest of this country at heart; and I am sure you will most cordially join me in drinking "The Health of the Lord Lieutenant, and Prosperity to Ireland."

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

MY LORD DUKE, MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN,

I beg to return you my sincere thanks for the distinction you have been pleased to confer upon me in coupling my name with a wish so near to all your own hearts as that of "Prosperity to Ireland." It is an honour that I am fully sensible is due to the position which I have been appointed to fill, but which, you will allow me to say, is very largely enhanced by the cordial manner in which it has on this occasion been conferred. I am not by any means a stranger to agriculture, on a large

scale, in my own country of England; but this is the first time I have had the opportunity of assisting at the annual gathering of the Royal Agricultural Improvement Society in the provinces of Ireland. I believe that this Society entered upon its career—its most important and auspicious career—at the period when my first official connexion with this country came to a close; but not before I had the opportunity of conferring upon the subject with one whom you will all admit to have been one of its most public-spirited and efficient promoters, if I may not call him entirely its founder—I mean the late Mr. Peter Purcell. To prove how far it has since proceeded and prospered, I have only to refer to the large dimensions, the excellent arrangements, the quantity and the quality that have been this day displayed upon the verdant banks of the Barrow. Since the period to which I have referred—the period of its birth—allow me to cast a brief retrospective glance upon its prominent operations in the subsequent interval. This Society wisely resolved to encourage affiliated societies, and I learn that there are at this moment upwards of seventy such branch societies established in Ireland. By this method, and by holding its annual meetings in the principal towns of Ireland in succession, it has carried its own experience through every district, each in its turn, and has thereby tended to fuse together the knowledge of the best specialities of each, whether in tillage or in pasture, in cereals or in green crops, or in the breeding and fattening of cattle; and I have little doubt that, without slighting other most weighty influences which have been at work upon the social condition of the Irish people—some of them of a mingled character—without slighting the due weight to be attached to these influences, I have little doubt that the Royal Agricultural Improvement Society of Ireland has greatly assisted the extension and improvement of agriculture which has so largely marked the last twenty years in the annals of your country. For example, let me just mention that I find, by the late official returns, that the quantity of land under cultivation in Ireland in 1841 was 13,564,300 acres; in the year 1851 it had amounted to 14,802,581 acres; and then, as to the value of live stock, it was in 1841 computed to be £19,399,000; and in 1851 it had reached the figure of £27,326,000; in 1853 it had further increased to £31,844,000; and in the last year, 1854, it is computed to have reached £33,508,000. But, observe, this does not give even the quite accurate measure of in-

crease; because, for the sake of forming a comparison, the same prices were affixed to the relative number of cattle in each of the two periods, whereas, I take it, the true increase has been in the better description of stock; and that, as the quality has improved still more than the quantity, we may assume, without fear of exaggeration, that the value of the live stock of Ireland now may at least be put at double the amount that it was worth when your Society began its career. Again, one of the most important operations of this Society must have been to make it manifest for what species of production the soil and climate of Ireland were most suited, and for what species of production the different parts of Ireland itself were most suited. I believe of late years it will be found that the growth of wheat has diminished, but that of oats and barley has increased; but the increase is still more striking with respect to green crops—turnips and mangel-wurzel; for I believe it is true that in 1841 there was one acre of green crops to every two of corn crops; even so far back as 1847 the proportion had shifted, and there was an acre of green crops to four—to two—and upwards of corn crops. I beg pardon—that there is now, in 1855, an acre of green crops to every two acres of corn crops; and no longer ago than 1847 the proportion of green crops was one acre to four and upwards of corn crops. Then, with respect to one of the agricultural productions, and a very important one it is—the flax crop—for which the climate and soil of Ireland have been thought particularly suited, and to the growth of which the present war with Russia has given great additional importance—now, the flax crops in 1849 occupied 6314 acres; but in the year 1853 they occupied 174,379 acres. Chiefly, I believe, the amount of flax grown is confined to the North of Ireland; but there are not wanting now many enlightened proprietors in the West and South to make the experiment; and I have no doubt that, if it be found remunerative—which, I beg to remind you, is the sure and sound test of every production—if this be the case, I have no doubt their patriotic example will be largely followed. But the crop of flax is too bulky in proportion to the fibre to bear the cost of carriage, without the aid of scutch-mills. I find that the scutch-mills last year amounted to 1100. Therefore, there is every reason to believe that this important article of produce is being largely cultivated. Then, you must not forget, while the productions of Ireland have increased, that it is true to some

extent that your population has diminished. Therefore, the condition of the remaining portion of the population, I take it, has been benefited in two ways; and, so far as their means of command over the necessaries of life and the chief articles of sustenance are concerned, not only has the amount of food at their command been increased, but there has been also a marked improvement in the soundness and nutritive character of that food. Then, my Lords and Gentlemen, if such has been the continued progress, despite the blight of famine, and the drain of emigration, and the more frightful calamity of war, altogether, whether we refer to the productiveness of the soil, the enterprise of the proprietors, or the general condition of the people, may not our hopes for the future—sobered, indeed, by reliance upon the inscrutable will of an all-ruling Providence—but may not our hopes for the future be most encouraging and sanguine? If such is the general improvement in Irish agriculture, and the social condition of the Irish people, let me add my earnest hope that this Society—the Royal Irish Agricultural Society itself—may long continue to witness and to develope those inestimable advantages under the honoured auspices of your Grace; and that gathering still increasing support from all classes, and all orders—from those who represent the most ancient lineage and the largest wealth of the country—from those whose hard-working and honest industry and labour support the wide basis of our social fabric, borrowing all new lights from science, applying all such new methods, and perfecting all such old ones as experience may approve—this Society may long continue to work each future year, as it has done each past year of its valuable existence, and find its best reward in the acknowledgments of new advantages conferred upon a peaceful, a prosperous, and a grateful people.

The EARL OF CARLISLE again rose, and said:—

My Lords, and Gentlemen,

I feel I shall best embody the sentiments I ventured to express concerning the Royal Agricultural Society, by now calling on you to do honour to its distinguished President. The obligations of this Society to the Duke of Leinster, and his discharge through life of every public and private duty, amply entitle him to such distinction. Long habits of personal intercourse, and the memory of frequent kindnesses received,

make it especially agreeable to my own feelings to propose it; but if I were to say all I think, all that you think, and all that his country thinks of the Duke of Leinster, standing in his near neighbourhood, I should almost be afraid of some personal violence; therefore, I have only to call on you to fill full glasses to the good health, the long life—and when I mention his own health, and his own life, he will know all besides I mean and include when I add, to the uninterrupted happiness of the Duke of Leinster.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY OF IRELAND.

THE GREAT ANNUAL CATTLE SHOW—ATHLONE.

[AUGUST 13TH, 1856.]

THE BANQUET.

TOAST:

"The Health of the Earl of Carlisle, and Prosperity to Ireland."

MY LORD DUKE, MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE to thank you very sincerely for the demonstration of loyalty which you have made in receiving this toast, and for the great personal cordiality with which you have drank it. It is indeed very agreeable to me to have been able to pay this second visit to the annual meeting of this great Society; and it seems to me that in very many points of view the Royal Agricultural Society could not have selected a happier or more appropriate spot as the scene of its annual gathering than here at *Athlone*. Seated as it is on the greatest river of our island, upon the central point of that river—and its site in itself nearly the centre of Ireland; and, as if not content with that gleaming liquid high-

way, now stretching out its new iron links, first, to the great fairs of Mullingar and Ballinasloe, and then onward to the splendid ocean and bays of Galway on the one side, and Dublin on the other, where could we have placed Irish agriculture on a more befitting throne? Nor are there wanting some very gratifying points of contrast with the times that have passed away. This same majestic Shannon formerly separated Connaught almost as a distinct country from the rest of Ireland. Sometimes, indeed, Connaught was represented as being one side of a less polite alternative; and this very day the most brilliant of historians has described to us how the inhabitants of the same realm guarded those lines, and watched those fords, and reddened those plains in deadly conflict. Now, the same stream washes the confines of ten peaceful Irish counties, and benefits them all; and so, on this day, brings together a large unarmed assembly, to meet in peaceful lists, where there is no more destructive rivalry than that between Polled Anguses and Kerries. Still, on the subject of this great river much pains have been taken of late years to heighten its natural capabilities by improving the navigation and by diminishing the overflow of its banks, to which it was so much subject. And I am not sure whether our great imperial ally might not borrow some very useful hints from us as to how to deal with those disastrous inundations which on a large scale have so recently occurred on the banks of the *Loire* and the *Rhone*. But, with respect to ourselves, this deepening of the channels of rivers, and straightening of their courses, and reduction of their waters to their summer level, prefaces the way most usefully for other drainage, and I rejoice to find how much of this beneficial work is going on over Ireland generally. I learn that since 1848, 176,000 acres have been drained by the Board of Works, and I imagine more than double that by private hands. The deep draining and surface draining on mountain lands have followed, with results of a like benefit to the upland farmers and graziers. Now, I need not point out to the practical and enlightened men who now surround me, how all-important drainage must be to a country like Ireland, where the insular climate must necessarily cause so great an abundance of moisture, and where we cannot always rely on those brilliant sunshines with which we have been lately favoured. Nor can I be debarred, even by the golden promise of those harvests which now gladden our eyes from urging you to bear in mind what nature in her wise economy

seems specially to have fitted this island for is to be the mother of flocks and herds—to be, if I may say so, the larder and dairy of the world—to send rations of beef and bales of bacon to our armies wherever they are—whether they are to be found, as many of my friends here to-night can speak of them being, upon the distant ranges of the Caucasus, or elsewhere—and to send firkins of butter to every sea and harbour of the habitable globe. Now, this comparative abundance of moisture, which is the cause of fertility when only regulated and turned to use, becomes the reverse when it is neglected. The natural conformation of the soil also points out the expediency of great attention to drainage; your great mountain ranges surround on every side a great central limestone plain, and the strata of that plain present many obstacles to sufficient outlets for the rain that falls upon its surface. As an instance, this great Shannon itself, in its course of 140 miles, has only 160 feet of a fall. The same obstructions to the outflow of the waters present themselves in many districts of Ireland. Now, these are difficulties contrived by nature to stimulate the energy and reward the industry of man, which can be removed by science, industry, and skill. Those efforts and improvements upon any large or pervading scale may be made by the liberality of governments, or the expenditure of public funds; but the activity of any government and the outlay of any public funds of the State, however buoyant, can never be sufficient to control and insure steady and continuous action. It is to private enterprise, guided and stimulated by such Societies as I have now the honour to address, that the country must mainly look for any sustained exertions. I feel confident that, as in the past this Society has not been wanting in this good and useful course, so it will not be found wanting in the future. I leave it to those who are more competent to speak upon the subject to dilate upon the merits of the Exhibition we have had so much pleasure in witnessing this day. But I know that I am not advising any sluggish community upon these subjects. Within the last twenty years more than a million of Irish acres have been reclaimed from waste. In 1841 to eight millions of people, there were thirty millions of cultivated acres in Ireland. Now, perhaps more than one million has been subtracted from the population, and more than a million of acres has been added to our cultivated area. I wish, however, not to deal in generalities on an occasion of this sort, but I will confine myself to actual contrast—to the actual progress, as contrasted between the present year and

that which immediately preceded. I derive my information from the very valuable returns collected by the Constabulary of this country; and this is a matter in which I conceive that you in Ireland have got a material start over your proud neighbours in England. These returns, as you are well aware, are collected annually, and, be it spoken to the great credit of the Irish gentry, farmers, and people, they are collected voluntarily. And none, indeed, are the instances in which the information requested is not supplied with the utmost alacrity and good will. I find from these returns, which have not yet been given to the public—that, comparing this year with the last, there is a decrease of some amount in the growth of oats and barley, but there is an increase in the growth of wheat of 83,683 acres. The increase in green crops amounts to no less than 114,774 acres; and, although I must admit that potatoes keep by far the largest item, yet I am in hopes that potatoes themselves are grown now somewhat more as a farmer's crop than with a view to the exclusive subsistence of the country people. The increase in flax, which I am especially glad to learn covers 9,000 acres, and the increase of the whole extent under tillage this year, as compared with the last, amounts to 65,573 acres. So with respect to live stock. The increase in the number of horses amounts to 18,000; on the head of cattle, to 25,000; on the number of sheep, to 90,000. There is a very large increase observable in pigs, amounting to no less than 250,000 head; but it is thought by those who are charged with the collection of these returns, that this is owing to their having been made up at an earlier period than usual, because I believe the farmers generally like to have their breeds of pigs to feed when they have the largest quantity of the farm produce to give them. However, that is a matter which must be tested by subsequent inquiries. Now, I have the pleasure of seeing opposite to me, on this occasion, a most useful public officer, Mr. Donnelly. I cannot see him without remembering that both he and I have striven to inculcate how much use it would be to effect a still larger destruction of roadside weeds. I do not like to go on ground which I have trodden before. I believe and I hope much has been done, and is doing, in this respect. I know some railway companies good enough to give very useful directions on this head, and I believe both they and the grand juries, and the road contractors, and the proprietary at large, might do still more. I do not wish at all to treat even the unproductive pauper as a human weed; I should be very sorry to

represent him in that light; but I am happy to say that this crop shows a great deficiency as compared with its state last year; for, upon inquiry, what are the numbers in the workhouse? I am informed that in the last week there are 17,711 fewer than in the same week of August, 1855, and that there were 1571 fewer last week than in the week before. Indeed, there is no circumstance in the present social condition of Ireland which inspires me with more satisfaction than what I believe to be the use, perhaps the gradual, but the general use—perhaps the slow, but I believe certain, and I trust permanent, rise in the present rate of wages; and if there are any here to whom that consideration has a very comfortable sound, I would entreat them to remember that low wages by no means represented cheap labour, and that no real or permanent prosperity can be expected in a country unless it is grounded upon a prosperous and contented tenant and labouring class; and only let me add, Gentlemen, that it is thus, amid the harmony of classes, the co-operation of interests, the blessings of external peace and internal concord, that I trust the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland is destined to pursue its honourable and beneficent career.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY OF IRELAND.

THE GREAT ANNUAL CATTLE SHOW—WATERFORD.

[AUGUST 13TH, 1857.]

THE BANQUET.

TOAST :

"The Health of the Earl of Carlisle, and Prosperity to Ireland."

THE noble Chairman, the MARQUIS OF WATERFORD, said:—Some were born with such talents as rendered, to them, most difficult objects easy of accomplishment; others were born blessed with a determination zealously to perform the duties of their position. He proposed to them to drink the health of one who combined both these qualities—the "Health of His Excellency the Earl of Carlisle."

The EARL OF CARLISLE said :—

MY LORD WATERFORD, MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN,

I return my most sincere thanks to this very numerous and most distinguished company for the warm and kind manner in which they have been pleased to receive my name, and to drink my health. I rejoice that the annual cycle of the Royal Irish Agricultural Society has brought us on this occasion to the prosperous county and pleasing city of Waterford. We are here assembled at the very portals of our land. Time was, indeed, when that was more peculiarly their characteristic, and when Waterford was more commonly even the place of arrival from the sister country, than the metropolis itself. For it was at Waterford, as many will remember, that King Henry II., King John, and King Richard II. first planted their mailed feet upon the strand of Ireland; and I make no doubt that if in those days they could have been sure of finding here collected as goodly a muster of beeves and sheep as have this day greeted and gladdened our eyes, the visits of the Norman and

Plantagenet kings would have been still more frequent, and their armies still more strong than they were. However, in these times of peace and settlement, so far indeed as relates to the European world, I think it will be admitted that a better locality could hardly have been selected for the exhibition of your Society, with all our green island as a back country to furnish its evidence of agricultural advancement, and inviting the whole outside world to send its products in through your port and noble river. Owing to the time at which these annual exhibitions are held, I am empowered to gain the earliest insight into an abstract of the agricultural statistics for the year just closed, which are always furnished by the industry and under the enlightened superintendence of the Registrar-General, Mr. Donnelly. This is a branch of knowledge in which our opposite neighbours in old England are still content to lag far behind you in Ireland. I will only present you with a very short summary of the leading results of what has been ascertained respecting the growth of cereal crops and green crops, and the quantity of live stock in the year that has just closed as compared with the year immediately preceding. In the growth of wheat crops in the year ending in 1857, as compared with the year ending in 1856, there is an increase of the acres under cultivation of 34,000; in barley and rye crops of 27,000 acres. This is met by a decrease in the quantity of acres under oats to the extent of 55,000. But the whole increase of the cereal crops in 1857, as compared with 1856, may be reckoned at 3,000 acres. With respect to green crops, there is an increase of 41,000 acres under cultivation for the potato. In other green crops, except turnips, in which there has been a small decrease, there is an increase of about 8,000 acres; and, on the whole, the total increase of acres under cultivation for green crops is 49,000. The increase in the number of acres under meadow and clover amounts to 65,000; and the total increase in the extent of land under crops in Ireland this year, as compared with the last year, is 105,000 acres. With respect to the quantity of live stock in Ireland, there is an increase in the number of horses of 27,000, of cattle 30,000; and there is an increase in the number of pigs to the extent of 332,000; but that is met by a decrease in the number of sheep amounting to 241,000. This decrease in the number of sheep seems to me to be worthy of your consideration. I do not know to what causes it is exactly to be attributed. Perhaps the most pleasant cause to which to attribute it is the great demand for mutton,

and in consequence of which there has been a premature run upon lean sheep. Now, these results seem to me, though on the whole of a satisfactory and encouraging character, not to be such as should make us content with the state of advancement to which you have already attained, but such as to stimulate you to continued and increased exertions in those pursuits which are healthful for the body, good for the mind, which we may be sure are public-spirited and patriotic, and which we may venture also to hope, though perhaps in a less exalted strain, will be found to be self-rewarding and remunerative. I do not know whether it will be reckoned one of the proper functions of a Viceroy to use the office of admonition, as well as the more grateful and royal office of approval. Perhaps this may be one of the uses of a Viceroy which we have heard called in question. A Viceroy may admonish where a Sovereign only could approve. Well, I have heard it insinuated, Gentlemen, that even in this famed county of Waterford, which I dare say may afford the same condition of things as many of the other counties of Ireland, that while there has been a very marked improvement within the two or three last years, both in tillage and in stock, in drainage, and in the raising of fences, yet still landlords and tenants are to be found who allow themselves to be negligent about the state of open main drains. It is a subject, I take it, of very intimate concern to the well-being of their estates; and I also think that, notwithstanding the active and even enthusiastic exertions of my friend Mr. Donnelly—whose many public services I am happy to see Her Majesty has lately been pleased to recognise, although some think not quite as appropriately as they might have been made—Companion of the Bath, and not of the Thistle—still it is feared that, notwithstanding these exertions, the actual surface of Ireland does still continue to exhibit more than at least its proper proportion of weeds. I know that the total extinction of weeds must be a work of time, and of gradual and continued effort, like all other great works. But, Gentlemen, Delhi has not fallen yet, as far as we know, and Irish weeds are not yet extirpated, and I believe the one to be as essential to the real regeneration of Irish agriculture as the other is to the martial glory and stability of the empire. With respect to the exhibition of this day, I believe we shall all be justified in regarding it with unmixed feelings of approval and complacency; and I am sure that there can be but one opinion as to the admirable character of the arrangements, and of the accommodation

that has been supplied. However, Gentlemen, on these points you will have more precise and discriminating opinions from those who are far more competent to speak upon such subjects than I can be. I find that in the course of the session, the labours of which are not yet brought to a close, I was something very like denounced, because it was presumed that I could distinguish a cow from a sheep. I do not know what will be said of my Viceregal degeneracy to-day, when it becomes bruited that I have had—what I consider a great honour—that I have had a prize assigned to me for a breeding sow. However, Gentlemen, I consider that a very shallow criticism which would represent an interest in agriculture and a pride in its advancement as qualities not desirable in an Irish ruler; for you cannot take into consideration the whole condition and circumstances of Ireland—herf ertile but varied soil—her wealth of rivers and harbours—the habits and character of her population, and even her changeful climate, and her weeping skies (which, however, have been in such happy suspension this day)—you cannot take all these features and characteristics of Ireland into consideration without coming to the conviction that agriculture is the special field for the development of Ireland's prosperity, and I will even add of Ireland's greatness. I consider her destinies are very much bound up in the manner in which she turns to advantage the capacities with which Providence has endowed both her soil and her people; and if this was the wish of the latest Viceroy—a case, however, I am far from wishing to anticipate—I should feel neither regret nor shame if that wish could be embodied in the form of prosperity to Irish agriculture.

The EARL OF CARLISLE again rose, and said:—

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I am sure you will continue your indulgence to me so far as to allow me to propose a toast to you. When that toast has been proposed, it will need no other commendation than itself. I alluded just now, in the observations which I addressed to you, to an old English Sovereign, King Henry II. With that monarch came over to these shores the ancestors of our noble Chairman; and most pleasing it is to see that the descendants of the armed invaders of this country may now be reckoned amongst the most prominent of its supporters and ornaments. The noble Chairman who presides over us this evening has made the princely domain—where, like a true-born and loyal-hearted Irishman, he so

much resides—not more remarkable for all its features of natural beauty and its glorious swells of wood and upland, than it now is for the improvement of its agricultural capacities, and the comfort of a thriving tenantry and a grateful peasantry. In gratitude to the Noble Lord for all that he has given to Ireland, and, permit me to add, for all that he has brought to Ireland, I may ask you now to drink "The health of the Marquis of Waterford."

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF IRELAND.

GREAT ANNUAL CATTLE SHOW—DUNDALK.

[JULY 27TH, 1859.]

THE BANQUET.

TOAST:

"The Health of the Earl of Carlisle, and Prosperity to Ireland."

THE Chairman, the EARL OF ERNE, rose, and said:—He felt extreme pleasure in proposing the health of a Noble Lord who had held the reins of government in Ireland for several years, with a short interval. He meant His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant. He (Lord Erne) could state, without fear of contradiction, that there never was a nobleman who presided over Ireland more anxious than Lord Carlisle to do everything in his power to promote the welfare of the country, and to promote agriculture. With a keen and perceptive eye His Excellency soon found that Ireland was an agricultural country, and therefore used every exertion in his power to advance agriculture in all its branches. He had done the Society the honour of becoming its Vice-patron; he had even been a large subscriber to it, and for the time he held the office of Secretary he had attended every one of the Shows of the Society. As they all knew the character of His Excellency, he (Lord Erne) would do

no more than simply propose the "Health of His Excellency the Earl of Carlisle," coupling with it the good old national saying,

"Prosperity to Ireland."

The EARL OF CARLISLE rose, and said:—

My Lord Erne, my Lords, and Gentlemen,

I am extremely obliged to you for the cordial reception you have been pleased to give the toast which has just been submitted to your notice. As your Noble President has said, this is by no means the first time I find myself the visitor and the guest of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland, and I have the satisfaction of seeing that you are not inclined to consider me a stranger. Indeed, my fears might have run in a contrary direction. I might have apprehended that just as by the judicious regulations of your show yards the same animals are not allowed to compete for an indefinite number of times, but that there are strict limitations of "two year olds," "three year olds," and, "four year olds," which must not be transgressed, I might have apprehended that I should be considered too stale an object to be produced again on this occasion. Most happy shall I feel myself, in connexion with my renewed term of office in Ireland, if I shall happen to be classed amongst that species of stock which no longer is entitled to compete for the prize, but is entered simply as "commended." However this may be, my noble friend has rightly assumed that I must feel great pleasure in finding myself again amongst the members of your flourishing and vigorous Society, and especially to have the privilege of being at an exhibition which, in all respects, has been so entirely worthy of their past renown and their advancing usefulness. Nearly all the points connected with the present Show, and with the immediate condition of the Society's affairs, I clearly shall do best to leave to those who, from familiar acquaintance with the whole subject of Irish agriculture, and from their having been, unlike myself, enabled by continuous and unbroken residence to keep their attention directed to the current transactions of the Society, shall be thus qualified to speak with weight and authority on an occasion like the present. I may permit myself to say, in passing, that the spot for the exhibition appears to me to have been this year most happily chosen—under those umbrageous glades in which we were clustered to-day, within easy reach of railway communication, close to an important town, whose very name shows its

ancient origin—Dundalgan—the old fort of Dalgan, which, so far back as the year 1001, witnessed the battles of the great Brian Boru—and even then the surrounding district was no stranger to agriculture, because it is specially recorded that an army destroyed the grain and tillage of the plain. Then, afterwards, as the border land of the Pale, it was often the scene of exploits in which Scot and Dane were mixed; and though we cannot precisely boast at the present day that feuds, and wars, and bloodshed have disappeared from the earth—witness the gigantic carnage of Magenta and Solferino—yet we may thankfully acknowledge that the show yard of Dundalk, as we saw it to-day, with its long lines of stalled cattle, and its well-filled sheds of peaceful implements, afforded a gratifying and delightful contrast both to the barbarous broils of the old Septs, and if to the more scientific, yet the still deadlier massacres of modern warfare. Gentlemen, as our interest to-day is mainly centred in our Irish soil, perhaps you will allow me for a very short time to occupy the sort of vantage ground which this annual meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society presents to us, and to glance at the one or two of the leading features of the prospects we may thus take in of the general condition of the country. Now, on looking into authentic documents, I find that the land under tillage in Ireland in the first year when these returns were calculated—in the year 1847—twelve years ago—amounted to 5,238,575 acres. In the year we have just completed, in the year 1858, they had increased to 5,882,152 acres, being an increase in these twelve years of 643 acres, or at the rate of 12 per cent. in eleven years. Now, the climate and circumstances connected with it have with the true spirit of economy produced that result in the different kinds of culture. The grain crops have given way in a great degree to those more succulent and humid vegetables which are classed as green crops; and accordingly I find, in the same period to which I have referred, that the cereal crops have diminished by not less than 565,000 acres, or 17 per cent. of the whole amount. The green crops have increased in nearly the same proportion. The live stock in Ireland, which was valued in 1841 at £19,375,000, is valued now in the last year at £34,616,000. With respect to the size of farms—farms under five acres, in 1841, amounted to 310,000. In 1858, instead of 310,000, they have decreased to 83,000. The farms above 30 acres, in 1841, were 48,000, and in 1858 they have amounted to upwards of 156,000. Now, the absorption of small holdings I know is

considered by some in this country as injurious; by others it is looked upon as a step in advance—but it is a fact that the application of capital to land necessarily leads to this result, just as in manufactures we see factories draw to themselves the labour that formerly was expended on cottage looms. I take this to be according to the inevitable course of events; and, whatever we may think of it, surely it is our duty to watch all such tendencies, and to adapt our measures to them. Among other improvements in our country, I believe progress has been nowhere more remarkable than in the dwellings of the labouring classes. The subject is now under the immediate consideration of the Imperial Legislature, a bill having been brought in upon the matter by an excellent gentleman of a neighbouring county, Sir William Somerville. I know that the subject has largely engaged the attention of another gentleman from the same county, whom I have the happiness of seeing at this board, Mr. Naper, and I find with great satisfaction that the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland, which is peculiarly qualified by its position and its objects to take the lead upon such a subject, announces it as one of its constituent and primary objects to promote improvement in the dwellings and domestic condition of the people of Ireland, and they have founded prizes for the best cottages. Equally, if not still more gratifying has been the rapid diminution of pauperism in this country. It appears that in Dundalk Workhouse—in the town where we are now assembled—in the last ten years the inmates have fallen from 1,264 to 263; from 107 able-bodied males they have decreased to 31. The Commissioners for Inquiry into the Condition of the Poorer Classes in Ireland, in the first Report, made in the year 1836, estimated the number of persons out of work and in distress during thirty weeks of the year, or upwards of half the year, as 558,000, and the persons depending on them as 1,800,000, or nearly one-third of the whole population. There are now in all the workhouses in Ireland only 37,000 inmates, with only 14,000 persons receiving outdoor relief. Mendicancy is nearly completely extinct, and wages are very nearly doubled. Now, the last element to which I will refer in this rapid contrast is crime. I do not seek, Gentlemen, to deny that our ears are sometimes startled and our minds shocked by the occurrence of some fearful agrarian outrage, deepening occasionally into the darkest shade of guilt; but looking at the general amount of crime, and embracing in our view the country at large, the change is as remarkable of late years

as it is a blessed one. In this county of Louth the criminal calendar this year, has been, I believe, wonderfully light. The system of reporting outrages by the Constabulary is singularly full and complete, and it is a point in which we are far ahead here of anything of the kind in England. Now, take the period of the last ten years—the outrages reported in Ireland in the year 1848 were upwards of 14,000; in 1858 they had sunk to 3,492. Those of an agrarian character in 1848 were 795; in 1858 no more than 225. Now, Gentlemen, taking all those various items that enter so largely into the condition of the country as a whole, surely we must feel that it presents a picture which may still to some extent be of a chequered character, and upon parts of which the shadows of scattered clouds may still be resting; but still in all its broader spaces it is bright with all the hues of hope, and has the sunlight of heaven to gild and to gladden it. I feel that this is not the time or place to pause upon such matters as those remarkable demonstrations which have of late excited much attention and much anxiety, and much, I would fain believe, of hope in the northern districts of this island. This I am sure of—that the old anniversaries of the present month have passed off with less of mutual provocation and bitterness, with more of Christian calmness and consideration, than ever had been the case before. And if, Gentlemen, I may have appeared to have been too minute in this summing up of the signs and omens of present and future good before a company who are mainly brought together to promote the pursuits of agriculture, and to pay attention to what may seem at first sight the material wealth and progress of the country, yet I do feel that this great pursuit of the science of agriculture, acts with rapid and immediate contact upon all the fibres of Ireland's happiness and Ireland's glory; and that I have been addressing those who, besides the stake and interest which they feel and which they possess in her green soil, are further keenly alive to all the yet even higher impulses which add to her just renown, and advance her in the scale of nations.

The EARL OF CARLISLE again rose and said:—

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Even recently as I have addressed you, I am sure you will allow—nay, more, that you will approve of my rising immediately again to propose a toast which I count upon as meeting your enthusiastic and most cordial acceptance. I am sure, Gentlemen, that, one and all of you

are in the first place prepared to mark your respect for the Chairman of the evening, and the President of the Society; but I do not wish this toast to have so much of an official character as to make it absorb the private and personal claims it has to your regard. The Earl of Erne is one of the best of the Irish resident country gentlemen—a character honourable and useful in every corner of the globe, but certainly not least useful and not least honourable in Ireland. You will then, I am sure, mix with the tokens of respect which you owe to Lord Erne, in his official capacity, all that warmth of regard and affection which are due to his private qualities and his private virtues. I beg to give you

"The President of the evening, Lord Erne."

ADDRESS TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF CARLISLE,

FROM THE TOWN AND HARBOUR COMMISSIONERS OF DUNDALK.

[JULY 27TH, 1859.]

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

WE, the Commissioners of the Town and Harbour of Dundalk, beg respectfully to give your Excellency a sincere and hearty welcome to our ancient town. With warm feelings of loyalty and attachment to the British Throne we greet your Excellency as the representative of our illustrious and beloved Queen, under whose beneficent reign we enjoy the blessings of independence and freedom. We also welcome your Excellency as a nobleman in whose person are combined those sterling qualities which so peculiarly fit your Excellency for the high and important office of Chief Governor of Ireland. We cannot but revert to the happy and auspicious occasion which has led to your Excellency's first visit to the town of Dundalk, the grand national exhibition of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland, in honour of which are assembled those of every class, from the high and noble who direct and govern the

national affairs to the citizen and mechanic employed in giving practical effect to the designs of art and science—the peer and the peasant—the rich and the poor of Ireland, England, and Scotland, associated in the great and noble undertaking, the development of Irish national resources—her native industry and the products of her fertile soil. We rejoice to be able to welcome your Excellency to a country in which the spirit of industry happily prevails, and which has of late years so greatly advanced; and we feel proud to think that our countrymen generally have directed their energies to progress, and have attained a distinguished position in everything connected with agricultural improvement. We sincerely wish your Excellency long life and every happiness.

(Signed),

J. H. M'Ardle, J.P., Chairman, Town Commissioners.

T. J. Turner, J. P., Chairman, Harbour Commissioners.

The EARL OF CARLISLE replied:—

Gentlemen,

I beg to return the Commissioners of the Town and Harbour of Dundalk my cordial thanks for their assurances of attached loyalty to the Throne of these realms, as well as of considerate courtesy which they have been pleased to use towards myself. I entirely partake in the feeling of satisfaction which you have gracefully expressed that my first visit to this ancient and historic town, and this fair and thriving district, should have occurred on an occasion which has brought together, on the adjoining sward, so splendid an exhibition of the material progress of Ireland, and so harmonious a fusion of class, occupation, creed, and race, to witness and appreciate her still expanding resources, her matured, but not stagnant, energies. It is my sincere hope that the town and neighbourhood of Dundalk may amply share in the bounties and blessings which I trust that a merciful Providence has in store for the entire country.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY'S CATTLE SHOW.

[APRIL 11TH, 1860.]

LORD CLANCARTY rose to present the thanks of the Society to His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant for presiding over the proceedings, and for the interest he always evinced in the welfare of the Society and the country at large. It was a gratifying fact that the Prize Cup had been taken by an Irish animal, the property of an Irishman, out of English hands; and he said so, not through any feeling of jealousy towards their English friends. He congratulated His Excellency on being a second time called on to occupy the Viceregal throne during a period of Ireland's greatest prosperity; and he was sure he expressed the feelings of all present, when he said they believed that His Excellency's first wish, as Her Majesty's Viceroy in this country, was that Ireland should be prosperous and happy.

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

I rise to return my very sincere thanks for the honour which has been so kindly and courteously proposed. I can assure you that I resume with great satisfaction the distinguished station of President of those annual spring meetings of the Royal Dublin Society. Some years have elapsed—to be quite precise, I believe, it is five years exactly, almost to an hour, since I first discharged that honourable function. It is true, there has been some break in the continuity of my performance; but you will not need to be reminded how well the place was filled, and the duties performed, by my respected and accomplished predecessor, who, as he was keenly alive to all that concerned the welfare of Ireland generally, could not and did not fail to be specially interested in the progress of Irish agriculture. So, I trust, Gentlemen, it will long continue; and that, however lengthened the series of Irish Viceroys may be destined to be, it will, as in that custom of antiquity of which we read, when the lighted torch was delivered from the hand of one runner, to

another, and, although different arms held the blazing brand aloft, the bright flame still burned on steady and unquenched through whatever changes of successive hands it was transmitted. It would be, indeed, impossible for any ruler or any native of Ireland to be indifferent to her agricultural success; for Ireland, however fondly her poets and orators may recur to the memories and legends of the past, is in fact becoming in every successive year more and more a nation; for, in what does the life of a nation mainly consist but in the industry, the enterprise, the encouragement, and the welfare of the people that inhabit it? And if she becomes still more and more of a nation, it also follows, from the circumstances of climate, of position, of temperament, that she will be, above all things, an agricultural nation. And if we descend further into the particulars of the species of agriculture by which she will become, certainly not exclusively, but still very prominently distinguished, they must be the richness of land held in pasture, and the quality of live stock. Now, for a nation so circumstanced, a central and metropolitan exhibition like this must be of the very highest importance; and, in common with those who have preceded me, I feel that I can cordially congratulate the present company, and the Members of the Royal Dublin Society, and all the well-wishers of Irish agriculture generally, upon the results which we have witnessed in the Show to-day. Like my excellent friend, your Honorary Secretary, who opened these proceedings, I confess that I had felt some apprehension that the dismal and ungenial weather with which it has been our disagreeable lot to be visited of late—our protracted winter, the blasts of March, and the snows of April—would have told with untoward effect on the varied and animated assembly in the courts below. Far otherwise, however, has been the case; and true it is that, although the leaves hardly peep as yet from the trees—although the hedges have no fresh shoots, and the banks no primroses—although our gardens grow blacker instead of greener, and our asparagus refuse to swell, yet out come our short-horns and Kerries with more rounded proportion of form, and more silky glossiness of skin than ever—out comes in unrivalled majesty and rotundity of form "Dr. M'Hale" himself. Who could look upon him without being reminded of the snow-white herds of Clytumnus? did he not look like the great sacrificial victim, *maximus taurus victimus?* But, so far from the entries being at all diminished in consequence of the unfavourable nature of the season, I find that the entries in short-horn year-

ling bulls amount to no less than 120, or an increase over last year of thirty-seven head; and of sheep, eighty-five lots, being an increase of eighteen lots over last year, or an increase in the total number of sheep of 108. Now, I think, considering the circumstances to which I allude, and that quality has been at least equal with quantity, that this is a very gratifying result. I know that attention has been drawn of late to the circumstance of there seeming to have been a deficiency of produce in corn and several other crops in Ireland, as appears from the returns of the Registrar-General, during last year. Now, every one must be aware that, under the permanent influence of weather and climate, as well as the thousand causes which must tell upon a year's supply and demand, it would be utterly delusive to lay stress upon the actual amount of cultivation or rate of production in any single or successive number of years. But the general question of national progress or decay must be gathered from a much more extensive summary; and, looking upon the condition of Ireland in another point of view, I find that since the census of 1841, not twenty years ago, there have been reclaimed of waste lands no less than a million and a half of acres. Half a million of acres have been added to the land actually under tillage—a point where a deficiency for the time was complained of; and with respect to live stock, the value since the period I have named has more than doubled. The quantity itself has fully doubled, and the value, I believe, has increased in a far greater proportion; and, what I value still more than even the symmetry or substance of the best Durhams or Devons—the best Leicesters or Cotswolds, is that the wages of the people themselves—of those by whose strength and skill this vast amount of animal growth and development, as well as of that varied vegetable produce which sustains man and beast, is produced, and tended, and improved, has exhibited at least a corresponding ratio of increase. The Irish labourer is infinitely better fed, better clothed, better tended in sickness, and, I think, under the operation of a recent Act of Parliament, I may say soon, with the same confidence, better housed than he has ever been before. I know there are still higher influences to be brought to bear upon him and upon all of us, than the bread we are to eat or the raiment we put on; but still I contend that agriculture in our day holds a very high position, when its processes generally have attained to the dignity of a science, and when its daily work corresponds with the best-directed efforts of patriotism and of charity.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY OF IRELAND.

GREAT ANNUAL CATTLE SHOW—CORK.

[JULY 25TH, 1860.]

THE BANQUET.

TOAST:

"The Health of the Earl of Carlisle, and Prosperity to Ireland."

THE noble Chairman, LORD CLONBROCK, said it gave him sincere pleasure to propose "The Health of the Lord Lieutenant," and he knew it would be most heartily received. They were all anxious to pay that nobleman that honour and respect due to him not only officially, as the Representative of Her Majesty, but also personally, as the warm friend of Ireland. Ever alive to the best interests of the country over which he so worthily presided, His Excellency was ever ready to afford the advantage and honour of his presence upon all occasions important to those interests, whether of a local or more general nature—whether, taking advantage of our geographical position, the magnificent project is entertained of spanning the ocean with a magnetic wire, and thereby joining together the interests and destinies of the Old World and the New; or, whether the foundation stone is to be laid of a building devoted either to scientific or other useful purposes; or whether, as on the last occasion of His Excellency's visit here, a rich country is to be opened by a new line of railway—on all these occasions we find His Excellency at his post, and, in that graceful and eloquent language which is peculiarly his own, encouraging our hopes, and bidding us "God speed." To his name most appropriately is added "Prosperity to Ireland," which prosperity is the object of His Excellency's best wishes.

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

MY LORD CLONBROCK, MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN,

For the great honour which has been so kindly and warmly paid me, I beg to return my best thanks to this numerous and distinguished

company. I can assure you all that I look upon it as one of the most pleasant of my functions when I had the privilege to attend those great annual gatherings of the Royal Agricultural Society; for, besides the animation and the gaiety which lie upon the surface, I attach a deep and wide—I might say a national—importance to those occasions. It assumes, from the very nature of things, that agriculture in Ireland is the most important of all subjects connected with her prosperity. Agriculture employs, as appears from the Census returns of the year 1851, more than 53 per cent. of the whole population; while those occupied in trade and manufacture—some of them, again, pertaining themselves to agriculture—only amounted to 24 per cent. It may be mentioned, however, that this proportion is diminished, and that the number represented in 1851 by 53 per cent. stood as high in 1841 as 64 per cent.; but it cannot be doubted that varied occupations are advantageous to the full development of the talent and faculties of an advancing people. In sight of this noble harbour and those beautiful waters, I need not remind you that it is not one branch of industry or one kind of element which should engross the industry and enterprise of an alert and quick-witted race. Our business, however, to-night, is especially with agriculture. Now, the crops and produce of any country must depend mainly upon her structure, position, and climate; not but that the law of the market, as well as the law of the season, will have considerable influence upon the degree in which it may be advantageous to grow one kind of production or another, even sometimes at greater cost, or under comparative difficulties. Now, with reference to the climate of Ireland, perhaps some of you may remember the very beautiful passage in which the late lamented Lord Macaulay speaks of the unrivalled beauties of the scenery in the neighbouring county of Kerry. He says, in his "History":—"The south-west district of Kerry is now well known as the most beautiful tract in the British Isles. The beauties of that county, indeed, are too often hidden in the mist and rain which the west winds bring up from a boundless ocean; but, on the rare days when the sun shines out in all his glory, the landscape has a freshness and warmth of colouring seldom found in our latitude. The myrtle loves the soil; the arbutus thrives better than on the sunny shores of Calabria; the turf is of a livelier hue than elsewhere; the hills glow with a richer purple; the varnish of the holly and ivy is more glossy, and berries of a brighter red peep through foliage of a

brighter green. Now, these laws of moisture appear upon a wider extent than the gleaming lakes and fair shores of Killarney. The heat of the land of Europe, exceeding that of the ocean through a great portion of the year, draws towards it the western sea breeze; and the atmosphere, thus charged with humidity, which breaks upon the surface of Ireland, which, through more than three-quarters of its extent consisting mainly of limestone, does not rise above 500 feet over the surface of the sea, and yet is fringed by mountains ready to condense the vapour suspended in the air, necessarily produces a large allowance of rain without great mixtures of extreme heat or cold." Here, we find in the soil and the climate the conditions best suited for pasture, and pasture frequently of too rich a kind to be good for several species of sheep, which (I say it in the face of the splendid show of sheep in the yard hard-by) will often be found to browse better in such hilly uplands as Scotland abounds in. Hence, it appears that cattle, above all things, seem to be rendered, by the conditions of soil and climate, the most appropriate stock for Ireland. And the laws of the market, to which I have before adverted, co-operate in recommending this source of supply. Corn, you all know, can be brought from one country to another—from a great distance, at comparatively small freights. It is not so with cattle. Hence, the great hives of industry in England and Scotland, across the Channel, can draw their frequent shiploads of corn from more southern and drier climates, but they must have a constant dependence upon Ireland for an abundant supply of meat. Now, the precise test of a very few figures will be found to confirm these general remarks. In the year 1859—I compare Scotland and Ireland—the heads of cattle in Scotland were 974,437, in Ireland they were 3,630,954. This shows the immense preponderance of cattle in this country. With sheep, as I have said before, it is the reverse. Scotland produced 5,683,068 sheep, Ireland only 3,452,952; but it appears that, whether for cattle or for sheep, nearly one-half of the surface of Ireland was devoted to pasture. Now, it is obvious, that with this immense quantity of your capital vested in live stock, too much caution and vigilance cannot be taken in providing against the recurrence of occasional bad seasons such as that in a great measure, through which we have lately passed, and which, I fear, will be found to have inflicted very serious injury, especially upon the small classes of farmers. The moral of what I am drawing your attention to is this—that the country ought not to be covered with stock according

to the measure of the food which may naturally be produced in one or two very favourable seasons. For instance, you ought not to calculate on the abundance of one year very favourable to the growth of hay, at the risk of its being succeeded by another year, which will prove to be very short in the hay crop—whether from drought, or over-much rain. To show you how difficult it is to calculate upon the same sort of seasons, I may just mention that in 1857 the rain-fall in May was less than the third of the average of that month. In June it was below the average; whereas in the present year, 1860, the rain-fall in May was five times as much as the average, and in June it was more than twice as much. Hence arises the necessity for those who give their attention to the production and rearing of stock of being sure, and being always provided with a sufficient supply of green crops, and with due provision for stall-feeding. Arthur Young, the writer, who wrote upon the agriculture of the United Kingdom and foreign countries, in 1776, said he had seen four men in a field hoeing turnips in Ireland, and it gave him as much pleasure as if he had seen four emperors. Now, we are very much in advance of that; but still it is very essential to note, that the growth of turnips and of other green crops does not seem to be increasing as much as they ought. In 1859 there were 22,000 fewer acres of turnips than in 1858. In 1859 there were 3000 fewer acres of mangold than in the preceding year. Vetches, cabbage, and carrots show a proportional diminution. Now, there was but scant provision for the very cold and unfavourable winter, and the spring through which we have just passed—and I think it cannot be too much inculcated on all who have the interest of Irish agriculture and of Irish stock at heart—to pay due attention to the encouragement of turnips and green crops, for I fear it will be found, when the annual return of the Registrar-General shall have been made up, that serious loss will have been sustained in those particulars. The fine old Irish crop of oats, which was at one time considered the staple of Ireland, still maintains its own pre-eminence, it being still the largest tilled crop in Ireland. Potatoes hold the second place; but it is satisfactory to know that the large extent of potatoes, which used to be grown in much larger proportion upon very small and inadequate holdings, now is generally grown by farmers who can better sustain the loss to which that very tender crop is subject. With respect, more especially to the agriculture of the county of Cork, in which we are now met together, I am happy to find that there is reason

to congratulate the inhabitants of this large and important county upon the general results of their agricultural work. Within twenty years there has been an increase in the county of Cork of 100,000 acres of land, producing food crops of one kind or another. The corn crops have, since 1847, diminished by 55,000 acres, but the green crops have increased by above 70,000 acres. Horses and sheep have slightly increased. Pigs have somewhat decreased; but cattle—to which I called your attention as being the most appropriate stock for Ireland at large—in the county of Cork, within twenty years, have more than doubled. Twenty years ago they were 152,000. Now they are 333,000 head, and the estimated value of the whole live stock, taking it at prices estimated in 1841, which would be an inadequate measure of quality as well as quantity, have improved since. The value has increased above a million. It would be bad taste to speak of agricultural statistics in the county and city of Cork without one word upon butter. I find that the number of firkins of butter, so short a time back as 1847, amounted to 253,000. In 1858, they amounted to 420,000, or about double; and the exported butter amounts, in annual value, to a million of money. I fear, my Lords and Gentlemen, that I have detained you longer than I have any pretension to, upon the subject of agriculture. The splendour and success of the present Show will receive more appropriate and discriminating praise from those who are most competent to address you upon such a subject. With reference to the general concerns of Ireland, I feel that I am justified in speaking to you, upon the whole, in the terms of congratulation and hopefulness. The number of persons relieved from the poor-rate in Ireland—I do not assume this as an absolute measure of the number needing relief, but I do assume it as a pretty accurate return of the wholly destitute—the number of persons relieved in Ireland form only one per cent. of the whole of the population; in England they form 4½ per cent.; in Scotland, 4 per cent. The expenditure for the relief of the poor in England on the whole population is 6*s.* per head; in Scotland, it is 4*s.*; in Ireland, it is 1*s.* 6*d.* Then, with respect so those "mud cabins" which were formerly the great opprobrium of the country, and which excited the censure and condemnation of all travellers, also the regret of all those public-spirited inhabitants who mourned over a state of things which they were not enabled, at all events at once, to relieve—the mud cabins of Ireland amounted in 1841, not twenty years ago, to 491,000; they have now diminished to

125,000. The number of emigrants, which had been gradually decreasing for some years, has somewhat increased in the last and present years. They are generally from a superior class in life to those who formed the bulk of former emigrants. They now comprise many young people of both sexes, who have been comparatively well educated, and who hope to find in a less crowded community a better market for their industry, and a more adequate demand for their natural and acquired intelligence; but I conceive this is not a symptom, with whatever immediate and local inconvenience it may no doubt be attended, at which, viewed at large, we ought to repine. The success of those who go out will prove a stimulus both to those who are induced to follow them beneath other skies, and also to those who cling to their native soil and to their accustomed homes. Wages in Ireland incline to look up. This is a most hopeful and agreeable "sign of the times." They have generally and considerably improved, and frequently now rate three times as much as what they were when many of us were young. Education has been much more widely extended, and is improved both in quality and quantity; and we can gather from official returns, from the addresses and charges of judges, and from the experience of every one of you at your own door, that, with increasing knowledge we have decreasing crime. I do not pretend to say, my Lords and Gentlemen, that there is no drawback to this improving picture—no scattered clouds amidst this brightening sky; but I do tell all the ill-wishers of this country's progress, and all the disturbers of the country's peace, that we have better hopes and better omens.

Proud, impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, can quench the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs his golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY'S SPRING CATTLE SHOW.

ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION.

EVENING MEETING FOR THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF PRIZES.

[APRIL 3RD, 1861.]

SIR ROBERT PAUL said, the pleasing duty devolved upon him of moving a vote of thanks to His Excellency for his kindness in visiting the Show-yard in the afternoon, and presiding at their meeting that evening.

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

I am reluctantly compelled to infer that the resolution which has just been moved and seconded has been adopted by the meeting. Such being the case, in returning my thanks to the meeting for the great honour they have been induced to pay me, not indeed for the first time, I can only wish that, while the gratitude I feel must necessarily have received an increase in its amount, I could succeed in imparting any novelty or variety to the expression of it. I feel very certain that those whom I have the pleasure to address do not need to be assured of the real interest which I feel in the Exhibitions of this Society, connected as I conceive them to be with the advancing progress of Irish agriculture. I am only copying the example of the Prime Minister of England, and, I have no doubt, anticipating the example of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, when he brings forward his approaching budget, when I make some allusion to the inclement character of the seasons through which we have recently passed. True it is, the spring, summer, autumn, and winter have conformed to the usual law and course of nature in the respective lengths of their nights and days; but hail, rain, frost, and storm have appeared to occupy a joint preponderance throughout the whole of those seasons. Seldom indeed have these island shores been more strewn with wrecks; and we have had to lament the loss—outweighing unnumbered argosies—of brave human life. But difficulties and drawbacks seem to be the appointed schooling through which improved agriculture, as well as everything else that is sterling and valuable in our knowledge, is destined to struggle, to emerge, and to

thrive. And I think it may justly be said that the Show in your yards this afternoon has given good proof that even the weather of last year has not impaired the vigour, or the beauty, or the lusty proportions of the Irish stock. I think no one can have witnessed the exhibition of this day without feeling an increased confirmation of the conviction which we must have long entertained of the progressive character of Irish agriculture. The agricultural returns which are collected every year, while they record the material changes in various crops, and the general condition of agriculture, uniformly exhibit a steady increase in the quantity of live stock. It is true that these returns, while they tell us of quantity, are necessarily silent with respect to quality. It is to general observation and to advancing prices that we must look for information in that particular; and such Shows as those of Baker-street in London, or in Kildare-street here, give the very best opportunities for this purpose, taken in conjunction with the circulating visits of the agricultural societies through the various counties of the land. It seems to me—and I wish we could have had fuller testimony from those who could speak with authority on the subject—that the very highest excellence marked the exhibition to-day throughout its various departments, from the lordly bull down to the less grand but far more loquacious poultry. It is obvious that the increase of skill and the application of science to agriculture must tend to make us more and more independent of weather. The increase of agricultural machinery both enables us to save many crops which the accidents of a precarious climate would otherwise only damage and destroy, and it further enables us to improve our labourers in methods which call forth thought and develope skill. And there is no one circumstance connected with the whole subject more important and more gratifying than the certainty that the introduction of machinery, so far from injuring the labouring classes, advances them in the scale of society. To appeal to the most obvious test, the rate of their wages throughout this country already exhibits a very considerable increase. All the departments of agriculture, you may depend upon it, hang together; and in improving the whole, we improve every part of it, and also the condition of those who contribute to its respective branches. I have alluded, Gentlemen, to the return of agricultural statistics, the possession of which places this country in a much more advantageous position, so far as that is concerned, than the sister countries (and for them we are mainly indebted

to the wise foresight of my distinguished predecessor, the Earl of Clarendon); but over and above the numbering of our oxen, our sheep, our horses, and our swine, we are all about to undergo the process of being numbered—

"The diapason ended full in man."

I believe the agricultural returns contain particulars of the respective ages of our yearlings and our two-year olds. I understand that a scrupulous degree of accuracy will be directed to ascertaining the ages of our ladies. However, Gentlemen, the census, when completed, will tell us what the exact number of our population is, and also will enable us to infer with tolerable accuracy the extent of the emigration going on amongst us. Now, I am not one of those who consider with any uneasiness the general results of emigration. Of course, when exile from home is occasioned by suffering and privation, it must be an object of regret to all well-constituted minds; but considered in its broad results, I believe that, while emigration fulfils the general destiny of our race in peopling the whole earth, it ordinarily will be found to improve the condition of those who go and of those who remain. It is possible that the approaching census to which I have referred may exhibit some slight diminution of the population; but as the strength of an army does not depend so much on its mere numbers as on its discipline and its organization, so, depend upon it, the good condition of a country results far less from its actual increase in numbers than from its command of the comforts of life, its industry, its intelligence, and its moral character. Well, Gentlemen, I feel I am justified in heartily congratulating the friends and promoters of Irish agriculture generally, and the members of the Royal Dublin Society specially, upon the exhibition of this week. The members of this Society bring together the peaceful pursuits, the industry, and the arts of this country into close and immediate proximity, thus symbolizing the real interdependence and connexion which they have with each other. Already, as Mr. Foot has intimated to you upon your ample Lawn here, which has so long been devoted to agricultural displays, and where the live stock, the implements, and the husbandry of the country in all its branches have now met in friendly rivalry—already on one flank we see the fair length of the Museum of Natural History, and on the other flank there is approaching to its completion a corresponding building, destined to be a National

Gallery for Painting and for Sculpture. But I agree with Mr. Foot that these last pursuits seem to require something placid and composed for their immediate framework. We have heard that there was a time when the flock strayed in the centre of the Roman forum, but that was before its pillared arcades became the centre of business and of worship. So I rejoice to know that it is sought to guard with additional sanctity the Lawn of Leinster House; and that there is a hope, to which I shall willingly give any efforts of my own, to contribute to provide a separate and still more convenient site for the general agricultural displays closely adjacent to the recently constructed handsome covered hall. But whatever your own exertions, or whatever the help of the State may enable to be accomplished, you will still do well to remember that the real interests, and success, and glory of all such exhibitions consist in the intrinsic merits of what is exhibited; and I trust that all present on this occasion will often meet here to renew—I cannot venture to say to increase—the admiration which the exhibition of this week has now kindled.

THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY'S SPRING CATTLE SHOW.

ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION.

EVENING MEETING FOR THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF PRIZES.

[APRIL 22ND, 1862.]

THE EARL OF CLANCARTY, as senior Vice-President, said, that it became his duty to convey to His Excellency the thanks of the Society for his attendance that evening, and for the interest which he had evinced in the success of their Exhibition. The Society had a great advantage in being presided over by one so capable of appreciating the value of their work, and who on all occasions so cordially associated himself in the efforts there made to develope the resources of the country, its industry, its artistic talent, and above all, its agriculture, for the promotion of which latter object the Society was originally established and endowed by Parliament. Within the walls of that Society the

works of Irish manufacturers had more than once been submitted to the discerning judgment of His Excellency; the students of art had frequently received the kindly encouragement of one who was peculiarly qualified to appreciate artistic taste; and on this, as on other occasions, His Excellency had not failed to afford the agricultural department of the Society the advantage and honour of his inspection. I am glad to find that specimens of peat fuel, which may prove so useful to the country, have found a place in the Shows. Ireland is mainly dependent for her wealth and social improvement on the development of her agricultural resources. I feel that the diminished cultivation of cereal crops in Ireland is not a matter of regret; and I believe that the poor are better off now than ever they were before, being better clothed, better housed, and better fed—that the destitute are all provided for—and that the condition of the country generally has undergone a great improvement. His Lordship concluded by moving a vote of thanks to the Lord Lieutenant.

J. W. NAPER, Esq., D. L., seconded the motion. He felt bound to express the gratitude which he felt as an Irishman to an English nobleman and gentleman who had for so many years applied his mind and his talents to the advancement of the prosperity of this country. The attention which His Excellency had given to Irish affairs had caused men of his (Mr. Naper's) age and experience to have the greatest confidence in his opinion. In the course of some further observations, Mr. Naper said that it had taken twenty-five years to bring the breeding stock in Ireland to its present state of excellence; and he believed it would take twenty-five years more to bring the people of the country to a similar condition. This was a subject in which they all had the deepest interest, and it was their duty to do everything in their power to elevate the condition of the humbler classes. He trusted that some of them would live to see the people of Ireland enjoying those comforts in which they were now so deficient—occupying better houses, and living on more nutritious food.

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

My Lords and Gentlemen,

If I may assume that the consent of this meeting to this motion which the noble Earl has moved will be given, I now beg to return my

sincere thanks to this numerous and distinguished meeting for the honour which they have just been pleased to pay me; and I can assure you it is with even more than usual satisfaction that I find that I need not depart on this occasion from that uniform strain of compliment and congratulation which it has hitherto been my happy privilege to address to the members of the Royal Dublin Society at the period of their annual Easter meetings; for I will own to you that I was not without some degree of misgiving on this subject. I knew that the recent cycles of seasons through which we have passed have been of the most trying and unpropitious character. In the year 1859 there was a feature which has certainly since been very amply, too amply, atoned for—there was a prolonged absence of rain, which materially injured our pasture. In the years 1860, '61, I need hardly remind you there was a great excess of rain, which did infinite damage to the country—which covered our plains with inundations, not yet wholly subsided, and which added a severe scarcity of fuel to the diminished production of food. Of course these results could not take place without occasioning much partial distress. I naturally should not think of entering now upon any controversy as to the extent and amount of that distress. Most trying it is, indeed, to those who are intrusted with any discretion or responsibility at such periods to refrain from having resort to the most obvious and immediate methods of relief; and I believe there have been—and until very lately have been—conditions of Irish society in which there might have been an overpowering necessity for applying the most inartificial and blundering efforts of relief. The land was, to a great extent, divided between a sinking proprietary and a pauper peasantry. But now, except in very rare instances, it is in the district in which it is effected by the persons who are themselves interested—it is by spontaneous and independent effort that the struggle is made, and for the most part made successfully. Of course, we must still reckon upon encountering the occasional rigour of the seasons, just as in the sister countries probably still wider ravages are being now inflicted by the shocks of foreign conflicts and the stoppage of raw materials. But I trust it will prove to be with the passions and the wrath of man as we know it will be with the strife and turbulence of the elements—since nature is always found to remedy her own excesses—and in sufficient periods to maintain her own averages. However, I entirely agree with the general bearing of the remarks which have been made by the Earl of Clancarty—that, whether

we look to the geographical position of Ireland, or to the character of her soil, there will be always such a prevalence of moisture and humidity as will make pasturage, and the production of animals, the most secure and remunerating form which our national industry can assume. I do not of course mean, as I am sure he did not mean, or no friend of Ireland could mean, to disparage tillage, or the proper production of corn crops in those districts which are by nature suited for them. Those districts abound in Ireland, and more especially is this the case with regard to oats. But still, coupling the physical condition of the country with the close proximity of those large English and Scotch markets, where there is such a vast consumption of meat, I believe that Providence has mainly appointed Ireland to be the mother of flocks and herds, and I consequently believe that she will fare all the better the more truly she keeps to her natural vocation. And in this useful and patriotic path no more salutary or efficient encouragement can be afforded her than is supplied by these annual spring exhibitions, coupled with those of the Royal Agricultural Society—these annual exhibitions which take place under the auspices of the Royal Dublin Society. These exhibitions, within the comparatively short limits of my own experience, have evinced a most remarkable progress. It is within these limits that you have housed your cattle, and we hear that in another year you are likely to roof your implements. I need not point out to you what an interesting and suggestive exhibition the implements collected in your yards to-day furnish to you, or over how wide an extent of usefulness they range. The facility of transport, for which we are indebted to our railway friends, has done an infinite deal in promoting every kind of agricultural competition; and we read now, too, of international exhibitions. The Emperor of the French has, with great sagacity, instituted them in his capital; and I am sure that we shall be glad to find that one of our most well-known exhibiters, who has obtained a prize in the competition of to-day, not content with the laurels he gathers in our show—I refer to Mr. Ball—has carried away the prize for heifers in the capital of France. I need not say how entirely I agree with the reference which Mr. Naper so aptly made even to the superior care and anxiety which we owe to the permanent welfare of those labourers who in fact really furnish the national wealth which it should be the object of this exhibition to promote. We know that in the last twenty years, notwithstanding many of the drawbacks and vicissitudes to which I

have referred, and of which we lately had experience, yet the stock of Ireland has increased in value within that period from £21,000,000 to £33,000,000. And with respect to quality, I think it is very probable that almost the worst animal in the yard to-day was as good a one as the prize animal of the same period back. I trust earnestly, my Lords and Gentlemen, that the varied excellences of these exhibitions—the numbers by which they are attended, the patronage by which they are honoured, the skill by which they are fostered—may all progressively advance. It is true that we cannot warm our skies with unclouded sunshine, we cannot mature failing crops, we cannot guard our sheep and cattle from all kinds of diseases; but we may continually furnish fresh aids to man in the struggle which he must always have to keep up with nature, giving the largest command over her bounties, and making difficulties themselves the spurs to his industry, and the elements of his success.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF IRELAND.*

ANNUAL CATTLE SHOW—BELFAST.

[August 9th, 1861.]

THE BANQUET.

TOAST:

"The Health of the Earl of Carlisle, and Prosperity to Ireland."

THE President of the Society, LORD ABERCORN, said:—

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I have now the pleasing task of proposing the health of our distinguished guest, the Lord Lieutenant. I am well aware, Gentlemen, that it is only necessary to name the Lord Lieutenant to ensure the most enthusiastic reception to the toast connected with his name and office.

* This Society having become a corporate body, and taken out a Royal Charter, the word "Improvement" is omitted from the title.

Strafford to the Earl of Clarendon, to advance the linen manufactures of the North of Ireland. Probably the moisture of the climate (may I admit so much?) is more favourable to the production of flax than of other cereal growths. I need not remind you in Belfast how much that place owes to her Murlands and Mulhollands, and many more. It may be sufficient to mention that in the last year there were exported from Belfast 65,000,000, or upwards, yards of linen, valued at about £2,000,000 sterling, and at the same time yarns and threads to the amount of 3,000,000 pounds weight, valued at £764,000. The improvements which have been effected in the noble harbour of this town have amounted within twenty years to half a million of money, and this without any aid from public grants; and within the same comparatively short period the tonnage of vessels and the harbour receipts have been much more than doubled. Now, it may be inferred how material a contribution this liberal and splendid community, together with its group of connected and associated towns, must have made to the consumption of agricultural produce. But I have already stated to you, Gentlemen, the amount of decrease which has occurred on the whole population of Ireland in the last ten years. Now, with respect to the productiveness of the country within the same period, the land under cultivation—either under tillage or in meadowing and pasture—in 1841 was 13,000,000 acres; in 1851—I suppress the slight addition that the odd hundreds would make—it was above 14,000,000; in 1861 it is above 15,000,000 of acres. The live stock, which form so interesting an item in the exhibition of the Royal Agricultural Society, was valued in 1841 at £21,000,000; in 1851, at £27,000,000; in 1861, at £33,000,000; and this independently of the improvement of quality in the animals, which I believe is by every one admitted to be very great, amounting perhaps to 25 per cent. Along with this great increase of productiveness there has been a very striking diminution of the small holdings and of the wretched cabins of the peasantry. Now, Gentlemen, these figures, which I have passed in rapid review—I am afraid not quite sufficiently rapid, for I know that figures are apt to be tedious, especially after dinner—but they surely show that, with largely increased production and a largely increasing producing area, there has been a considerable diminution of population. Now, taking these two together, we must look upon the result as being occasioned by better labour, better directed, with a larger application of capital. The social and the neces-

sary consequence of this is, that the working classes must obtain better wages; they are better fed, better clothed, better lodged; they can get better education for their children; and most gratifying it is to me to find that in Ulster, or, I believe, to speak with more strict accuracy, in the two counties of Down and Armagh, one-sixth of the population is in attendance in the primary schools—either those under the National Education Board, or under the Church Education Society—which is an average equal to that of Prussia, where the attendance of the children is compelled by law. I referred before to the diminution of physical suffering. Now, what is the case with respect to the direct expenditure for the relief of the poor all over Ireland? The fund from which it is drawn has, there is no doubt, largely increased. The value of property rated to the relief of the poor in 1851 was £11,614,000. In 1860 it had increased nearly a million—it was £12,280,000. Now, with this larger amount of funds for the purpose of drawing upon, I find that the total expenditure of the medical as well as ordinary poor law relief in 1851 amounted to £1,150,000. In 1860 it had fallen to £558,000, being less than half what it was ten years ago. And, lastly, with respect to crime, to which I also referred, it appears that those specially reported to head-quarters in 1850 amounted to 10,639; in 1860 they had fallen to 3,531. Now, my Lords and Gentlemen, it seems to me that this constitutes a summary of which Ireland may be justly proud. Not indolently proud. I would advise her to be grateful for the past, and alert and emulous for the future. There are many here, some of whom will follow me to-night, who can speak with far greater knowledge and authority of the characteristic features of the Show which we have witnessed in the Show-yard for these two days. They will be able to tell you of any shortcomings—if shortcomings there are—and of those excellencies which I feel no doubt in my own mind are great and striking. If the condition and prosperity of agriculture in Ireland suggest any prominent point of advice, in my judgment it would be, I would say to you, to take care of your green crops, of your provision of winter food for cattle, so that you may be supplied with a greater quantity of manure than is now possessed in many districts, which is an indispensable groundwork of increased tillage; and I think it may be worthy of some consideration whether planting might not be resorted to with advantage in some of the more hilly and exposed districts of this country for the shelter of cattle. However,

Gentlemen, I feel most thankful that the genius of Ireland is becoming every day more and more awake to the manifold and multifarious refinements and claims of her agriculture; and most pleasing indeed, in one point of view, though painful to excess in another, is the contrast which is presented by such a sight as the Show-yard now open in Belfast with the scenes which are being enacted among that great people which has so many common ties and common interests with us across the western waters. Here, Gentlemen, we scan an area itself connected with all the operations of busy and extended commerce now spread before our gaze—the representative specimens of every form of peaceful agriculture—the sleek herds and fleecy flocks, the iron implements and lustrous damasks; there, Gentlemen, we read of nothing but masked batteries, and the angry glare of bayonets, and the fierce charge and the panic rout. May the time soon come which will enable us and other friendly well-wishers—as I am sure in our hearts we all are of that great country—will enable us and others to interpose our friendly mediation, if (which would be far better) they do not themselves compose their sad and guilty quarrels. But, however that may be, I trust, Gentlemen, that we at least, with humble and hopeful hearts, may long preserve the inestimable blessings we enjoy, and strive to transmit them bright and undimmed to the coming generations.

ROYAL BELFAST HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

ANNUAL SHOW.

[AUGUST 8TH, 1861.]

THE REV. WILLIAM BRUCE, Chairman of the Society, having read an Address,

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

MR. BRUCE, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN,

I return you my very sincere thanks for so kindly welcoming me upon this my second visit to these delightful Gardens. In truth, they are very well worthy to be revisited. It is true that upon this day they are adorned with beauties and attractions from other portions of the country beyond their own native ones. But I feel sure that all whom I

address will agree with me, that the Committee of the Royal Belfast Horticultural Society deserve much praise for having introduced among the busy operations of this flourishing commercial community so refined a taste for flowers, whether to adorn the lordly conservatory or bring beauty and variety to the humblest cottage door. And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, I will, with the permission of those whom I am glad to see assembled here, perform a ceremony which I make bold to think will meet with universal approbation. I propose to confer the honour of Knighthood upon the Mayor of Belfast. I do this upon two grounds—the first, to pay a mark of respect and consideration to the important town of Belfast, and to the enterprising and energetic community of which it is the head and representative. My other reason applies to him, not in his representative, but in his individual capacity—it is because I understand that the high character he bears among his fellow-citizens, and his life of active practical benevolence, will confer more honour upon the order he is about to enter, than he will receive from it.

The EARL OF CARLISLE, addressing the Mayor, said—Will you kindly kneel down, Mr. Mayor?

The MAYOR, in compliance with the command, knelt down.

The EARL OF CARLISLE, placing the sword upon his shoulder, said—

"Rise, Sir Edward Coey."

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF IRELAND.

ANNUAL CATTLE SHOW—LIMERICK.

[August 6th, 1862.]

THE BANQUET.

TOAST:

"The Health of the Earl of Carlisle, and Prosperity to Ireland."

THE EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

My Lord Clancarty, my Lords, and Gentlemen,

I return very sincere thanks to you for the honour you have done me in drinking my health with such kindness. I always feel on these oc-

casions that I had better leave the details connected with the meeting which we are holding to those who must be more competent than myself from their pursuits and knowledge to give their weighty authority concerning them. I believe in the Show of this year there is very much to approve and to applaud, except indeed in the point of weather. I believe, too, that with respect to the number of cattle exhibited, a county with which I am connected, the county of Yorkshire, may have had some share in diminishing the numbers exhibited on this occasion, the Show in that county, which has great attractions for all the North of England, being held in this very week. There can be no doubt that in point of quality there has been a most valuable exhibition of stock; and I believe it will be admitted on all sides that most just praise is due to the produce of your dairy farms, and your sheepfolds too. During all my earlier visits to the meetings of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland I have been enabled to use the almost unqualified language of congratulation and hopefulness. Seasons had been favourable, produce had been on the increase, and crime was greatly diminished. The Ireland of the present seems scarcely to be the same as the Ireland of the past, and there were hardly any limits to the glowing anticipations we might form respecting the Ireland of the future. In many points on this occasion I am compelled to take a soberer and more chastened view, especially with reference to one topic, which I cannot omit to mention, but having done which, I will at once dismiss—both because it is the most painful of all, and one which has only an indirect connexion with the object of the present meeting. I allude to the reappearance of crime. Old crimes, which we had fondly flattered ourselves had been nearly extinguished and well nigh forgotten, have shown their horrid front again amongst our rural population. Even the soil of this county has been reddened with blood, though in this county it has been happily avenged—perhaps "happily" was not the word to use—I will say rightfully avenged. This has been brought about, under God, by the fearless and conscientious discharge of their duties by all persons concerned—by counsel, by judges, by jurors, by the magistracy, and by the constabulary. In mentioning the last body, I must take this opportunity to say that I do not think that on all occasions they have been quite fairly treated. I admit that there may be modifications which it would be right to introduce, and to acknowledge the impossibility of their doing all that sometimes seems to be required of them—seeing

into the inside of rooms at a great distance from them, and receiving information which nobody will give them; but knowing as I do how much they daily do and dare for the maintenance of order and for the safety of life, I must consider that some of the attacks which are occasionally levelled against them are scarcely just or generous. I need not point out to you that agrarian crime, if suffered to remain unchecked, would prove a worse enemy to the progress of agriculture even in its strict and narrower sense, than either blight, or drought, or rain, or storm, or the worst enmity of the seasons. Of the enmity of the seasons there has no doubt been of late no lack. From the year 1852 to 1858 there have been in Ireland a series of remarkably favourable seasons. Since 1858 we have suffered from a series entirely the reverse. In 1859 we suffered from the drought. In 1860–61, and up to the 6th of August, 1862, we are suffering from deluge. I might call even as a witness into court that broad and noble stream which flows within this town, so formed by nature to adorn, defend, and enrich the district which it waters, but which of late years has certainly given somewhat of an overplus of its wealth of moisture. Now, to these fluctuations of the seasons we have always been liable in Ireland, and always, I fear, must be. They are mainly owing to the geographical position of the country, which we cannot hope to shift or change. I am aware that fault has been found with me once and again for dwelling upon the superior adaptation of the country to purposes of pasture, and the rearing of cattle, and so seeming by implication to discourage tillage and the growth of crops. Now, no one could refuse to give to tillage and the growth of crops their proper opportunity and their proper sphere; but surely it is the part of a prudent man to take things as they are, and to follow the indisputable law of nature. It is undoubtedly true that for a late season or two there has been a material falling-off in what may be termed the general agricultural income of the country; but it is as true, and can be proved from authentic documents, that this decrease has fallen upon tillage and crops, whereas the value of stock has actually increased. I am sure you will excuse me for pointing your attention to this subject, which does seem to me entitled to your most serious attention; and it appears to me to establish incontrovertibly that in Ireland stock is the most steady and permanent part of rural income. I think we should be quite wrong to consider that the increase of cattle necessarily leads to the decrease of tillage. Modern husbandry has introduced stall-

feeding—stall-feeding increases manure, which is the surest staple of tillage; and I believe it to be true, notwithstanding the decrease for the last few years in the value of crops, still that all the processes and methods of agriculture in Ireland are exhibiting continued improvement. Much capital has been devoted to drainage; and whether we consider the character of the crops, the soil, or the climate, there is no doubt that agricultural speculation could not take a more beneficial direction. The late Report of the Commissioners of Public Works shows that in Ireland on 200,000 acres thorough draining, in a great part subsoiling, has been carried into succcessful operation since 1848. The amount expended in the last few years was, in 1859, £30,000; in 1860, £32,000; in 1861, £36,000; and in the first half of the present year, £32,000. In the county of Limerick alone the gross expenditure contemplated and in progress under the last improvements has been £188,000, of which £9,000 has been for labourers' dwellings. This quota is above the average of the other Irish counties, and is only exceeded by Cork and Kerry. Now, this process of drainage naturally gives room for the introduction of improved implements, such as we saw with pleasure at the Show-yard to-day, by which, being enabled to conduct all the operations of agriculture more rapidly, we may render ourselves less dependent on climate or weather, or, in the literal words of the old proverb, we may be thus enabled to "make hay while the sun shines." I am aware to what disadvantage the cutting of hay and corn, and the stacking of turf must be exposed in some of the rainy seasons with which we are so often visited; but I cannot help thinking that by a more vigilant and determined attention to such opportunities as present themselves, even in the most untoward seasons, a great deal of that which is now lost might be made comparatively safe. I have admitted, then, that there is certainly something of gloom in the circumstances which have of late surrounded us; but I feel sure that every lesson borrowed both from the past, the present, and the future, warns us against giving way to despondency. Even now, in many crops, and in many districts, there are manifest signs of progress and improvement. I earnestly trust that a fine autumn may give us a turning point in the character of the late seasons. There are some, though I cannot pretend to dive into their mysteries, who, from magnetic and electrical observations, feel justified in assuming that they will be able to ascertain more accurately those general laws which regulate the character of the seasons, and of the wea-

ther; but I trust that in any case the agriculturists of Ireland will profit by experience in the same way in which they so largely did after the disastrous period which intervened from 1845 to 1849. In the remarks which I have thus taken the liberty to address to you, I have mainly confined myself, as I was bound to do, to the topics and prospects of Irish agriculture, but both within and without their range there has been of late no lack of disturbing causes. Europe, Asia, and above all America, have heaved and are heaving with convulsions. We have sustained one famine in Ireland; we are now suffering in some degree, though in a very mitigated degree, from deficient harvests. The wealthiest district of England seems now all but paralyzed by the sudden withdrawal of its most vital element. The commerce of the world has altered its laws and its actions. Steam and railways have changed the whole condition of transit. Such changes, so extensive—such shocks, so violent—defy all calculation; but they should not shake our confidence in Him who gives the sunshine as well as the storm—the fertilizing rain as well as the drought—manna, the milk and the honey, as well as the stony rock and the sandy desert—who from evil bringeth good, and in judgment remembers mercy.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY'S SPRING CATTLE SHOW.

MEETING FOR THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF PRIZES.

[April 8th, 1863.]

LORD DUNLO moved a vote of thanks to His Excellency for his kindness in attending on that occasion, as well as on every other occasion when the industrial resources of the country could possibly be forwarded. It was the good fortune of the Society on such occasions to be aided by the presence of those who held the high position of Viceroy; and he was proud to say that amongst them none did more than His Excellency to promote agricultural progress. It was gratifying to the Society to find His Excellency still entertained a good feeling towards them, because it still required a good deal of assistance, both private and public. He had much pleasure in moving the marked thanks of the Society to His Excellency.

F. MACDONOGH, Esq., Q. C., M. P., seconded the motion. Unexpected as the honour was, he discharged it with pleasure, because he thought no Irish gentleman could avoid expressing his deep sense of the services rendered to the industrial resources of Ireland by Lord Carlisle. Every man who knew Lord Carlisle, and his devotion to the interests of this country, should acknowledge that his attendance there that night was but one of his many gracious acts towards Ireland. He would say of Lord Carlisle that he believed, if he were not born in the purple, that he would, by his talents and by the invariable course of conduct which his noble nature would have prompted him to pursue, have been raised to the highest dignity.

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

GENTLEMEN,

I beg to return my very sincere thanks for the vote which has been so kindly moved, seconded, and accepted. I confess it seems to me, Gentlemen, that we have come here together under somewhat cheering circumstances. In the first place, the Show itself, which is the proper and main business of the place and time, has been eminently successful. This is a topic which I always leave to those who are more specially cognizant of the subject, and who therefore are enabled to render it more accurate justice. That has been very clearly and ably set forth by Mr. Maunsell, in his opening address. He was pleased to refer to some rather delicate, and not very peaceful functions of an ancestor of mine. Well, Gentlemen, it was the business of Belted Will, to whom he refers, to keep peace upon the Border—a mere imaginary line. It will be a happier and more cheering duty for his descendant, if he could hope to join his efforts to those of so many others in promoting feelings of the utmost good will and unity between the two spirited nations on either side of the broad Irish Channel. I quite agree with my noble friend, Lord Dunlo, as to the pleasure that most of us feel in finding that the accommodation for this exhibition furnished upon the premises of the Royal Dublin Society has received such ample extension and development. Indeed, the accommodation seems to me now to be so nearly complete as to leave little more to be desired. Great credit is due to those gentlemen who so nobly stepped forward to supply the deficiency; and I wish, in common with some who have gone before me, that we had an opportunity of informing Sir Richard Griffith to his face how kindly we feel his exertions and public spirit. The accom-

plished Secretary of the Dublin Society, Dr. Steele, has furnished you with a most striking catalogue of many useful and spirited undertakings which have been effected, or are in course of progress, under the fostering care of this Society; and I join with him and others in wishing that this undertaking may receive in all quarters adequate recognition and encouragement. We cannot, Gentlemen, have advanced thus far in the year 1863 without permitting ourselves to congratulate one another upon the very improved character of the season as far as we have hitherto had experience of it. I know, Gentlemen, that upon almost all human things there are two parties—one which takes the best possible view, and the other the worst possible view of everything. This has been the case with respect to the condition and general prospects of Ireland. The truth generally may be found to lie between the two extremes; but I think no one upon either side—the *pessimus* or the *optimus* side—will be found to differ as to the extreme ungeniality and untoward character of the three summers through which we have passed; and it is not to be denied that bad effects naturally resulted in all departments of industry—our corn crops, green crops, our herds and our flocks. I am far from attempting to dogmatize or prophesy upon so mysterious and subtle a matter as the weather; but I do believe there is a growing persuasion, partly derived from the actual observation of the seasons, and partly from independent scientific speculations —among the rest, from observations upon the spots of the sun, and from magnetic currents upon the earth—which tend to bring about the belief that there is some law which regulates the recurrences of cycles of more or less favourable weather; and therefore, when we have hitherto experienced a spring which in its warm dryness and its early bloom reminds us of what we all imagine to be the springs of our youth, we cannot help indulging in further visions of bright summers, golden harvests, and overflowing granaries. One point, however, is clear—that until we obtain a more accurate knowledge of the laws which regulate the seasons and the conditions of climate, and can act more securely upon them, our caution ought to keep close company with our ignorance; and, gratifying as has been the sight presented to us in our yards to-day—these long ranges of well-limbed, even-backed, silk-skinned cattle, these pens of soft and snowy fleeces, these ingenious marvels of machinery—and fresh as I am from admiring and even handling the "Royal Butterfly" and "Soubadar," yet I must not forget that I

have heard within a few days a piteous complaint from my own country (Yorkshire), respecting diseased cattle from various parts of Ireland. I will just read the extract from the letter of my correspondent:—"We have been suffering very serious loss for some time past—I have, no doubt, not been alone, but throughout the whole neighbourhood—on account of the diseased state of the imported Irish cattle. I have thought the cause arose from the treatment they received on shipboard, and in being driven about to different parts; but, although I have no doubt that that increases the complaint, I have been informed from a reliable source that the foundation was laid in Ireland, in want of care on the part of the breeders in not providing proper shelter for them during the winter seasons. . . . The severe seasons have, no doubt, something to do in laying the foundation of the disease in question." I have always, not without incurring some reproach, laid great stress upon the adaptabilities of the Irish soil and climate to pasture, and the rearing of flocks and herds. I shall not now in any way depart from that creed; but it is obvious that it must be a damaging and self-punishing process to multiply, or in any way extend the growth and rearing of flocks and herds, without taking care that due provision is made both for a sufficient quantity of green crops for their feeding, and for shelter against any unusual rigour and severity of climate. There is nothing like caution and care in preventing these ills, which I will not say the caprices, but the irregularities of nature must expose us all to. There is one other still more grave and more inveterate drawback to Irish agriculture, and indeed to Irish prosperity generally, which I do not like to pass entirely without noticing, though I feel it is not the proper time and opportunity to dwell upon it; but I cannot help observing upon an evil which is more mischievous and damaging than the damp of the moistest summers, or the blast of the chilliest winters—I mean the spread of disaffection to the laws, and of recourse to deeds of violence and agrarian crime. Comparing, however, Ireland of to-day with Ireland as it once was, and indeed as I myself remember it, it would be gross injustice not to admit that rapid and manifest progress has been made, not merely in the material improvements, and in those varied processes to which your Exhibition has borne such splendid testimony, but also both in the condition and character of the people, and the feelings of the different classes towards each other.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF IRELAND.

ANNUAL CATTLE SHOW—KILKENNY.

[AUGUST 26TH, 1863.]

THE BANQUET.

TOAST:

"The Health of the Earl of Carlisle, and Prosperity to Ireland."

THE EARL OF BESSBOROUGH, Chairman, and President of the Society, said:—

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

It requires but few words from me to induce you to drink with enthusiasm the toast I am about to propose, the health of His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who has honoured us with his presence here to-day. It is difficult for me to speak in the presence of His Excellency—it is more particularly so, perhaps, that I am connected with him by long ties of friendship—to speak of His Excellency in those terms which I, in accordance with your and my feelings, would be prompted to use, and in which, I am sure if I was to give utterance to the feelings I entertain, I would certainly speak. I say, that whatever political difference any person may entertain in opinion with His Excellency, there is no person who does not admire the high, just, and moderate spirit which has caused him to make his rule distinguished by the strictest justice and fair dealing towards every political party. As far as the Society which I represent is concerned, he has always acted in the most friendly manner, and it owes, perhaps, more to him than any other. At whatever personal inconvenience it may have been attended with, I believe that on no one anniversary occasion has he ever missed attending the dinner of the Society during his residence here. But, in addition to this, he has, by the admirable practical remarks he offers, given most excellent advice

to the agriculturists of this country. I trust you will drink his health in such a manner as will show that the people of Kilkenny can welcome one who loves Ireland as much, or perhaps more than many Irishmen.

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

My Lord Bessborough, my Lords, and Gentlemen,

I have reason to return you my deep and heartfelt thanks for the honour you have done me, and so kindly done me, in drinking my health. My noble friend, your President, has alluded to the frequent occasions on which it has been such a deep source of gratification to me to attend the meetings of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland, which have now carried me happily over the whole surface of the country. But I can assure you that this feeling of satisfaction has never been more fervently felt by me than on the occasion of our being assembled within the ancient city of Kilkenny; for, without pausing to dwell on its picturesque site, or its historic lore—its silver Nore, sweeping under the battlements of the lordly Butlers; its ancient shrines and rising temples; not to call to remembrance the almost unparalleled list of men of eminence who received their education in its ancient School or College—I need only mention Dean Swift, Farquhar, the dramatist; Congreve, the dramatist; Steele, the essayist; Berkeley, the philosopher; Bishop Flood, the orator; Yelverton, the Chief Justice; but I myself remember, in my early years, the renown of its spirited gentry, and its social gaiety. The Bushes, the Powers, the Beechers, the Behans, and what is closest to my own heart, its sunny slopes and mountain summits, are allied in my mind with the nearest and tenderest memories. However, these are hardly topics for the present hour, and I pass to the more special business of the day. Upon a later occasion of these annual meetings of the Royal Agricultural Society, and especially at the last of all, which was held in Limerick, it was my painful duty to speak in rather gloomy tones of the then subsisting agricultural condition and prospects of the country. It is true that four successive most unfavourable seasons have preceded the present year. 1859 was a year of usual drought, which made an inroad on our live stock that has hardly yet been repaired, and with this perished a great quantity of our manure. Then three summers of almost incessant rain followed. The crops one by one felt the unhappy influence; land dropped out of cultivation, and

the last year was the worst of all. So that, if we were now obliged to confine ourselves wholly to retrospect, and not to indulge at all in prospect—if we only dealt with memory, and did not consider what was due to hope—this would be the very moment of the greatest depression. But you will all remember in the sacred page how, when the Prophet stood on the ridge of Carmel, he was told six times that there was no prospect of relief in the parched earth or in the burning sky; yet on the seventh occasion he gathered from the sight of a small cloud, like a man's hand, a presage of the coming deliverance, which then came in the form of rain. So we, I trust, may thank God that we can read in the sunbeams which have gladdened our eyes tokens of returning plenty and recovery. I observed that the land, under the baneful influence of the seasons, fell from time to time out of cultivation, and naturally the last reclaimed and the least productive lands were the first to be given up, and in the same gradation the best land was the last retained in tillage, and it is of that best land that we may now hope to enjoy the fruits under the best influence of a mended climate. And it was gratifying to me to find that it has been computed by most trustworthy persons, that if the crops of this season only equal the average yield of the last ten years, their value—supposing there should be no great disturbance in price—would exceed the value of the crops of 1862 by some ten millions of money. And if they should exceed that average of the last ten years, of course the gain would receive a proportionate increase. Amidst the general depression which affected almost every kind of agricultural produce, I find an exception in the article of flax, and I learn that this year 60,000 more acres of flax have been sown than the last ten years, or probably more than ever were yet sown in Ireland; and the activity of the linen trade, in such marked contrast with that of the cotton trade, encourages the hope that the flax crop, over and above its abundance, will realize satisfactory prices. With respect to other crops, which cannot attain that amount which the favourable nature of the present season might otherwise have secured to them if land had not been previously thrown out of cultivation, we may hope that, whereas the sufferings of a bad year are nearly mainly confined to the year itself, the caution and resources which are altogether best learned and only learned in seasons of difficulty and trial will bring with them salutary permanent results. I think it may be a matter of serious reflection whether the least favoured lands ought to be restored to a more pre-

carious crop, as I believe that lands that have hitherto been devoted to wheat would be much better applied to those grains that suit better with cold and moister climates. No lesson of the past has been more permanently taught than the necessity of continued attention to drainage; and I rejoice to find that two measures have been adopted in the last session of Parliament for giving facilities to proprietors for making outlets to their drains, and for enabling them to form drainage districts to effect a more complete arterial drainage. And I believe these two measures rest on the sound principle of facilitating proprietors in executing the works themselves, without any undue influence on the part of the Government. The competition of the whole world, acting now upon us through new facilities of transit and new means of access, of which the Galway line is the last, of course continually grows more intense. The great enterprise of your neighbours, the pork merchants of Waterford, has given activity to the bacon trade, of which this city may be considered in some respects the centre; and the vigorous promise of the potato crop bids fair—for we all know the connexion between pigs and potatoes—to contribute to the further extension of the pig trade in Ireland. I believe almost the only article of food the importation of which into the United Kingdom has been diminished within the past year is butter. Now, the state of Ireland affords considerable facilities for that trade, which it has long enjoyed, and I trust that continued attention to dairy farming will carry on and advance its prosperity. I had wished almost to indulge myself in some little reflections upon certain processes of hay-making which I observe carried on in Ireland; but I have found my views so completely summed up in the old "Survey of the county of Kilkenny," written, I believe, by the father of my excellent and honoured host, Colonel Tighe, that I cannot help quoting what he says, rather regretting that the subsequent amendment has not been as complete as we might have hoped. "The principal faults," he says, "in common practice are drying the hay too much, and exposing it too long to injury in every way. The great object seems to me to be to prevent heating, to accomplish which the wind and rain often extract all the nutritious parts of the hay long before it quits the field. There can be no doubt that it is highly useful for the hay to heat moderately. If it is cut while the grass is succulent, and permitted to heat, the saccharine process takes place, and an additional quantity of saccharine matter—one of the most nutritious substances—is formed by combination with the oxygen;

it only requires that it should not be allowed to go too far. It often happens that the hay is allowed to remain too long in the fields. It loses then in the saccharine matter, and there is also the additional disadvantage that the ground is debarred from the benefits which it would otherwise receive from exposure to the light and air of heaven." Such topics as the better selection of seeds, the questions of the steam plough, the treatment of the disease of cattle and sheep, I wish entirely to leave to those better competent to offer an opinion upon these subjects, as well as upon the particular merits of the very successful Show we have witnessed this day. I am very glad to perceive that among other objects which the Society has cordially adopted is one institution, patronized, I am very gratified to see, by the ladies of Ireland, and by some of the highest, the fairest, and best amongst them. They have become associates of the Royal Agricultural Society for the special object of improving the dwellings and domestic condition of the agricultural population of Ireland. I am sincerely anxious that the tenements of the labourers should be made to keep an equal pace of improvement with the care bestowed on your flocks and on your herds. Looking for a moment, and only for a moment, to the general condition of the country, apart from the special province of agriculture, although the distress caused by the late inclement seasons has naturally told with great and distressing effect in the several districts of the country, yet it appears that the rate per head on the population for the relief of the poor in Ireland amounts at present to 2*s.* 6*d.*, whereas the rate per head in both England and Wales reaches up to 6*s.* per head. With respect to that most important subject, the education of the people, it appears that in the year 1841, 54 per cent. of the male population, and 41 of the female could read. In 1851 this proportion had risen to 58 per cent. of the male population, and 49 of the female; and in the last census, 1861, the proportion had further obtained the gratifying increase to 65 per cent. of the male population, and 58 of the female. And in the county of Kilkenny, in our immediate neighbourhood, I am glad to find that while the attendance in the National Schools in 1851 was 1 in 10 of the population, in 1861 the attendance had risen to 1 in 6 of the population. There is a small item in statistics that I have ascertained, and which affords me some astonishment, I confess. In the last census of 1861 there were in Great Britain of

persons 100 years of age and upwards, 201. How many do you think were in Ireland, in not nearly so large a population? 765. That fact speaks highly for the health of the old men and old women. The only thing further I have to add to my summary of statistics, and perhaps I should consider it the most important, is, that in the last year there has been a sensible decrease of crime as compared with preceding years. Now, my Lord and Gentlemen, I will only add that this is not a country to despond about. There are now two sets of principles and of influences at work for mastery over its future destinies. On that mountain top which overlooks so great a portion of the country—on the majestic Slievenamon—one set of those principles and influences finds its vent in shrill and ill-omened shrieks for strife, for discord, and for the bloodshed of those who possess and those who till the soil; the other or counter set of principles breathes through such organs of peace as this and other kindred societies, of which it is the harmonizing and healing purpose to spread the knowledge of useful improvement, to encourage the proprietors of the land to reside on their estates, and to take an interest in the land they live on and the men they live with, and to unite all classes and all grades, landlords and tenants, farmers and labourers, in one blessed reciprocity of good will and good deeds.

The EARL OF CARLISLE again rose, and said:—

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I have risen to propose a toast—one which will meet with your warm, and cordial, and hearty concurrence—I mean, "The health of the President, the Earl of Bessborough." Now, I only feel that the modesty of my noble friend might induce me to be too short in my observations in proposing this toast, while my own feelings of regard and friendship might only tempt me to be too long in dwelling upon the claims which that toast has upon us. Sprung from a race distinguished alike for their public spirit and their service to their country, descended from a father who at one time filled the highest office in this country, and at all times filled the most useful office, that of a resident proprietor, not only residing on the soil, but metamorphosing the appearance of his property. My noble friend carries on the principle and the practice of those who have gone before him. There cannot, perhaps, be a

surer and safer test of the character of a landlord than the condition of his property. I will only say that what the Bessborough property is as an estate, and what Piltown is as a village, such is the Earl of Bessborough as a landlord.

THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY'S SPRING CATTLE SHOW.

EVENING MEETING FOR THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF PRIZES.

[MARCH 30TH, 1864.]

I BELIEVE I may gather that the resolution, so kindly proposed by my friend, the Hon. Mr. Handcock, has been endorsed by your acceptance. I can only assure you that I receive this and similar demonstrations in this theatre with great pleasure and gratitude. I feel particular pleasure in thinking that we may be confident that the Show which we have witnessed this day is one of continued and gaining success. I must content myself with referring to the instructive speech of Mr. Maunsell, who can speak with a much nicer degree of discrimination upon the peculiar merits of that Exhibition than I could; but its general merits must have been obvious even to spectators as unqualified and superficial as myself. It is very pleasing to find every time I come here that the Royal Dublin Society has provided fresh appliances, new accommodation, new sheds, yards, and galleries, so that we are now no longer obliged to poach upon Leinster Lawn, but resign its unbroken sward for purposes of flower beds or parterres, or for the Statues of more Irish worthies. I feel that when I take occasion to commend Exhibitions of live stock upon this and similar occasions I run one risk—I know I am liable to be told that I take much more care of the cattle, and sheep, and swine, and perhaps even of the poultry of the country than of the nobler species—man himself; and that, in my anxiety to prove that Ireland should be the mother of flocks and herds, I comparatively leave ought of sight and do not care what becomes of Irishmen.

Now, if I thought this required a serious answer, which I do not think it does, I might say that I have reiterated on former occasions my approval of and sympathy with that movement, which I believe the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland has sought to encourage and promote, the construction of better dwellings and cottages for the agricultural labourers. I might also say that I have taken the most public opportunity I could find of giving vent to my regret that the bone and marrow of the rising youth of Ireland, instead of being expended in wholesome labour upon their own fertile soil, should be allowed to rot and moulder on the far battle fields of America. But, Gentlemen, I humbly conceive that, to furnish them with that employment which I covet for them—to secure them those wages which I fain would see rewarding their well-directed labours, there can be no method so obvious or so sure as the processes by which this Society, and in connexion with it the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland, have for their special province—that is, to improve in every point the agriculture of the country—to perfect every breed of animals employed in husbandry—to make generally known and bring into common use the most useful improvements, and, where the occasion may invite, to furnish new growths and new crops, such, for instance, as that we have just heard allusion made to—the flax crop in this country, to the promotion of which every one will rejoice that the Government has given, through this Society, its aid and co-operation. It is precisely in this spirit and in this direction that the poet, in one line, when addressing his country, utters *magna frugem parens*—and, in the next line says, *magna virum*; and I believe this is not a fanciful collocation, but that it is from a well-cultivated and well-farmed country that we are most likely to see emerge an industrious, contented, and honest peasantry. Returning you my thanks for the kindness I have received, let me express my pleasure at meeting you this day in the noble yard of this Society, and to anticipate, whether I am here to witness them or not, many future Shows, as gratifying and as full of promise and of hope as that which we have assisted at this day.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW— SALTHILL.

THE ANNUAL DINNER.

[SEPTEMBER 4TH, 1856.]

TOAST :

"The Health of the Earl of Carlisle, and Prosperity to Ireland."

MY LORD CHANCELLOR, MY LORD MAYOR, AND GENTLEMEN,

I BEG to return you my very sincere thanks for the honour you have done me in so kindly drinking my health. This is certainly not the first occasion of my witnessing the exhibitions of the Royal Horticultural Society of Ireland, but is the first on which I have partaken in so solid and excellent a form of its entertainments; and I am sure, in reference to the Lord Chancellor's generous invitation, that I have had every temptation this evening to renew my experience of your hospitality. I can sincerely congratulate you, Gentlemen, on the strides which the science and practice of Horticulture have made in Ireland, even within my own experience. I believe for those strides the science is mainly indebted to the members of the Royal Horticultural Society. I am sure it must be your first wish, not only that your own exhibitions should be attended with success which hitherto accompanied them, but that they should be largely imitated in the provinces, and amongst all classes of people in Ireland. I myself had the gratification only two days ago of witnessing a very successful Horticultural Show in a very secluded part of the neighbouring county of Wicklow; and I had the pleasure of learning there, that within the very short period during which the local Society had been established, there has been a most perceptible and marked advance in the endeavours both of farmers and cottagers to improve the gardens round their humble homesteads. This is as it should be; for I am sure it ought to be the first aim and object of us all in promoting the science of Horticulture, not merely to

desire success in displaying splendid exotics and wondrous epiphytes, but also to see that every cottage, no matter how humble, may have its neat flower bed in front, and its well-stocked kitchen garden at its side, and even its smiling orchard behind. Reference has been made by your Lordship to kindred societies at which it has been my privilege to be present. Not long ago I had the high gratification of visiting the meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society at Athlone, and I there had abundant opportunity of witnessing the signal improvement which has taken place in Irish agriculture within the last score of years. I suppose the Horticultural Society of Ireland is not yet furnished with such an imposing array of statistics as belong to the sister Society for the promotion of Agriculture; but I make no doubt that almost as great an advance has been made in the floral as in the cereal experience of Ireland. I can only exhort you according to your several opportunities to persevere in your laudable endeavours to improve the Horticulture of this country, and in so doing you will add grace to the lovely landscapes of Ireland, beauties by which they were not before adorned. The science has not only an ornamental, but has directly a utilitarian character, and it is in that respect that I cordially wish all possible success may attend its efforts. With that hope I beg leave to propose as a toast,

"Success to the Royal Horticultural Society;"

VICEREGAL VISITS, OPENING AND EXTENSION OF IRISH RAILWAYS, &c., &c.

VICEREGAL VISIT TO LIMERICK.

THE BANQUET.

[JULY 9TH, 1856.]

TOAST:

"The Health of the Earl of Carlisle, and Prosperity to Ireland."

IN proposing the toast, the Mayor, J. SPAIGHT, Esq., observed that the Representative of our most gracious and well-beloved Queen was justly entitled at their hands to every mark of respect which their duty and loyalty could suggest; but when, in addition to these high claims on their consideration, they had a liberal statesman—an accomplished scholar—a finished gentleman—a kind and courteous friend—he felt that their respect must rise to admiration, and their loyalty kindle to enthusiasm. The Mayor having alluded to the buildings, institutions, and schools, to illustrate the material and moral progress that had taken place in the town, concluded by saying that there was no man who heard him, whether he be Benedict or Bachelor, who would not appreciate His Excellency's danger when he found himself amongst the bright eyes and beaming smiles of the ladies of Limerick; and when His Excellency rose to address them, and fixed his gaze upon that coronet of beauty that so gracefully adorned their banquet, he would warn him that he would be exposed to a fire more fatal and searching than that which swept the breach to the great Redan; and so utterly untenable did he consider His Excellency's position under such a fire, that it would not surprise him if he felt bound to haul down his standard of single blessedness on the spot.

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

MR. MAYOR, MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN,

You may well imagine that I shall find it far from easy to express in any corresponding language my deep and grateful sense of the kind and hearty reception with which I have been honoured this day—first, in the streets of your ancient city by its stalwart sons; and let me add, by its comely daughters—and now within these walls, with a distinguished and brilliant company assembled within this radiant circuit. And I cannot proceed further without thanking your Worship from my heart for the timely, and I confess very necessary caution, which you in your magisterial responsibility for my safe keeping during this too brief visit have thought yourself called upon to supply. Forewarned is indeed forearmed; but when I look around, I cannot wonder that your Worship has already yielded. I trust, Gentlemen, I know how to exercise due discrimination in distributing the warmth and effusion which have been so strikingly manifested on this occasion—among other exciting causes, between the feeling of respect naturally assigned to the higher position I have been appointed to fill as the Representative in this country of our beloved Queen—between your kindly recognition of my past connexion with this country, and your indulgent estimate of my present services. The comparison between that past and this present, presents within my own Irish experience, many gratifying suggestions of encouragement and hope; and I believe I have good reason more expressly to congratulate the present assembly that in the advancing career of national improvement and progress, the county and city of Limerick have borne a very distinguished and prominent part. It so happens that, as it has been arranged that I throw off instead of winding up my visit to this festal gathering, I am not necessarily qualified so well to speak from personal observation as I trust in a day or two hence to be, concerning what has been effected both by public and private enterprise; but this at all events is a very pleasant reflection, that if I have found your streets thronged, and your banquet halls overflowing, I have also found your prisons comparatively empty. If I am shown, as has been promised to me—and I doubt not I shall find the promise realized—if I am to be shown schools well attended, docks and quays well furnished, homes for the accommodation of literature, and temples of Divine worship multiplied, so I also am informed that the

criminal papers of the city of Limerick at the present assizes, up to this week at least, did not contain a single name, and the criminal paper for this great and populous county only four. Then, with respect to what I should be inclined to put only second to the diminution of crime—I mean the diminution of pauperism—I find that in the union of Limerick—I am happy to say that other unions in the country present the same proportion—that whereas the expenditure for poor relief in 1849, of which we have such painful remembrances, amounted to £53,000, in the year before last it had fallen to £15,000; the expenditure of the very last year showing, in contrast with its immediate predecessor, a diminution of one-third. And with respect to the number of persons relieved, which in the year 1849 was 46,000, it had fallen in the year before last to 13,000, and it fell in the last year to 10,000. The comparison of persons relieved thus exhibited in the last two years a diminution of one-fourth; but it is further most satisfactory to know, that if we enlarge our horizon so as to take in the whole of Ireland, the landscape will not lose in scarcely any quarter its calm and radiant aspect. I should indeed be adopting a course utterly unworthy of the position which I fill, and of that clear-sighted and sagacious community over whose affairs I have been appointed to preside, if I could endeavour to pourtray any over-coloured or merely flattering representation of their condition or their character. I do seek to conceal that in the whole extent of Ireland there are still to be found sufficient instances of exceptional crime to deter us from dispensing at once with all methods of exceptional repression. I cannot wholly suppress the wish, both because I think that the reproach which it may be thought to imply attaches equally to all parties, and still more because the presence at your board to-night of the two Right Rev. Prelates, which I hail with such cordial pleasure, gives me the hope that any such reproach would attach with comparative lightness here; but the wish to which I return is, that all sides would feel rather more disposed to employ that religious zeal which is the glory of the human character more in adorning their own faith than in impugning that of their neighbours. But I pass gladly from such themes—of which, after all, the individual conscience must be the supreme judge—to those topics of common interest and concern, honourable to all and happy for all alike, which consist in the decrease of pauperism, the growth of agriculture, the extension of commerce, the improvement in the dwellings, the clothing, and the diet of the peo-

ple, and the disappearance of crime. These are matters of which Ireland has a right to feel proud, and which give us a right to be hopeful for Ireland. It is now just one hundred and sixty-six years ago since hostile armies were encamped in the surrounding marsh, within hearing of those very spots now only resonant of loyalty and good-will, and the blood of brethren flowed profusely in civil strife around the battered rampart. How is all now changed—all save that first, as it has been rightly described—all save that noblest of Ireland's rivers, which still bathes your walls—all save that valour which has recently lined the trench and scaled the parapet! But now, not as then, it has been displayed in our united armies against a foreign foe. Well, Gentlemen, peace has been happily restored to the East of Europe; and I trust that your noble stream may never waft to that great Western World which first confronts its advancing billows any messages save those of extending commerce and unbroken concord. I wish from my heart that this whole district may very largely share in all the glory and in all the blessings of a peaceful and improving era; and it only remains for me to repeat to you, Gentlemen, that you have this day given me a reception which I shall never forget. I wish I deserved it—I know I am thankful for it.

The EARL OF CARLISLE again rose, and said:—

I beg leave to be allowed to propose a toast; and although I believe almost every one whom I have the honour to address has had the advantage of knowing the object of that toast for a longer time, and more about him than I do myself, yet I feel, even if our acquaintance only dated from this evening, that I know quite enough of him to make me sure that you will receive the toast most readily and joyfully. It is stated, and I believe stated with authority, that the Mayoralty of Limerick preceded by eleven years the Mayoralty of London. I dare not say in the worshipful presence of the Mayors of Cork, Waterford, and Clonmel, how much it preceded the other Irish Corporations; but I will almost make bold to say that in the long list of Limerick Mayors that office was never filled by a more competent, more eloquent, or a more worthy Mayor than he whose health I may now call upon you to drink as you ought—

"The Chairman of the evening, the Mayor of Limerick."

OPENING OF THE FOYNES RAILWAY.

[JULY 10TH, 1856.]

THE DEJEUNER.

TOAST:

"The Health of the Earl of Carlisle, and Prosperity to Ireland."

THE Chairman, the EARL OF DUNRAVEN, said—He could not sufficiently express the feelings of gratification at the honour done him by His Excellency's condescending to visit him in his ancestral home. It was indeed a source of great pride to him, and he was aware how little he deserved the honour—for which he was most deeply grateful. Next to that, it gave him most sincere pleasure to see them all there witnessing the presence of a Viceroy for the first time, he might say, perhaps for centuries, within the walls of that ancient and historic castle. They were aware that it had belonged to both branches of one of the greatest and the foremost families—the Fitzgeralds. If they reflected upon the revelling and the banquetting that had taken place there, either the precursors of, or following scenes of strife and blood, he was sure they would agree with him in the expression of the happiness they felt in meeting in that place the Lord Lieutenant that day to inaugurate a work of a very different character. There had issued forth from these walls predecessors of his noble friend the Lord Lieutenant; but there had also gone forth chieftains—in some cases to combat against the British Crown, and in others to combat against the liberties of the people of Ireland. He would venture to say that his noble friend was the first instance there of a nobleman who was the Representative of the British Crown, and at the same time the zealous supporter of the rights of the Irish people. He would not, as he would highly wish to do, then attempt to express in his presence the opinions he entertained personally of the noble Earl of Carlisle; but he would say that it gave him, as he was sure it did all others present, the highest gratification to think that His Excellency had come to Limerick with the express purpose of opening the Railway to Foynes. They were

aware of the feeling created in the hearts of Irishmen, by the recollection of the name of Morpeth. He was about to say that this remembrance would likely be affected; but they would not regret, when they reflected that the only mode in which it might be eclipsed would be by the superior lustre which would in future attach to the name of "Carlisle."

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

My Lord, and Gentlemen,

I beg most sincerely to thank you for the honour you have just paid me in so very warm and hearty a manner. You will easily credit me when I express to you the extreme pleasure it has given me to have been allowed to take my share in the proceedings of the day, which everyone of you will acknowledge have been most imposing and most agreeable. Your Lordship has adverted with great truth and propriety to the striking and touching associations of the scene and the time—to meet amid the eternal verdure of those walls—within the old Castle of the Desmonds—to celebrate the opening of a modern railway—does indeed connect in the most striking manner the past with the present, and exhibit that eminent principle of contrast and continuity which runs through the whole progress of our national prosperity and glory. With respect to the prospects of the undertaking, of course I leave them in the hands of their official and responsible sponsors. I hope from the promising prelude which has this day been given to them that we may augur the best results which the most sanguine anticipations could have pourtrayed, and I wish heartily to the spirited undertaking the utmost possible success—to the future passengers I wish agreeable trips and light fares, and to the shareholders quick returns and heavy profits. I am sure I cannot better express the feelings of all who have partaken of the pleasure of the day, than by asking you to drink with every feeling of acknowledgment and gratitude to the good health, individually and collectively, to the prosperity of our honoured, my own honoured host, the proprietor of these fair domains; and I can assure him that the attractions I have already had an opportunity of witnessing with him will make my remembrance only too eager to profit by his kind invitation to return to them. Let me beg of you to drink to

"The Health of the Earl of Dunraven, and the Directors of the Limerick and Foynes Railway."

REPLY TO THE ADDRESS FROM THE CORPORATION OF LIMERICK.

[JULY 9TH, 1856.]

GENTLEMEN,

I BEG to convey to the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of Limerick my assurance of the respectful gratitude inspired by their cordial welcome and considerate Address. It gives me very sincere pleasure to renew within this ancient city the recollections of years which you kindly inform me are not far enough removed to be obliterated from your memories. The intervening period has been marked by dispensations and changes calculated to leave enduring impressions upon the condition of the country and its inhabitants. The processes thus prepared by Heaven are purposed alike to stimulate the energies, and soften the asperities of human societies. I rejoice extremely to gather from all I have heard, as I trust I shall from all I am about to see, that your spirited community has been enabled to engraft upon the honoured stock of the historical past so much of the energy and enterprise which vivify the present and will master the future.

REPLY TO THE ADDRESS FROM THE LIMERICK CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

[JULY 9TH, 1856.]

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE listened with great satisfaction to the loyal and cordial Address of the President and Members of the Corporation of the Chamber of Commerce in Limerick. It is very gratifying to learn that such a body is intent upon aiding and guiding the community around them in the laudable endeavour to profit by the rich opportunities which their local position and the bounty of Providence place within their reach—communicating on the one hand with districts proverbial for their fertility even in your green isle, and on the other with

your noble Shannon and the near Atlantic. It would indeed be matter of shame, as well as of regret, if the industry and energy of man could not second the magnificent provision of Nature. I trust that all whom you comprise, and all whom you can influence, will steadily advance in so honourable and benificent a career; and I join from my heart in the hope that the happy restoration of peace may promote all the genial activities of commerce, and augment the general happiness of the human family.

REPLY TO THE ADDRESS FROM THE CONGREGATED TRADES OF LIMERICK.

[JULY 9TH, 1856.]

GENTLEMEN,

I INDEED find it difficult to acknowledge in adequate terms the extreme warmth and heartiness of the Address which has just been presented to me by the office-bearers and members of the Congregated Trades of Limerick. I do not learn now for the first time that many of you, by enrolling yourselves in the Mechanics' Institute, have found leisure, even amidst the engrossing demands of daily toil, to devote some care to the noble objects of intellectual culture and mental improvement. Allow me to tell you that you have done well. Work pursued in any honest calling in itself does honour to the industrious hand and patient spirit which are exercised by it. Honour to it, then, for its own sake. But it deserves all the more to be lightened and elevated by the same pleasures of knowledge and refinement which confer delight and lustre upon superior wealth and station. Accept my earnest prayer, that the Divine blessing may prosper the work of your hands, follow you to your homes and families, and crown all your days with plenty, and all your nights with peace.

VICEREGAL VISIT—CORK.

[NOVEMBER 10TH, 1859.]

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF ST. PATRICK'S BRIDGE.

THE Mayor, JOHN ARNOTT, Esq., M. P., having read the Address from the citizens of Cork,

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

I beg to return to the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the city of Cork, my respectful and grateful thanks for their gracious welcome within the boundaries of their fine city. I rejoice that my visit at this period should enable me to afford a practical proof of the interest which I feel in the prosperity of Cork, by assisting at the inauguration of a work of such essential and unceasing importance to the commercial comfort of the entire community as the proposed restoration of St. Patrick's Bridge, of which I am about to replace the first stone. I cannot but look upon this as a most appropriate question at the present moment. If the city of Cork has any ambition to be considered on the highway of nations, it is at least suitable that she should provide in a comely and durable manner for the transit of her own citizens.

SIR JOHN BENSON then presented His Excellency with a silver trowel, on which was engraved the following inscription:—"Presented to His Excellency George William Frederick Howard, Earl of Carlisle, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, on laying the Foundation Stone of St. Patrick's Bridge, Cork, November 10, 1859. Sir John Benson, Engineer."

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

I declare this foundation stone duly and truly laid. It is now my wish, acting on the part of our gracious Queen, as a mark of my interest in the undertaking commenced this day, as a mark of respect for the

community of the city of Cork, and as a mark of respect for the excellent personal qualities of the individual himself to confer the honour of knighthood on your worthy Mayor.

The MAYOR then knelt down, and His Excellency having received the Sword of State from Major Forster, laid it gently on His Worship's shoulder, saying,

"RISE, SIR JOHN ARNOTT."

OPENING OF THE CORK AND YOUGHAL RAILWAY.

[NOVEMBER 10TH, 1859.]

THE DEJEUNER.

TOAST:

"The Health of the Earl of Carlisle, and Prosperity to Ireland."

MR. CHAIRMAN, MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN,

I BEG to return my very sincere thanks to you for the compliment you have just been pleased to pay me. I never feel the significance of the name of the Lord Lieutenant being coupled with "prosperity to Ireland" so sensibly, as when I am permitted to associate with Irishmen in the inauguration of these undertakings of individual enterprise and of national usefulness. It has accordingly given me the greatest satisfaction to have been able to take a part in the proceedings of this day. It is true, indeed, that it is no very great length of railway we have opened this morning. Nine miles of a new line does not seem in itself to be any gigantic operation, and may, indeed, be almost measured by a few puffs of the steam-engine. But it is as a promise and a part of more extended communication that what we have achieved to-day acquires its real value—as a link of what will actually be supplied by it—as first-fruits of the promises which it may eventually fulfil. A line, when completed, from Cork to Youghal, will open a fertile, capable, and improving district. A line when completed from Cork to Queenstown, viewed in the first place with respect only to its two terminating

points, will be a vast and daily addition to the convenience of a populous community for every purpose of business, health, and pleasure. But, looking beyond this limited range, and without attempting to grasp at any monopoly, it certainly affords room for speculations of far wider extent and significance. I gladly leave to Sir Cusack Roney, who has just favoured us with a most valuable and clear-sighted statement, and to others who share with him the immediate responsibility of these railway operations—I leave it to them to decide how far they may safely indulge their hopeful anticipations. I will be content with reminding you, that though the point from which we started this morning, the village of Dunkettle, may as yet be a rather obscure name on the map of the world, yet it has Europe behind it, and America before it. Such names, Gentlemen, are big enough to suggest any amount of speculation that we may reasonably indulge in; and with all the favourable anticipations which are encouraged by the proceedings of this day, I am sure I shall be giving effect to the feeling by which all I now have the honour to address are animated, by asking you to join with me in drinking "Prosperity to the Cork and Youghal Railway, and to the Cork and Queenstown Branch;" and I couple with them the name of the Chairman of the Companies, Sir Cusack Roney.

BANQUET IN THE CORK ATHENÆUM.

[NOVEMBER 14TH, 1859.]

TOAST:

"The Health of the Earl of Carlisle, and Prosperity to Ireland."

THE EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

MR. MAYOR, AND GENTLEMEN,

Allow me to thank you deeply from my heart for the extreme cordiality with which you have received the toast just proposed to you. I can assure you that it is no common gratification to me, on this occasion of my second visit to your fair and ancient city, as the Represen-

tative of our beloved Queen, to find, by the renewed, and allow me to say the greatly increased warmth of your welcome, that your feelings of loyalty and attachment to a constitutional throne, so far from having sustained any decrease, have only found vent in a more distinct and manifest expression. It might, indeed, have been considered strange if it had been otherwise. We are living under the shelter of equal laws and enlightened institutions—with no exclusive barriers against any class or creed—against the profession of the faith which every man owes to his God, or against the exercise of those faculties and abilities which his God has given him. Since we last met here, some regions of the globe, and those amongst the fairest and brightest which gem its varied surface, have been visited by the afflictions of violence and war. In some of them the clouds of civil commotion and change have gathered, or the fiery thunderbolts of war have burst, while we have to thank a gracious Providence that we have been enabled to till our own fields in ease and security—to reap the rich abundance of peaceful harvests. There is no point upon which, in a world so full of change, and in a modern society like ours, so full of complications, that I would wish to express myself with any degree of assurance and presumption. Still, we must gratefully admit that within our own borders poverty has been diminished; crime, except in a few dark spots, has greatly decreased; agriculture has been improved; trade has been enlarged, and peace has been preserved. We hear elsewhere of a vast manufactory of Minie rifles, and of Armstrong guns; and very glad too am I to hear of them, and I think very possibly that more of them might be well bestowed on Spike Island, or the forts at the entrance of Cork Harbour. Still, I feel it is news of better omen to the world at large to know, as we did to-night, from the lips of our worthy Chairman, that the exports from Cork have enormously increased in so very unwarlike and yielding an article as butter. We read in sundry places of the appearance of pestilence and cholera; but I reflect with satisfaction that my friend, Dr. Barter, is ready to supply an unlimited quantity of Turkish baths, from one of which I have just issued. With respect to your own good city of Cork, I am sure I could not tell you how glad I am to meet so respectable and brilliant a company again in this noble space, so radiantly lighted above, surrounded by the names of the sons of men of this country, of whom generous Ireland may be justly proud, and below them adorned in a manner certainly not less attractive by her living daugh-

ters. I have felt, however, Gentlemen, that the pleasure which I have derived, in every point of view, from my present visit, has been most materially enhanced by the several works of obvious public usefulness with which it has been associated and connected, which indeed centre mainly in your own city, but which are calculated to radiate to many collateral advantages for the whole surrounding district and the country at large. In the first place, we have joined together in laying the foundation of a noble bridge over your pleasant River Lee, which, if we lay the stress upon as the signal ornament which it will be to this city, it is only because it will in a vastly superior degree contribute to the convenience and comfort of every class of its inhabitants. Next, we opened a great portion of a new line of railway from Cork to Youghal, which will connect your beautiful Cove with the fine estuary of the Blackwater; and, further, we gave the starting point to that most important branch which will connect Cork with Queenstown. Before such an audience as this I need not dilate upon the importance of further cementing that most important connexion. What the Piræus of old was to Athens—what Kingstown is now to Dublin—Queenstown is, and will be, to Cork. But may we not look still further? May we not cast our eyes beyond the sinuous and silvery Cove beneath your town, even to that world of Atlantic waters which toss and foam beyond? Of course I am not here to speak with any precision on details which do not come properly before me. Still less am I here to undervalue the just claims of any corresponding and kindred undertaking. But with facts we may deal; and we know that in twenty hours from London, and in five hours from Kingstown, heavy mail bags were safely stowed in the Harbour of Cork, on board of the packets which were to proceed to the Western World. We know, too, that if any one had preferred that conveyance, they would have saved themselves at least some twenty-four hours, not very pleasantly spent on a wintry and stormy sea. I almost shrink from touching upon this point. I do not like the appearance, even for the sake of Ireland, of endeavouring to make capital out of events of sorrow and calamity. Still it is another of the facts to which I have referred, that within the last few weeks the Channel between our islands has been the scene of heart-rending disasters. I cannot refrain from applying to the case of Ireland on this subject—though I ought to make some apology for doing so—some noble lines of the Roman poet, Claudian, which he addressed to one of his hearers when he represented

the storms of winter and the winds of heaven as conspiring to assist his efforts to insure his victory—

"Cui fundit ab antris
Æolus armatas hyemes; cui militat æther,
Et conjurati veniunt ad classica venti!"

But whatever may be the issue and event of any special enterprise or undertaking, I feel confident that it is in enterprises which have for their aim to augment the resources, to promote the intercourse, to prolong the friendship of the great family of man, that nations will find their highest honour and their richest reward. We do not envy the trophies of Magenta or Solferino. We deplore, while we honour, the brave blood that has been shed on the banks of the Ganges and Peiho; but we exult with joy without alloy, and without repentance, when we feel that we have borne a share in undertakings which will augment the stock of national wealth, civilization, and beneficence—when we feel that we have extended the basis for the civilizing influence of peace and commerce, and that we have added new links to the chain of human brotherhood.

VICEREGAL VISIT TO LURGAN.

[August 6th, 1861.]

AN Address having been read by WILLIAM PAUL, Esq., who was introduced to His Excellency by LORD LURGAN,

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

I beg to express to the Town Commissioners, and through them to the inhabitants of the thriving and spirited town of Lurgan, my most sincere thanks for their loyal and friendly Address. Knowing well that every effort has been made in this industrious neighbourhood to develope the great staple trade of the Province of Ulster, I earnestly sympathize with the painful interest you must have felt in watching the progress of the civil strife which has suddenly blasted the prosperity of that immense region which is naturally your most populous market; and I fervently echo your prayer that ere long we may receive, and by the

speediest conveyance, the joyful assurance of restored peace. My colleagues in the Imperial Government will learn with the same pleasure as myself that the recent commercial treaty which they have formed with the great empire of France, has already worked perceptibly for the advantage of this district. I gladly anticipate that the other nations of Europe will be speedily induced to follow the example of two countries so well qualified to take the lead in all the noble ways of peaceful glory. Amidst so much to gladden the eye and delight the heart in this advanced and advancing district, the occasional outburst of religious animosities among its intelligent and manly population has formed almost the only drawback to the full complacency of the contemplation. It has given me real joy that the great improvement recently observable in this respect has enabled me to dispense, before coming among you, with some of the precautions which had previously seemed to be necessary. But if precaution is sometimes the duty, confidence is the glory of Governments. The generosity of the men of Ulster will give me no occasion to regret that which I now repose in them. I rejoice to hear of the steady increase of your population in numbers, surpassing that of any other town in Ireland within the last ten years; and still more, of the extent to which they have been wise enough to provide aids and appliances for intellectual and moral improvement. If anything could add to the satisfaction I have in meeting the sympathizing representatives of so enlightened a community, it is that I come among them as the guest of a nobleman whom I may truly call their fellow-townsman, whose residence, whose family, whose character comprise the refinements, the graces and the virtues which soften, adorn, and elevate our common human existence.

VICEREGAL VISIT TO DONEGAL.

DEJEUNER AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE FINN VALLEY RAILWAY.

[SEPTEMBER 21ST, 1863.]

THE Chairman, LORD LIFFORD, said he had a toast to propose which, he was sure, they would drink with more than ordinary enthusiasm. They were all happy in this country in having a Lord Lieutenant who did not shut himself up in solitary state in Dublin Castle, or in the Viceregal Lodge, or who associated with only one class of the Queen's subjects, but who came amongst them to learn their habits and understand their wants—who loved their beautiful scenery, and bore towards them the same warmth of heart that Irishmen always bore to those who they felt did them justice. He would not weary His Excellency or those present by dwelling on the many points which peculiarly fitted him for the post of Lord Lieutenant; but this he would say, standing by his side, as he had said when standing opposite him as his political opponent, that as Viceroy of Ireland he was not the minister of a party, but the Representative of Her Majesty, whose only object was to secure the welfare of her subjects. He would give them "The health of the Earl of Carlisle," to whom he desired to convey his thanks for appearing amongst them on that occasion, and a warm welcome to the wilds of Donegal, and "Prosperity to Ireland," as connected with his name.

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

LORD LIFFORD, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN,

I return you my very sincere thanks for the kind and cordial manner in which you have been pleased on this occasion to accept the mention of my name. It is a matter of great congratulation—not now for the first time—to have that name coupled with the wish of prosperity to Ireland—for certainly that is a wish very near to my own heart. The prosperity of Ireland seems to-day to be more especially identified with the extension of its railway system; and I assure you that it has

given me the greatest pleasure to have made this, I may call it opening or inaugural trip down this cheerful and rich Finn Valley, and I have had the advantage of seeing it both in its smiles and in its tears. It is true there may be railways of greater extent and compass, that may have cost a far greater amount to construct, but cheapest construction is one of the surest elements of success to railways; and if it be true, as we have been informed, and as we shall hear by-and-bye from more competent authority, that this railway was constructed at the cost of little more than £5,000 a mile, I must say it will have afforded a very useful and very effective hint to other railways, both in this kingdom, in England, and in the world at large. Hitherto the county of Donegal may be considered to bear the character of a remote and distant region. It is about the furthest from the capital of Ireland, about the furthest from England, and it fronts the broad Atlantic, and is in fact nearest to that great country, where I wish the inhabitants would learn to live in peace and harmony, after the example of the men of Donegal. I, at all events, have shown my partiality for Donegal by visiting it for the second time in the same year; and I trust that the railway which we have opened this day will be the means of bringing to the heart of this beautiful district not only such idle travellers as myself—though I will not indeed admit that it is wholly an idle thing in one placed in the position which I have the honour to fill, to make myself acquainted both with the beauties of your natural scenery, and with the general condition of the inhabitants—but I trust this railway, besides the access it gives to your mountains and glens, and matchless sea cliffs, will also be the means of bringing among you all the more substantial products of material wealth, and all the benefits of a progressive civilization. I am sure, Ladies and Gentlemen, I shall best evince the gratitude which I unaffectedly feel, by asking your leave to propose a toast. You know how much this railway is indebted to my noble friend and host, Viscount Lifford; and I am sure that the public gratitude is due to him, as I know my own to be in a most eminent degree, and therefore on every ground, both personal and public, allow me, as the best means of embodying the sentiments I now feel, to propose to you

"The Health of Viscount Lifford, and success to the Finn Valley Railway."

VICEREGAL VISIT TO DERRY.

ADDRESS FROM THE CORPORATION.

[SEPTEMBER 25TH, 1863.]

ALEXANDER LINDSAY, Esq., Mayor of Derry, having welcomed the EARL OF CARLISLE on behalf of the Citizens and Corporation within the walls of their Ancient City, and

The Town Clerk, J. W. GREGG, Esq., having read a suitable Address,

The EARL OF CARLISLE said :—

I beg to offer the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the City of Londonderry, my very respectful and grateful thanks for their most loyal and considerate Address, and for the kind welcome they have afforded to me, upon the occasion of my first visit to their ancient and most famous City. I would not fail to echo from my heart the graceful tribute which you have paid to the queenly qualities and personal virtues of our beloved and honoured Sovereign. It would indeed be impossible for me to express all that I feel of the indulgent and generous estimate which you have been led to form of my individual services. The very highest amount, however, of gratification I could have received on an occasion like this you have yourselves now supplied. To hear from such independent and competent witnesses that within their own ample and well-instructed experience, quiet and content have more abounded, crime has dwindled, and almost disappeared, strife and discord have melted under more genial influences; and in the districts formerly consigned to barrenness and sterility, improved cultivation, expanding commerce, extended intercourse, the practical ingenuity of science, and the honest vigour of industry, are adding to the national resources, and promoting the peaceful co-operation of nations—these are views delightful indeed to the ears of any rulers. But they serve to show how much of such results must be due to the combined efforts of all ranks, all callings, all creeds, all parties amongst us, and more plainly still how deep should be our

gratitude, and how entire our dependence upon the wonder-working hand of Heaven. I rejoice sincerely that this distinguished City and its enterprising inhabitants should largely share in this growing welfare. I trust that they may receive from every quarter the encouragement and facilities to which they may be justly entitled. And I pray that the industry, the enterprise, the self-reliance, the loyalty, the harmony which shall prevail among you may be guided by a blessing from on high into the development of great, manifold, and continuous prosperity.

The MAYOR OF DERRY then presented the Freedom of the City to His Excellency.

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

MR. MAYOR, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CORPORATION,

Let me assure you that I very gratefully receive the certificate of this hereditary honour which you have now so kindly awarded me. I know full well how many illustrious men have previously borne this distinction. I cordially appreciate the manner in which it has now been bestowed upon me, and I shall feel proud to consider myself a Freeman of the ancient and loyal City of Derry. Ladies and Gentlemen, the Mayor, in his opening observations, was pleased to say that this part of the kingdom had been called occasionally—but I think by some ill-minded libeller—the cold and black North. I can only say, from my experience of the welcome I received in the streets, that I shall always consider it the warm-hearted North; and, judging from some of the complexions I see before me, I shall also consider it the lily-white North.

OPENING OF THE NEW IRON BRIDGE.

[SEPTEMBER 25TH, 1863.]

JOHN BARRE BERESFORD, Esq., D. L. and J. P., Chairman of the Bridge Commissioners, having addressed His Excellency, and A. H. STEWART, Esq., Secretary, having read an Address from the Commissioners,

The EARL OF CARLISLE then replied :—

GENTLEMEN,

I thank you very sincerely for the honour you have done me by your most acceptable invitation for me to be present upon this interesting and auspicious occasion, and for the kind and friendly terms of the Address which you have just presented to me. As I have now had the opportunity of inspecting this important work, I may more freely express my admiration of its elaborate and graceful structure, and its solid and permanent usefulness. You have recounted the different transitional steps in the communication between the counties of Derry and Donegal; how the ferry gave way to the timber; how the timber now yields to the iron. May this be the type of the progress in everything around us. May agriculture rise from one improved process to another; may trade and commerce discard their obsolete methods, and go straight to their point; and as this thin but tenacious network links together the opposite shores, may the silken cord of love unite all hearts in one common brotherhood. Well have you accomplished your noble task. We bid the work good-speed, and now declare the New Bridge of Londonderry open for public traffic.

THE BANQUET.

[SEPTEMBER 25TH, 1863.]

THE Chairman, J. B. BERESFORD, Esq., said :—

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

I must now ask you to drink "The Health of the Earl of Carlisle," a nobleman who, after a long acquaintance with Ireland as Chief Secretary and Lord Lieutenant, and imbued with a sincere desire of advancing her material interests, along with a most cultivated mind, and an affable disposition, is justly considered a most popular and efficient Viceroy.

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

MR. CHAIRMAN, MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN,

I beg to return my very sincere thanks—in the first place, for the very kind manner in which the toast has been proposed, and next for the more than cordial way in which you have been pleased to receive it. I can assure you all, Gentlemen, that my reception here, from the first moment of my entering this ancient City to that in which I am now addressing you, has been fraught with matter of the highest gratification to me. It would be impossible—I think it would be unworthy—under any circumstances, or in any assembly of men, to refuse all expression of such a sentiment—it would be impossible to pass, for the first time, within those Walls without feeling the thrill of heroic recollections—recollections which are at once sobered and elevated by the reflection that all the inhabitants of this land now acknowledge the authority and revere the virtues of one common and beloved Sovereign, and that Irish genius and Irish glory are now the inheritance of all her creeds and all her classes. The varied and imposing aspects of the place have, it is true, come before me now with all the force and charm of contrast. It was lately—but a few hours ago indeed—my lot to stand near a giant cliff which runs down with a descent of 2000 feet into the Atlantic breakers. I have stood front to front with all the grandeur and sublimity, and at the same time with the sternness, the sterility, and the solitude of nature. Thence I came here, and have seen brought in changeful series before me waving harvests, a noble estuary, tiers of shipping, communication by road, by rail, by water, by bridge—all the concerns of human business stirring—all the pulses of human life beating—the well-ordered array of factories; noble educational and philanthropic institutions; the orderly gladness of cheering crowds; at this moment excellent and eminent companionship, and listening beauty. You are aware, Gentlemen, that the main interest of the day was centred in that noble bridge which has now been completed, and in the interesting ceremony with which it was this day opened; and I feel sure that, while you are all pleased with the architectural effects of the structure, you yet find your highest impressions of admiration kindled by your sense of its abiding usefulness. So true is the maxim in art, as well as in composition, that splendour borrows all its rays from sense. Whether, in the splendour of their hospi-

tality, the Bridge Commissioners have not given us more good things than would be quite useful for us, it is not part of my business; but I feel sure that you all unite with me in a thankful appreciation of their generous liberality; and I can assure you that the feeling of gratitude which I entertain towards them, my special hosts at this moment, and with them towards the citizens of Derry, is a feeling of which I will not reiterate the utterance, but of which I can never adequately express the amount.

ADDRESS FROM THE INHABITANTS OF THE TOWN OF BUNCRANA.

[SEPTEMBER 26TH, 1863.]

THE Address having been read,

The EARL OF CARISLE replied:—

I have the pleasure of returning my very sincere thanks to the warm-hearted inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood of Buncrana for their loyal Address and hearty welcome. I might have felt sure of being generally received amongst you as the representative of our beloved Queen. I was also aware that my arrival on this spot would not lose in acceptance because it was made under the guidance of one whose judicious foresight and persevering zeal had accomplished so much for these regions as Mr. M'Cormick. I trust that, under such enlightened auspices, bringing into active co-operation the industry and enterprise native to the soil, the prospects of future improvement which you have pourtrayed will be speedily realized, and that the time may not be distant when the broad waters of Lough Swilly shall reflect the sails and funnels of a thriving traffic, and the hum of busy labour shall find an echo in the deepest recesses of Innishowen.

ADDRESS FROM THE PORT AND HARBOUR COMMISSIONERS OF LONDONDERRY.

[SEPTEMBER 26TH, 1863.]

A. H. STEWART, Esq., Secretary, having read an Address,

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

GENTLEMEN,

I have accepted with grateful pleasure the courteous invitation of the Londonderry Port and Harbour Commissioners to view the varied and picturesque scenery of Lough Foyle, and at the same time to make myself acquainted with the important and efficacious improvements to which their spirited and wise liberality has given birth. My enjoyment you have indeed amply secured. I need not say how inexpressibly gratifying to me it would be if I could associate with the recollection of these bright seas and swelling shores the thought that I had found an occasion of rendering any practical service.

THE DEJEUNER.

[SEPTEMBER 26TH, 1863.]

THE Chairman, SAMUEL GILLILAND, Esq., having proposed the usual introductory toasts, then gave, in complimentary terms, "The Health of the Earl of Carlisle."

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

GENTLEMEN,

I have—certainly not for the first time within this week—to express my sincere gratitude for the great cordiality with which my health has been received. I have enjoyed not only the good fare, but also—what I value more—the good feeling and warm welcome of the people of Derry follow me both by land and by sea, and I am only too grate-

ful to be allowed to again return you thanks, which I can do in every way except in an upright capacity (His Lordship being unable to stand altogether upright in the cabin, owing to the platform on which he stood being elevated above the cabin floor). I am not sure whether I have not indeed forfeited all claims to any allegiance which you may be disposed to pay me, because I believe my jurisdiction entirely ceases with the land; and I imagine that, as you have carried me out to sea, I have forfeited all authority over you. But, Gentlemen, though I may have forfeited my authority, I am willing to pay my allegiance to the Londonderry Port and Harbour Commissioners, who administer with so much justice and liberality the high trust which is confided to them. I am most happy in having been afforded an opportunity of viewing the beauties, of which I had heard so much, that decorate either banks of Lough Foyle, and I am glad to have seen them before my excellent friend Mr. M'Cormick reclaims them all. I have been struck with wonder to-day at the marvellous conversion he has made of sterile slob to fields of smiling and abundant harvest. I only trust he will be so considerate as to leave some little room for the passage of vessels up your noble river, and for anchoring the Channel Fleet in your waters. Gentlemen, this is probably the last opportunity which I may have at present of meeting any collective assembly of the inhabitants of the good City of Derry and its neighbourhood; and I cannot refrain from assuring you all how deeply gratified and touched I have been by all the circumstances connected with my reception and sojourn among you. I have had the opportunity of making friends with many good men; and I feel that the warmth of my reception by all classes has not been limited to the cold greetings of official formality, but has borne all the tokens of a friendly and personal welcome. I can answer for it that I shall ever retain in my mind the recollections of Derry's scenery, and the kindness of Derry people. I now feel that I shall best convey, not only my own gratitude, but that which all the guests of the Commissioners feel, by asking you to drink cordially, for the liberal entertainment and enjoyment they have now given us, "The Port and Harbour Commissioners," and with it the health of our most excellent and efficient Chairman who now presides over us.

OPENING OF THE DUBLIN AND WICKLOW RAILWAY—WICKLOW.

[OCTOBER 25TH, 1855.]

IN reply to the Address presented by the inhabitants of Wicklow and its vicinity,

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

GENTLEMEN,

I know not how sufficiently to thank you for the terms of an Address so gratifying to me in every point of view. Though you refer with kind recollections to the period of my former official connexion with Ireland, yet this is the first opportunity which I have enjoyed of visiting the town of Wicklow; and it is at least a great satisfaction to me that my earliest personal acquaintance with the place and its inhabitants should coincide with the completion of an undertaking which, I trust, is destined to serve as a date to them of largely increased prosperity. It is my earnest wish that the blue breadth of waters which bounds your borders may not only form the beauteous setting to your emerald fields, but may waft the useful and abundant tributes of commerce to your improved harbour and enlarged quays, and that the storied spots of your romantic county may not only delight the eye and refine the taste of the traveller and the artist, but be the happy abodes of a peaceful, industrious, and virtuous population.

At the Dejeuner given to celebrate the Opening of the Railway, the Chairman, JOSEPH COWPER, Esq., proposed "The Health of His Excellency the Earl of Carlisle.

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I think it is rather more difficult than usual to address a company when one is shot in, in cold blood, at the tail of a feast, without being primed and warmed up by the good fellowship which, no doubt, has signalized the meeting.* However, I am most happy, under any cir-

* His Excellency, having been engaged inspecting the town and harbour of Wicklow, did not arrive until the Dejeuner had nearly concluded.

cumstances, to return my best thanks to you for the very kind and cordial manner in which you have received the mention of my name. I have already taken the appropriate opportunity of expressing the gratification it has given me to make my first acquaintance with the county town of Wicklow on so interesting an occasion; and I feel that I may congratulate all those who are concerned and interested in the welfare of the place on the auspicious commencement of the new Line of Railway which will connect them with the metropolis of Ireland. I know it has sometimes been the fashion, in the indulgence of what I think a rather sickly sentimentalism, to object to the introduction of railways into the picturesque spots of our globe; but so far from repining that the iron belt of a railway should tread the bays of the ocean or gird the rock-built sides of the mountain—as we have seen done in our line to-day in so remarkably transcendant a manner—I, on the other hand, think that there is not a single Nereid of the wave or Naiad of the fountain that ought to feel too coy to welcome the warm wooing of the wizard of steam, when we reflect how great a number of the sons of labour are thus admitted into a closer contact with the fresh breeze of health and the new sense of beauty. It has been on all occasions, and it has been to-day, a real pleasure to me to assist at any development or extension of the railway enterprise of Ireland, because I am convinced there is no more efficient method of assisting that spirit of healthful industry which, without in the least degree impairing those generous and imaginative impulses which have heretofore given so much interest and grace to the Irish character, will secure its development and promote its free and healthy exercise in the new standing and position which it has assumed in the great industrial competition of nations. That this and every kindred development of the enterprise and industry of Ireland may mark her subsequent history, and that the efforts and self-reliance of her sons may be crowned, under the blessing of Providence, with continued and ever-growing increase—with this wish in my heart, I feel that I can give it no more appropriate connexion with the business which has engaged us to-day than by asking you all to fill a bumper, and to drain it with your best wishes for the success of the Dublin and Wicklow Railroad, which sentiment I beg to couple with the health of its Chairman and Directors.

THE TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPH—VALENTIA.

[AUGUST 4TH, 1857.]

THE DEJEUNER.

TOAST:—

"The Health of the Earl of Carlisle, and Prosperity to Ireland."

THE Chairman (the KNIGHT OF KERRY) having proposed the toast,

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN,

I beg to return you my very hearty thanks for the honour you have done me in so kindly drinking my health. I believe, as your worthy Chairman has already hinted, that I am probably the first Lord Lieutenant of Ireland who ever appeared upon this lovely strand. At all events, no Lord Lieutenant could have come amongst you on an occasion like the present. Amidst all the just pride and stirring hopes which cluster around the work of this week, we ought still to remember that we must speak with modesty of those who begin, and not of those who close an experiment; and it behoves us to remember that the pathway to great achievements has frequently to be hewn out amidst risks and difficulties, and that preliminary failure is ever the law and condition of the ultimate success. Therefore, whatever disappointments may possibly be in store, I must yet insinuate to you that in a cause like this it would be criminal to feel discouragement. In the very design and endeavour to establish the Atlantic Telegraph, there is almost enough of glory. It is true, if it only be an attempt, there would not be quite enough of profit. I hope that will come too; but there is enough of public spirit, of love for science, for our country, for the human race, almost to suffice in themselves. However, upon this rocky frontlet of Ireland, at all events to-day, we will presume upon success. We are about either by this sundown, or by to-morrow's dawn, to establish a

new material link between the Old World and the New. Moral links there have been—links of race, links of commerce, links of friendship, links of literature, links of glory; but this our new link, instead of superseding and supplanting the old ones, is to give them a life and an intensity which they never had before. Highly as I value the reputations of those who have conceived and those who have contributed to carry out this bright design—and I wish that so many of them had not been unavoidably prevented from being amongst us at this moment—highly as I estimate their reputations—yet I do not compliment them with the idea that they are to efface or dim the glory of that Columbus who, when the large vessels in the harbour of Cork yesterday weighed their anchors, did so just on that very day 365 years ago—it would have been called in Hebrew writ, "a year of years"—and set sail upon his glorious enterprise of discovery. They, I say, will not dim or efface his glory, but they are now giving the last finish and consummation to his work. Hitherto the inhabitants of the two worlds have associated perhaps in the chilling atmosphere of distance with each other—at a sort of bowing distance; but now we can be hand in hand, grasp to grasp, pulse to pulse. The link which is now to connect us, like the insect in the immortal couplet of our poet, while

> "Exquisitely fine,
> Feels at each thread and lives along the line."

And we may feel, Gentlemen of Ireland, of England, and of America, who may happen to be present, that we may take our stand here upon the extreme rocky ledge of our beloved Ireland; we may, as it were, leave in our rear, behind us the wars, the strifes, and the bloodshed of the elder Europe, and I fear I may say of the elder Asia; and we may pledge ourselves—weak as our agency may be—imperfect as our powers may be—inadequate in strict diplomatic form as our credentials may be—yet in the face of the unparalleled circumstances of the place and of the hour—in the immediate neighbourhood of the mighty vessels whose appearance may be beautiful on the waters, even as are the feet upon the mountains of those who preach the Gospel of Peace—as a homage due to that serene science which often affords higher and holier lessons of harmony and good-will than the wayward passions of man are always apt to learn—in the face and in the strength of such circumstances, let us pledge ourselves to eternal peace between the Old World and the New. Why, Gentlemen, what excuse would there be

for misunderstanding—what justification could there be for war, when the disarming message—when the full explanation—when the genial and healing counsel may be wafted even across the mighty Atlantic quicker than the sunbeam's path or the lightning's flash. I feel, Gentlemen, that I shall best embody the sentiments which I am sure pervade this entire meeting—the sentiments most akin to this company and this hour—if, after having drunk the health of the gentle Mistress of the British Islands, I now call upon you to drink with congenial honours to the lasting friendship of the British Islands and America, and to

"The health and welfare of the President of the United States."

At a later period, the EARL OF CARLISLE rose, and said:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I have obtained permission to propose a toast which I am sure will meet from you a ready and delighted reception. We have already in the course of this afternoon been called on to drink "The Kingdom of Kerry." I do not know whether it would become me to inquire too curiously whether there is any King of Kerry. If so, I might feel myself called upon to raise the standard of the gracious Queen I serve, and institute a civil war. But, whether there be a King of Kerry or not, we all know full well that there is a Knight of Kerry. Allusion has been already made in the most appropriate and feeling terms to the hereditary claims which that title has upon your regard and affections. It was my happiness to know the late Knight of Kerry, often to have seen him in the Parliament of our country, and in the mansions of the wealthy and the great; and I rejoice to find, as I did not doubt I should find, that his memory is redolent among the rocky slopes of his own Kerry—among the fairy bays of his own Valentia. With respect to the present holder of that title, I always feel it best to leave a man to the estimate of his own friends and neighbours. I am sure I may safely do so on this occasion, when I, who have only had the pleasure of an acquaintance of one day, feel that I have already cemented—I trust he will allow me to say so—a friendship for my life. His good head, as well as his good heart, has prompted him to associate himself prominently with the great undertaking of this week; and I beg to express my fervent hope that amongst its other, wider, even world-wide results, it may also be the means of reflecting some incidental advantages upon the Island

of Valentia, and upon his own honoured roof-tree. I beg you to drink as it ought to be drunk—

"The health, long life, and lasting prosperity of our efficient Chairman and liberal entertainer, the Knight of Kerry."

Before the close of the proceedings, the EARL OF CARLISLE said :—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I have received a command to propose a toast, and such is the shortness of the intimation, that I should have thought myself justified in resisting it, if the toast had been any other than what it is. We have drunk the healths of many of the stronger sex, who had manifest claims to our homage on this occasion. I am sure you will agree with me that we ought not to limit our homage to one half of the creation. I have already seen enough during my very limited sojourn in this Island—I have seen enough within these walls and without them, of clear olive in the cheek and of bright sparkle in the dark eye to convince me that this rocky portal of the land is not deficient in its quota to the universal attribute of Irish beauty. You will forgive me for not lingering longer on this toast; for I feel, if we wish to preserve those clear complexions which we so much admire, we should not expose them to further confinement in a necessarily heated atmosphere. I call upon you, therefore, to drink with me to

"The health of the Matrons and Lasses of Valentia."

HAULING THE CABLE ASHORE—VALENTIA.

[AUGUST 5TH, 1857.]

THE end of the Telegraphic cable having been hauled ashore, a prayer for success on the undertaking was pronounced.

The EARL OF CARLISLE then said :—

MY AMERICAN, ENGLISH, AND IRISH FRIENDS,

I feel that at such a moment as this, no language can be becoming except that of prayer and praise. However, it is allowable to any

human lips, though they have not been specially qualified for the office, to raise the ascription of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good-will toward men." That, I believe, is the spirit in which this great work has been undertaken, and it is this reflection that encourages me to feel confident hopes of its final success. I believe that the undertaking now so happily begun will eventually accomplish many great and noble purposes of trade, of national policy, and of empire. But there is only one view in which I will present it to those whom I have the pleasure to address. You are aware—you must know, some of you from your own experience—that many of your dear friends and near relatives have left their native land to receive hospitable shelter in America. Well, then, I do not expect that all of you can understand the wondrous mechanism by which this great undertaking is to be carried on. But this I think you will all of you understand: if you wished to communicate some piece of intelligence straightway to your relatives across the wide world of waters—if you wished to tell those whom you knew it would interest in their heart of hearts, of a birth, a marriage, or, alas, a death amongst you, the little cord which we have now hauled up to the shore will impart that tidings quicker than the flash of the lightning. Let us indeed hope—let us pray, that the hopes of those who have undertaken this great design may be rewarded by its entire success; and let us hope, further, that this Atlantic Cable will only in all future time serve as an emblem of that strong cord of love which I trust will always unite the British Islands to the great Continent of America; and join with me in my fervent wish that the great Giver of all good who has enabled some of His servants to discern so much of the working of the mighty laws by which He rules the universe, and permits each in it to accomplish this wonderful work, will further so bless its operations as to make it evermore to serve the high purpose of the good of man and His own great glory. And now, all my friends, as there can be no project or undertaking which ought not to receive the approbation and applause of the people, will you join with me in giving three hearty cheers for—three cheers are not enough for me—they are what we give on common occasions—and as it is for the success of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, I must have at least one dozen cheers.

VICEREGAL VISIT—BALLINASLOE GREAT FAIR.

ADDRESS FROM THE TOWN COMMISSIONERS.

[October 3rd, 1863.]

THE EARL OF CARLISLE, in reply to the Address, which was read by the Hon. R. Trench, said:—

Gentlemen,

I return very sincere thanks to the Town Commissioners and other inhabitants of Ballinasloe, for the honour they have done me in presenting to me an Address drawn up in such loyal and considerate terms. This is not the first visit I have paid to this place, and to the hospitable roof of the Earl of Clancarty, during the period of your annual Fairs, which exhibit in an interesting series those animal tribes, for the production and rearing of which Ireland has special aptitude, and which contribute in no mean degree to the resources and prosperity of our common country. I humbly trust that the Divine Goodness will bless the entire produce of the earth, and spread plenty and content among the dwellings of all families of our people.

VICEREGAL VISIT—CLIFDEN.

ADDRESS FROM THE CLERGY AND GENTRY.

[October 6th, 1863.]

THE Address having been presented, the EARL OF CARLISLE, in reply, said:—

Gentlemen,

I heartily thank you for your loyal Address and kindly welcome. It is a great satisfaction for me to perceive that the indulgent estimate

of my services which I have found to prevail in other districts of Ireland has not failed me in the far wilds of Connemara. It is impossible to tread your mountain passes, or to stand here upon the extreme verge of the vexed Atlantic, without being made conscious of the struggle and the conflicts which the inhabitants of such regions must have been called upon to wage with the seasons and the storms. I confidently believe that the Supreme Disposer has so contrived the order of nature as to cause the energies of man to strive with it, and to give him the final mastery. My fervent prayer shall be, that your industry and virtue may deserve this triumph, and long enjoy it.

THE CORPORATION OF DUBLIN.

THE EARL OF CARLISLE'S REPLY TO THE FIRST ADDRESS FROM THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR, ALDERMEN, AND BURGESSES.

[APRIL 12TH, 1855.]

MY LORD MAYOR AND GENTLEMEN,

I BEG to present my best thanks to you the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of Dublin for the manner in which, while you convey the expression of your undoubted loyalty to Her Majesty's Throne and person, you have been pleased to make mention of my appearance as her Representative in her renowned and ancient capital. Fully conscious of the grave responsibilities which are attached to an office at once so distinguished and arduous, I hail, in the cordial tone of sympathy and encouragement which has proceeded from a body like yours, not merely a fresh motive for exertion, but a material element of success. In the retrospect which you have been led to cast over the more recent occurrences of Irish history, you have naturally adverted to a period of severe and general suffering. Amidst our humble gratitude for the apparent termination of the long blight of famine, we may permit ourselves to trace the mercy which converts even such seasons of trial into stages of progress and schools of virtue; and I feel convinced

that in mainly attributing the improved condition of the Irish people, under Divine Providence, to their own intrinsic fortitude, patience, and energy, you have explained the true law, and exhibited the efficient method by which nations become great and happy, because they have determined, and thus deserve to be so. It is the more limited, but still highly useful function of legislature and governments attentively to watch, and diligently to second these promising directions of the National efforts to remove all necessary obstacles to their development, and to secure for them, to the fullest and most impartial extent, the essential conditions of liberty and order. In prescribing this course for myself within my allotted sphere, I shall best prove that I inherit the laudable intentions of those who have gone before me here. I shall next hope to continue the peaceable and prosperous career of my immediate predecessor; and, at the outset of my administration, I am sure you will feel that it is not misplaced to invoke for its guidance and protection that Almighty blessing, from which alone can come the endeavour and the success. With respect to the undisturbed continuance of the high office which I have now the honour, by favour of my gracious Sovereign, to fill, I am happy to feel assured that no intention exists on the part of Her Majesty's present advisers at variance with the sentiments which you have expressed. Former experience has made me well acquainted with the just pride which the people of Ireland feel in the military, charitable, and educational hospitals, by which the city of Dublin has long been distinguished. No proper exertion shall be wanting on my part to prove that I fully share the interest which they take in this most important subject. In the many legitimate claims of the Irish people which you enumerate to the care and consideration of the Imperial Legislature, you have not unnaturally included the brilliant services which they are now rendering in Her Majesty's fleets and armies. The names of regiments which Ireland may almost appropriate have never been wanting from the roll-call of duty and danger, even to the latest night combat. It has thus become almost our daily lot to read, with mingled emotions, of the blood of our countrymen poured out upon the fields, in the same trenches, over the same parapet, without distinction of race or creed—of prayers put up from adjoining pallets, above the sick and wounded, perhaps in different rituals, but in the same spirit of Christian consolation and immortal hope. Let it be our hearts' desire that this noble harmony, which goes far to soothe even the

deadliest horrors of war, may be reserved for us to emulate and perpetuate under the more blessed influence of peace. Some expressions occur in your Address containing a personal reference to myself. I cannot indeed forget that I do not come to your shores as a wholly untried stranger. It was my lot to receive, in connexion with the Government of Ireland, a long public training. The memories of past kindness and her warmth of renewed welcome speak powerfully to my feelings. It was HERE I BEGAN MY OFFICIAL LIFE; HERE I SHALL BE WELL CONTENT TO CLOSE IT. HAPPY INDEED IF I SHALL BE ENABLED, WHEN THAT PERIOD ARRIVES, AGAIN TO LEAVE YOUR LAND WITHOUT THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF ANY ENMITY WILFULLY INCURRED, OR OF ANY DUTY WANTONLY NEGLECTED.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ELECTION SPEECHES.

YORKSHIRE (WEST RIDING) ELECTION.

[AUGUST 5TH, 1830.]

LORD VISCOUNT MORPETH, having been proposed by SIR JOHN VANDEN B. JOHNSTONE, Bart., and seconded by C. WOOD, Esq., said:—

GENTLEMEN,

I am here before you in a situation at once new, fearful, and highly elating. It is new and elating for me to have been thought worthy of being proposed, or mentioned, or even thought of, as a candidate for the representation of the county of York. But it is fearful for me to reflect upon the high qualifications which that post demands, the arduous duties it entails, and then upon the inability of which I cannot but be conscious in myself satisfactorily to encounter and fulfil them. Under this, which is so entirely disheartening a consideration, my first consolation is derived from the circumstances which have placed me where I now stand—not, Gentlemen, my own presumption, not my own forwardness, nor my own suggestion—but the voice of several of my friends and fellow-countrymen which has twice called me forward, and, though not indifferent to it, I was once disobedient to it; for it would have involved an expense unjustifiable for me to incur, and discreditable for you to encourage. The call, Gentlemen, has now been renewed, on the condition that the result of this election is to be decided, not by the purses or acres of your candidates, but by the free votes and unbought support of the electors. You, Gentlemen, have had the virtue to re-echo that call, and I will not have the faint-heartedness to decline it; for I well know, Gentlemen, that your invitation, and that my chance of success, depend not indeed upon my personal fitness, which my friends on each side of me have

dwelt upon in far too flattering terms, but upon the attachment to those principles which I believe we hold and love in common. Under this view it is indeed a high gratification to me to present myself to this assembly—the honest yeomanry and skilful manufacturers of Yorkshire. We are sometimes accused of taking a foolish pride in our county—a pride in our county I hope we shall always feel; but it would be a foolish pride if we placed it exclusively, or even principally, on the richness of our soil, the extent of our borders, the beauties of our scenery, or even the products of our industry; but it ceases to be a foolish pride if we make it consist in setting an example to England of maintaining the purity of the elective franchise, of befriending the claims of humanity, and of vindicating the cause of freedom. It is fitting, Gentlemen, for me, and for the post to which I aspire, that I should now not merely apply for your support, but appeal to your judgment—not only ask you for your votes, but state to you my principles. In stating to you what those principles are, it seems natural to me to begin with the highest, which is religion. I hope that I may say, without incurring any charge of cant or hypocrisy, that however inadequate my performances may always be, I trust I have a due sense of that principle which is the only safe guarantee of every other. I do not of course allude to the different forms and sects which divide the opinion of this country, but to that which I hope includes us all—the worship of a common Creator, the doctrines of a common Gospel, and the faith of a common Cross. But upon public and political subjects, of all the principles which can guide individuals and advance communities—which can raise the character, or promote the happiness of the human race—next to religion, the first and best is freedom. You will ask me, Gentlemen, how I apply this principle to the particular questions of our own time. I am as ready as any one to admit that the institutions under which we live embrace a very high degree of civil and religious freedom, but at the same time I think free scope and additional security may be given to the exercise of that principle. I think, especially, that there is much ground for improvement in the representation of the people in Parliament. Many classes of this great community—many of those whose representatives I may say I see around me, or, to say better in one word, the main body of the people, are not in my opinion adequately represented. Peers are represented within the walls of the House of Commons, corporations are represented, and rotten bo-

roughs are represented there; but Leeds, and Sheffield, and Birmingham, and Glasgow, and Manchester, and other towns are not represented. Now, Gentlemen, till this be so—till the voice of the people is heard in Parliament with a force which Government must acknowledge, and which Legislatures must obey—I doubt whether the interests of the people will meet with sufficient attention, or their wants with adequate relief. The wasteful system of expenditure, whether in our civil charges, in our diplomacy, or in our colonies, will not be reformed—the numberless fountain-heads of corruption will not till then be effectually dried up; the amount of taxation which presses heavily upon your energies, and forbids them to attain their natural scope, will not till you exert yourselves by your representatives be removed or adequately lightened. I think, too, Gentlemen, that a reformed House of Commons would have far more strength to defeat some of those monopolies which go hand in hand with excessive taxation to contract the national resources. Can you doubt, Gentlemen, that, if the large manufacturing towns were represented in Parliament, a monopoly, for instance, like that of the East India Company, would be swept away in an hour?—a monopoly which excludes the products of Yorkshire and England at large from one of the most capacious markets in the world, in our own dominions, among our own fellow-subjects, whom otherwise we should help to civilize, whilst we enriched ourselves. There is another subject of legislation which I desire to see very much altered—the Corn Laws. I know that I am addressing a mixed assembly, both of consumers and producers of corn; but you are, Gentlemen, one and all of you, eaters of bread; and it never can make a country rich, it never will enable our industry to thrive or commerce to extend, if we unnecessarily raise the price, and stint the quantity of the daily bread we eat. But believe me, Gentlemen, whether you belong, like myself, to the landed interest, whether, as workmen, you handle the spade or the shuttle, or whether, in higher ranks of society you live upon the labours of an industrious tenantry, or the honourable enterprise of commerce, our interests are not separate and single, but reciprocal and united. We are members of the same community; our depressions and our successes must affect each other, and while our duty instructs us that we ought to be the best friends, our interests teach us that we are the best customers for each other. It is this sympathy which above all things besides I wish to see exist and grow among all classes and all ranks, when the wealthy por-

tion of the community shall feel that their most real security is in the comfort of the industrious, and when the higher classes shall know that their most true support is in the contentment of the lower. It is this same feeling which leads me to entertain a decided hostility to the present system of the Game Laws. I think them conceived in a bad spirit, and that they have a bad tendency; they make neighbours unfriendly, landlords unpopular, and their tenants disaffected. And indeed who could have any doubt of this, when we see what is the practical cost of protection, which leads to tumultuous scenes, turbulent habits, vindictive feuds, long and demoralizing imprisonments, and occasionally to midnight bloodshed? These are the principal reflections which occur to me with reference to the topics which most interest us at home. A very short glimpse will suffice for those that concern us abroad. The country which is nearest to our own, with which we have had most frequent collisions in all the passages of our history, is France. France is now the scene of memorable events. Let us hope that they may contain in them the seeds of a better and happier era. But, whatever may be their bearing upon France and upon England, I trust there is one rule which we in England shall rigidly prescribe to ourselves—not to interfere. Let us leave to France the management of her own concerns. We have had too much, we have paid too much, for a contrary course. We still, I trust, are able to wield the sword, but we cannot defray the cost of the laurel. Or, if there is any lesson to be derived from what is passing there, let it teach us to regard with additional care and zeal the laws and liberties which the rulers of France have been mad enough to invade; and thus, while we may share in her attachment to freedom we shall escape the tears which she is doomed to pay as the price of its purchase. Gentlemen, while as a patriot and a philanthropist I cannot help expressing my general wishes for the triumphant and bloodless march of freedom in every corner of the globe—whether it sweeps away a Bourbon, a Don Miguel, or a Grand Turk—whether it inspires France, or revives Portugal, or regenerates Greece—we must not forget that it is a still more especial duty of our own to take care that the blessings of freedom should be extended and felt in our own dominions, and among our own fellow-subjects. I am sure you all, Gentlemen, desire and demand the speediest possible abolition of Negro slavery. You have heard much to his credit from Mr. Duncombe. I believe you will hear from all the candidates assurances of their concurrence in this

Christian object. I believe this has not been, as somebody has hinted, the reason exclusively, yet certainly very signally, why you have claimed and secured for yourselves the consummate mind and unrivalled energies of Mr. Brougham; and happy and proud for you will be that day, fellow-countrymen, when you will be able to reflect that in consequence of your efforts, and of the efforts of those whom you have encouraged and incited, and in consequence, too, of your example, the slave, now groaning under a brutalizing bondage, will be able to drop on his knee to thank Heaven for its greatest blessing, and to spring again to the earth without a chain and without a master. These, Gentlemen, are all the topics that occur to me to mention. If your support should enable me ever to boast that in the profession of such sentiments I represent the opinions of Yorkshire, believe me, Gentlemen, that I shall feel in my heart all the warmth, and I trust I may display in my conduct all the sincerity, of my gratitude.

FINAL STATE OF THE POLL.

LORD MORPETH,	1,464
MR. HENRY (now LORD) BROUGHAM,	1,295
MR. DUNCOMBE,	1,123
MR. BETHELL (now LORD WESTBURY),	1,064
MR. STAPYLTON,	94

After the declaration of the poll, LORD MORPETH again came forward, and said:—

That what with the great quantity of speaking there had been in the morning, and the lateness of the hour at which the business had closed in the evening, he was of opinion two things must have occurred, namely, that the lungs of the candidates and the patience of the freeholders were exhausted; he should therefore be as brief as possible. He begged the freeholders to accept his heartfelt thanks for the high honour they had conferred upon him, by placing him in such a distinguished situation on the poll. To be in any place on the poll for the representation of this county was, he was conscious, as far above his deserts as it was a short time ago beyond his expectation. It was impossible for him to feel insensible to the honour they had done him by giving him their free, unbiassed, and unpaid votes. Until they met again, he respectfully took his grateful farewell of them.

YORKSHIRE (WEST RIDING) ELECTION.

[MAY 6TH, 1831.]

LORD VISCOUNT MORPETH, having been proposed by SIR EDWARD VAVASOUR, Bart., and seconded by J. MARSHALL, Jun., Esq., said :—

GENTLEMEN,

If there could be any one circumstance which could occasion me not to regret the failure of the Reform Bill, in support and furtherance of which we are now assembled—if there could be any circumstance to console me for the delay which has adjourned its progress towards the triumphant issue to which it is now hastening, it would be the being allowed to look once more upon the beautiful spectacle now before me of the freeholders of the yet undivided county of York gathered together in this ancient and noble precinct to select their representatives in the Commons House of Parliament. It necessarily presses upon our attention at once the sameness of the scene which upon the same spot was exhibited to us in the summer of last year, and the difference of circumstances under which it now recurs. Then we hailed with anxious expectation the accession to the throne of a Monarch who, we fondly hoped, would repay the confidence of his loyal subjects. Now we find our expectations more than realized, and mingle with our constitutional allegiance to the King our yet more warm attachment to the friend of his people. Then we were rather laying, as it were, the first stone of Parliamentary Reform; now we are putting the finishing and crowning work to the all but completed edifice. Then, although one of your candidates was the wondrously gifted man whom the Sovereign, taking the hint from Yorkshire, has preferred to the highest civil station in his realms, yet it was the object of your exertions to return two Reforming Members. Now you are invited to present your county with four. I feel that at any other time it might not appear entirely modest in any party to put forward so engrossing a pretension; but in a conjuncture like the present, a duty, nay, a necessity, devolved

upon us to task our energies to the utmost. The principle of Reform is fairly pitted against the authority of ancient abuses. If our cause has the vigour of youth, it has to contend against the bulk of ages, and we cannot spare one stone from our sling to slay the giant. Of my late colleagues in the high trust of your representation, whether in their presence or absence, I can never wish to speak but in one manner. It would not be merely a want of courtesy, but it would be a denial of justice to withhold from them the praise of strict honour, of assiduous industry, of conscientious conduct. But it is a matter of no doubt with respect to the one, and it is a matter of no doubt with respect to the other, whether they were prepared to wage the whole of our battle. The one upon this occasion refused altogether to pronounce—the other did not pronounce with a sufficiently determined accent the necessary password for admission into our camp. Gentlemen, I feel that it would be superfluous to press upon your notice the circumstances that attend and distinguish the present general elections. The Bill—the Reform Bill—is the prominent feature and pervading motive. That Bill united, upon more friendly terms than have perhaps ever yet subsisted between them, King, Government, and people. For the virtual rejection of the Bill, the late Parliament was dissolved—for a fair and impartial verdict upon that Bill, the people of England are now convened in all their towns, cities, and counties. The reasons why I think a favourable verdict shall be returned by the people of England, and consequently by the people of Yorkshire—for the county of York is a splendid epitome of the wealth, industry, fertility, enterprise, and intelligence of England—I will endeavour to comprise in a few brief sentences. Since the first framework of our Parliamentary representation was cast, and after much alteration and variety finally fixed as at present, new populations, new wealth, new wants, new intelligence, have everywhere arisen. These assuredly require, not any dislocation or subversion of the existing system, but such an accommodation and adaptation of it as the several circumstances indicate. Such an object the present Bill appears to me admirably calculated to accomplish, by transferring the right of voting from places made either infamous by their corruption, despicable by their servility, or ridiculous by the fewness of their elective bodies, to great and opulent towns, and large agricultural districts. The qualifications which the Bill introduces for the right of voting I likewise think entitled to much approbation, because it provides that right which

a free and intelligent people will always esteem as a high privilege upon a reasonable basis of property, high enough to inspire a due regard to the inestimable blessing of public order, but not too high to put it out of the reach of the efforts of honest industry, to which it will act at once as a stimulus and a reward. Be this, then, the general title of the measure to your acceptance, Gentlemen, that it will rest upon the property, that it will comprise the intelligence, and that it will encourage the industry of the country. It has many other less comprehensive, but hardly less important claims to favour, such as the disfranchisement of non-residents, the curtailment of time of elections, the limitation of the distance for taking the poll, and other matters of economical arrangement; so that I hope the Bill, in the due progress of its operation, will not only give the right of election to Leeds and Sheffield, but freedom of election to Newark and Knaresborough, and purity of election to Beverley and Pontefract. The advantage, however, which I would most fondly anticipate from the adoption of such a measure of reform is an increase of good understanding, and a return of confidence between the different classes and the various interests mixed up in our body politic, including high and low, rich and poor, agriculture, trade, and commerce, since it is upon the wholesome state and just coincidence of the whole that the vigour, the happiness, and the virtue of a nation must mainly depend. Allow me also to hope, without deviating upon this occasion into the other topics which severally engage public attention the most, and upon which I have already had the opportunity which your kindness gave me of explaining myself from this place, that many other objects which I know you have most at heart will be essentially assisted and advanced by the adoption of a safe and substantial measure of Parliamentary Reform. There is reason to hope that a House of Commons representing more directly the sentiments and opinions of their countrymen will, in these comparatively more enlightened times, avoid any recurrence to useless expenditure and unnecessary wars—that they will promote in all possible degrees the comfort of the labouring classes—that they will no longer be parties to such legislative barbarism as that which excludes the produce of British industry and skill from countless tribes and boundless regions—that, together with the measures of a wise economy, they will not neglect those of a just humanity—that they may have the glory of relaxing the severity of our penal code, and of giving liberty and light to the unhappy Negro

race, which has long eaten the scanty bread of slavery without an interval of rest here, or a hope of it hereafter. What, then, is the cry against us? One cry is "Dictation." Is it the dictation of the West? Why, then, I can only say that my colleagues and myself have found throughout our extensive canvass that the North and the East are as imperious as the West. I do not understand the term "dictation," when applied to an intelligent, independent, and immense body of men. It is the dictation of the cook who sets out some dishes for your dinner, and you, poor weak soul, are cowed into eating them. All I can say for myself is, that I disclaim being the instrument of any such dictation; and if any one person who hears me feels dissatisfied with my conduct, or has no reliance on my character, him I beg to withhold his vote from me. Another cry is, "Revolution." We are branded as disaffected and disloyal men, enemies to the Constitution, and traitors to the Throne. Gentlemen, I will not insult you by endeavouring to refute that charge in your behalf. Allow me to say one word in my own. It so happens, by the chance of my birth, that I share in the accident of a high and historic name. I feel put upon my defence, and you will excuse this personal reference; but often as the name of Howard may be found on the page of British story—though it has been the rallying shout of many a well-fought field—though it rose above the wrecks of the Armada—it never appeared in a more ennobling crisis, and never performed a more acceptable service than when he who is now its head, the present Duke of Norfolk, stepped forward, and in the place in Parliament to which he had lately been restored sacrificed the oligarchical privilege which he had inherited from his ancestors for the benefit of that community of which he thinks it honour enough to be the foremost citizen; while I, who bear his name, but cannot emulate his sacrifice, feel that I shall most nearly tread in his steps by joining heart and hand with you, my countrymen, in accomplishing the work before us, which, as it strengthens the Crown by basing it upon the love, so it will support the aristocracy by inciting them to win the respect of the people. And I will only add a prayer to Almighty Goodness that He may deign to sanction this attempt to achieve a great act of national conciliation, by infusing amongst us, in every walk and every work of life such a spirit of order, such a spirit of union, such a spirit of piety, as can alone make us capable and worthy of enjoying all those blessings of peace, and prosperity, and plenty, which He alone can give!

ELECTION AT WAKEFIELD.

[JUNE 28TH, 1841.]

LORD VISCOUNT MORPETH, having been proposed by F. H. FAWKES, Esq., and seconded by JAMES LEES, Esq., said:—

MEN OF YORKSHIRE,

I hope you are all inclined to agree with the advice so properly given by the proposer of Mr. Pitkeithley, which was to hear all parties with patience, and await the result with order. The attention which I crave from you I shall be happy to give, and I hope that my friends will give it to those who are particularly representing your different opinions. It can be no matter of complaint to me that candidates representing every class of society and every shade of opinion should be submitted to your choice and your decision. I have as little right to complain that every opportunity should be afforded to you of choosing a Chartist as of choosing a Tory member; but the line of duty which seems to lie before me is, that holding opinions widely distinct from either, I should set before you, Gentlemen, who form this thronged assembly, and through you to this great Riding, the reason of the appeal which I now come forward to make to you on my own part. I do not make that appeal entirely in a single capacity. I make it both as a Minister of the Crown, and I make it in what, without pretence or flattery, is to me a still more valid title—I make it as your already tried and often chosen Representative. With the close of last week, Lord Milton and myself concluded our canvass throughout the whole of this extensive and populous Riding; and with some slight alteration of feeling in particular districts, arising upon different subjects, I can say with perfect truth that our general reception has been all that I could desire, and far more, I most unfeignedly feel, than I could deserve. Of course, Gentlemen, I attribute the general cordiality and warmth which have hailed and accompanied our progress to the important public questions which have been brought prominently under notice. There was another distinguishing feature of our canvass to which I must advert in justice to you,

although it has no reference to us. Although I believe that the pressure and difficulties of the times have been very considerable—although certain questions which were necessarily brought under notice might be supposed to be of rather an exciting character, and to have a tendency to create animosities, and array opposing interests against each other—indeed, it has been alleged against the Government that such results were part of the game they were playing—yet I must say that I never can recollect or scarcely could imagine a more striking exhibition of patience and endurance among all classes of the people under privations, often I fear but too severe; and, coupled with this—considering the nature of the questions and their effects upon all parties, I must say that I thought there was a most remarkable degree of forbearance and good temper among contending parties and competing colours. And therefore, Gentlemen, if it had been a part of our policy to stir up the depths of a rancorous agitation, or to raise the turbid waters of party strife, I can only say that I am glad that it has been proved that so odious a design, if it had ever been entertained, must have met with a signal and decisive failure. But, on the other hand, I humbly conceive that these exhibitions of patience and endurance among all classes of the people ought not to defeat or postpone, but rather to enhance and to expedite their claims to all possible consideration, and to every feasible mode of relief which their case admits of. Perhaps these are words that all can now say, and probably no one would have the hardihood to question the propriety of the assertion I have now made. But what I conceive, Gentlemen, is the question with which the constituency of this Riding and the constituency of the Empire have to deal is, the choice between the practical line of conduct set before them by ourselves and by our opponents. When I talk of opponents, I mean to signify Mr. Wortley and Mr. Beckett Denison, because, with all the deference which may be due to Mr. Harney and Mr. Pitkeithley, I cannot consider them as our substantially and *bonâ fide* antagonists in the present election. I might have adverted to some of the topics which were briefly glanced at by the proposers and seconders of the candidates who are opposed to me. I might advert to some of the topics briefly glanced at by the gentlemen who moved and seconded Mr. Harney and Mr. Pitkeithley; but, as I do not think the real brunt of the battle lies in that direction, and as the time for immediate action

draws near, I will not suffer my forces to be diverted by any side skirmishes, but will throw them at once upon the real heat and heart of the fray. I do not propose to advert on this occasion to the general conduct of the Government—to the battles they have fought and won in the cause of civil and religious freedom—or even to the battles which they have lost in the cause of more general and enlightened education. In the department more immediately confided to me I have striven to do what justice I could to our fellow-countrymen in Ireland. But, Gentlemen, I pass on to topics more immediately before us. Nor will I even enter into any formal review of those points which are either admitted upon all sides, or which must have become sufficiently obvious and familiar in the reiterated discussions which have lately been held upon them. The point which all will be disposed to admit, no matter by whose fault it came, is, that a large deficiency does exist at present in the public income of the country; and also that, be the causes what they may, considerable distress prevails over a large portion of our land, and has visited many classes of its inhabitants, and affected many branches of labour. The question, then, is—the practical question for you and the people is—What is to be done? If you, the gentlemen opposite (the Chartists) will have nothing to say to our doings, what will you do yourselves? It is upon this simple question—upon this plain issue—that hitherto, up to the present moment, whether in Parliament, on the hustings, in speeches, in addresses, anywhere at all, no shadow of an intimation, no ray of light, has been suffered to fall. The great oracle of Tamworth has indeed again spoken, but no intimation of the future has issued from the shrine. Stress has been laid on the disturbed condition of several foreign countries, as affording a clue to the depression of your domestic industry. Well, but what if the disturbed relations of these countries with us and with each other should not amend? What if they should continue? What if they should even increase? Hostility is deprecated with America. I echo from my heart that philanthropic prayer, but I wish to devise new and additional guarantees for the harmony of nations. We have enough of fancied and trivial causes for war; give us real and solid motives for keeping peace. I fear that peace will never be long secured by the arguments of philosophers, or by the reasonings of political economists, or by the praises of poets, nor even, I fear, as the world goes now, by the precepts of divines. We cannot make the lion lie down with the

lamb; but we may create a profitable trade between the woollens of Leeds and the sugars of the Tropics. We cannot make mankind beat their spears into ploughshares, but we can exchange the steel of Sheffield for the harvests of Poland and the flour of America. I believe that statesmen will never be so safe as when they act upon general and comprehensive principles. I believe that the most effectual way of putting an end to the slave trade, which we are charged with encouraging, will be by proving to the slave-owner that the labour of slaves is dearer than the labour of free men. I believe that the best mode of banishing from the world the scourge of war is to make all countries wish for each other's good, and gain by each other's welfare. Commerce, which is sometimes made the subject of a sneer, is not in itself civilization—it is not in itself Christianity—but I believe it is destined in a great degree to be the channel and pioneer of both. But, Gentlemen, I was saying that we have at least this advantage over our opponents, that while both confess the difficulty, we do suggest a remedy. We do not sit with our arms folded before us, waiting to see what will turn up next—hoping that the banks of North America will correct their circulation, or that the blockades of South America will be brought to an end. What is it, then, that we do propose? We have made no secret of the measures we have brought forward. The deficiency in the public revenue being admitted, and acknowledged to be greater than any possible reduction of the public expenditure would succeed in meeting; the distress also which prevails in various parts of the country, and the depressed state of the market for your labour and industry being obvious, and being admitted, it is our wish to supply the deficiency without adding to the distress. We thought we could not do this by additional taxation, because we concluded that a small addition of taxes would be likely to fail again, as it failed last year, in supplying the deficiency which then existed; and because we thought that a large addition of taxes could not be carried into effect, without perhaps in a considerable degree adding further to the existing distress, entrenching further on the already straitened and labouring industry of the country, and driving capital still further from our shores. It then appeared to us, Gentlemen, that the high price which articles paying duty upon their entrance into this country, and entering largely into general use, bore in the market, put them out of the reach of a comparative number of the whole body of

consumers. We therefore wished to cheapen and steady the duties levied upon these articles, hoping that we should thus put a far larger supply of them within the reach of all classes and all interests; and that by these means we might collect a larger and a more secure permanent income, if these articles were made at once cheaper and more plentiful, than could be raised from the same articles, paying indeed a higher duty, but limited in quantity and in consumption. I do not believe that the calculations upon which we founded our expectations of arriving at this result have ever been successfully found fault with. On the contrary, when we say how small an increase to the general consumption would remedy the present deficiency, our opponents turn round on us, and say, what a small benefit you propose to the people! But I believe, Gentlemen, that the relaxation of the restrictions which we have proposed with reference to sugar, to timber, and to corn, and the other articles to which we wish to extend the same principle, would not only in a short time have remedied the existing deficiency, but would in all probability have enabled us at no distant day to repeal other burdens obnoxious to the people and injurious to their industry. However, Gentlemen, I am content to found the claims of our measures on public support on that which is their professed object—that is, to supply the present deficiency by the same means whereby we also hope to allay present distress, and to give free scope and play to industry. To dispense with new taxes and with existing burdens—to recruit the exhausted public treasury out of the increased spread of ease and plenty, instead of recruiting it from harder toil and augmented exertion—this is our principle, and on it were grounded the measures which we proposed to the late House of Commons. They did not, as you know, find favour with those who opposed us there, or with those who opposed us here. We say that, if you do not adopt our mode of relief, you have no other prospect of mitigating the present distress but by submitting to the necessity of imposing new taxes. I do not wish to put forth any predictions of my own as to what our plans will do; but when we say what we are prepared to do, and ask our opponents what they can do instead, why then they tell us, "nothing." The Parliament reject our measures. Well, then, we might have acted on the hint, and taken that hostile decision as the signal for our dismissal from the Government. But as we had brought forward these measures for what we thought to be the people's interest, and as we conceived them to be the

people's concern more than our own, we thought it right that we should not concede them when our opponents had nothing else to suggest—that we should not consign the people of this country to no better prospect than their too shadowy hopes, and their too palpable taxation. At least, if this were to be the case, we determined that the question should not be decided without a struggle. In that struggle we are now engaged; and by the people, to the people—to you, Gentlemen, the appeal is now made, and from you the decision must come. I do not pretend that we have in our hands the exclusive possession of the golden gates of plenty. I do not impute to our opponents that they came forward as the advocates of grisly want and famine; but I do say, I will say, and the question I will put to you high above all opposing clamour is—that we do hold out a prospect to remedy the evils which surround us, and for those which impend over us, and that this which we do our opponents do not. Well, then, I assure you I am not going to trespass longer upon that patience and indulgence which upon the whole you have given me; but I thought it right to bring thus prominently before you the real object of the struggle between us. I do not conceal from myself that that struggle may be a hard one. But we have had struggles before; and, Gentlemen, we have not yet been beaten, and I hail in the present assembly the presage of the coming poll. The Government and the party to which I belong have struck to the ground other monopolies before. There has scarcely been a year in their ministerial career which is not marked by some great abuse overthrown, by some baneful restriction extirpated. We have now come forward to attack what I call the monopoly of the purse. And, Gentlemen, although the struggle may be more violent and more desperate than any of its predecessors, yet, even so, with all the boasting of our opponents, the death-cry of this monopoly is on the gale. I am not now presuming to tell you, what will be the ultimate balance of political parties—I am not calculating on the precise tenure of any administration—I am not even pinning my faith, when I say this, on my own return. I calculate upon the results which I believe will be furnished by the dictates of your good sense, and the energy of your determination. But not even on these will I presume—happen what may to any political party—come what will to any administration—be my own prospects of success what you choose to make them—yet I fully believe that we have already given to the claims of industry and labour such an impetus, that although

the combined force of interest and prejudice may succeed for a time in retarding them, they will never be able to overcome them. Well, Gentlemen, I care little in comparison with that. The Government may fall in the high and generous attempt; but I believe it has already passed on the watchword which will be the rallying cry of the contest, and the crowning shout of triumph. With respect to myself, Gentlemen, I cannot yet bring myself to the belief that in the West Riding of Yorkshire, in a cause like this, I am doomed to defeat. I believe, Gentlemen, that you may win if you choose. As long as you command, I am prepared to follow—as long as you sustain me, I am sure to conquer.

LORD VISCOUNT MORPETH'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

[1841.]

INHABITANTS OF THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE,

I come yet once again before you, in the order duly assigned to me, as the lowest on the poll. I should be the last person, and it would be the last object I could have in view, to aim at concealing the magnitude of the triumph which our opponents have wrested from us; on the contrary, I clearly think it the most signal and the most decisive which has as yet been attached to the car of Conservative reaction. I have to resign the representation of the West Riding of Yorkshire into the hands of Mr. Wortley—I say, of Mr. Wortley; for let my defeat have at least this alleviation—I must consider him as my immediate conqueror. We are the old competitors; we have met each other twice before in no inglorious warfare. He knows better than I can tell him, that there are recollections and passages of our former lives which must make me prefer him to almost any other man as my successful rival; but in transferring my late position to his more fortunate hands, I cannot dissemble the price and splendour of the dower. I have been too fond of it, too proud of it for that. Some topics were glanced at by Mr. Wortley, which might seem to call for some comment—I will not say for some recrimination. But on such topics I cannot linger now. Mr. Wortley has, indeed, reproached us with having taken a leaf out of their book, and of aiming

at a monopoly of representation. Now, Gentlemen, notwithstanding the issue of our recent struggle, I, for one, can never regret that we have fought it double-handed, for I think, looking to what the decided opinions of this Riding have hitherto been, and to the nature of the questions submitted to its decision, that the defeat of one candidate would have been tantamount to the prostration of both. The public questions at issue must, of course, form the really important part of such a transaction as the present. With respect to them, also, I cannot fail to be sensible to the grave and intimate bearing which the decision of this great constituency must have, in the present conjuncture of affairs, upon the concerns of finance, trade, and commerce. Not, Gentlemen, that I can feel in a greater measure now than heretofore much of doubt or misgiving as to the ultimate success of the principles upon which the Government have staked their credit, and, as it would seem, perilled their existence. No, Gentlemen, not less in this hour of defeat than when I stood in this place on Monday last, surrounded by all the appearances at least, and perhaps some of the anticipations of triumph—not less do I feel persuaded that the opinions and measures of which I was then the feeble representative and advocate, are even now moving in their onward though unseen track, and hastening to their accomplishment. It is but too possible that the verdict passed upon them by this large Riding, and by some of the more important towns within it, may postpone the time for gathering the first-fruits, and may aggravate the burthen and inflame the heat of the day—but I most faithfully and hopefully believe that, happily for the prosperity of our species, the cause of truth and justice, on whatsoever side it lies, is, however slowly, sure in the end to be uppermost—and if there is one subject more than another on which a nation is most likely ultimately to see itself righted, it is on that which concerns its food. But, Gentlemen, I feel that I am no longer in a position which warrants me in troubling you with my opinions upon political questions, or upon matters relating to your own concerns. To yourselves I may properly and safely leave them. You have already in your day and generation done noble service to the cause of our common country. I trust that many more of such bright achievements are still in store for you, under whatever auspices they may be conducted. But, after the long period of our connexion, which has now lasted through eleven years, and five Parliaments—after the transactions to which we have been parties, and the

terms we have been on together, I would fain hope that before we part you will allow me to say a few words further on matters more pertaining to my own relations with you. I am willing to flatter myself that even with my political opponents I leave behind nothing but political difference, and that we separate without any ground for angry retrospect, or for personal offence. But as to those with whom I have had the greater happiness of agreeing, now that so many recollections of considerate kindness, of disinterested zeal, of generous forbearance, of past struggles, and of past victories, are rushing at once upon my mind, I feel what language cannot embody, and thanks cannot convey. I have learned, Gentlemen, to love even the inanimate features of your lovely landscapes, with which I have grown familiar during my repeated canvasses among your heath-clad hills, and your wide-spreading valleys—but how much more has my spirit bounded in answer to the cheers which roused the mountain echoes, or to the welcome which ushered me into the busiest haunts of your living industry! I trust I need not debar myself from the hope, that in the various courses of life, opportunities may present themselves to me of showing an abiding sense of gratitude for your past favours; and I cannot help declaring, though it may seem to bespeak a more poignant sense of the loss I have sustained, that I do not think I could reconcile myself, for the present, to occupy any other seat, or to represent any other men. And now, Gentlemen, that I have to take my leave of you, bear with me, if I adopt for one moment a more solemn tone than I might otherwise have thought it fit to use on such an occasion; but I cannot refrain from putting up one fervent petition that the Disposer of all events and the Giver of all good may visit each and all of you with His choicest and most abundant blessings! May He store your garners with increase, and reward your industry with plenty! May He scatter the seeds of order, of temperance, and of domestic and public virtues, far and wide, amidst all your dwellings! May He crown each hearth and home with peace, with comfort, with content, and with thanksgiving, and ever supply you with those who can, I will not say more faithfully, but more efficiently, serve you! These, Gentlemen, are my latest words; thanks again—fare you well, and all good be with you!

THE ELECTION FOR THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE

[FEBRUARY 4TH, 1846.]

LORD VISCOUNT MORPETH said:—

GENTLEMEN, ELECTORS OF THE WEST RIDING, AND, LET ME ADD, OLD FRIENDS,

It is not—it cannot be—without varied and very deep emotions, that I find myself here again before you. Yes, even here in Wakefield, before a constituency of the West Riding, do I, the beaten and rejected candidate of 1841, now come forward in 1846, without having offered myself, without having canvassed, and, as it now seems, without being opposed. Not that we had not some rumours and some demonstrations of opposition. There has been plenty of blowing of trumpets—at least there has been plenty of braying. We first heard of the pretensions of Mr. Archer Gurney, of "Rock Vale, in the county of Devon." That sounds very picturesque; but I believe that the gentle stranger has returned to his sequestered home. I am told that he appointed a meeting in Wakefield, and that there met him there four Protectionists and seven reporters. All I hope is, that he did not convert the reporters, because I rate their intelligence sufficiently high to be persuaded that, whatever their employers may be, they are on the side of free trade. Well, next to Mr. Archer Gurney, we had a gentleman who, as I am reminded, speaks in somewhat harsher accents. He was not so much a candidate himself as a sort of godfather of candidates; only his godchildren have turned rather rusty. He has hit upon two gentlemen, both bearing names that have long been highly respected in the West Riding. But the first object of his application chose to go fight the battle of "native industry" in that particularly independent and self-directing borough—the borough of Ripon. It seemed a little cruel in him towards the godfather; but I think that Mr. Ferrand exercised

most cruelty himself towards his next candidate, because, if I am rightly informed, he has sent a certificate to state that he is not well enough to perform the duties of a high sheriff, which, I regret to say, cannot be performed either to-day, by the highly honourable gentleman who now holds that office. But, honourable and onerous as those duties may be, I dare, from experience, to assert that those of a representative of the West Riding are infinitely more trying to the health. The result is, that this day, when the question has been put to you, no opponent has come forward to dispute your choice. And how is it that this has come to pass? Will you, in my anxiety to account for it, allow me for a moment to refer to the last occasion of my meeting you in this town, and then take some credit to myself for having exhibited something of the spirit of prophecy in the remarks I then ventured to make. I said upon that occasion that the opinions and the measures of which I was then the advocate "are now moving on their onward, though unseen track, and hastening to their accomplishment." And I added, "if there is one subject more than another on which a nation is most likely ultimately to see itself righted, it is on that which concerns its food." And it is upon this question of food—this question which has stirred the mind of England to its inmost depths, that I am now come again to ask, and, as I believe to receive, the recovered suffrages of the West Riding. I further said, on that occasion, that the triumph of our opponents was the most signal and the most decisive which had yet been attached to the car of Conservative reaction. And may I not, Gentlemen, now say with equal truth that my return to-day—my unsolicited, uncanvassed, unopposed return—will lay the corner-stone of a great electoral reaction, upon which other constituencies and their representatives—nay, and higher than all, a sympathizing Sovereign herself—will come to erect the finished temple of perfect free trade! For I do feel that often as we may have met, and fully as we may have sympathized before, there never yet has been an occasion upon which our opinions and our hopes have been so much in unison as the present. I do flatter myself that the great mass whom I see before me consists of honest and simple hearts, wound up to a common aim. For I put it to you, what subject is there which can come so closely home to your interests, to your business, to your every-day life, as these laws which profess to regulate, and which do in fact regulate, your daily meal—which concern every class and condition amongst you—which

concern every man whom I address; and not only you, but every one of your wives, whom you have left beside the kitchen oven, and every one of your children, who, though he may not be able to ask for food, at least can cry for it! I have already reverted to the past; and while I certainly should think it my duty to address myself mainly to the great question now before the nation, I hope you will not think that I unduly dwell upon any topics relating to myself. But when a candidate comes to present himself to the choice of a constituency, some degree of egotism is almost rendered necessary by the circumstances of his position. In addition, then, to what I have already quoted of former sayings of mine, you may remember that when I was last before you I also stated that I did not think I could reconcile it to myself to occupy any other seat, or to represent any other men. Now, Gentlemen, it is true that a great number of the inhabitants of the Riding, in an address which they were good enough to present to me, absolved me from all that could be considered binding in that engagement; and the time had probably come when I might have thought it my duty to re-embark in the struggles of public life; but how I do rejoice now that I have not entered into any other service—that I have called no other men my masters—that I have reserved myself for this cause and for this hour—and that; if you shall shortly confirm my election, I shall go into the House of Commons as Member of the West Riding of Yorkshire, and vote for the total and immediate—[the conclusion of the sentence was interrupted by deafening thunders of applause]. I think you seem to be aware that "Repeal of the Corn Laws was meant to finish that sentence. Bear in mind that this was the main subject upon which I sustained defeat, and the Liberal party in the Riding sustained defeat with me at the last general election; I was then opposed and I was then beaten by the exertions of a great body of the landed interest, and other friends of monopoly in the Riding, because they said I had adopted a very violent and revolutionary course in recommending a fixed duty of eight shillings. I think they would be slightly obliged to me if I could secure it to them now. But that scrip has gone down in the market; and not all the efforts of the biggest "stag" in all their parks can get it up again. However, the revolutionary Whigs were got rid of. In the meantime a youthful League had sprouted up. But they did not mind that—not they. They brought in an amended Corn Law Bill of their own, which provided more of the machinery of the old sliding scale,

with what they call some additional "rests"—a most delusive word—for whatever are the beatitudes of the present Corn Law, "rest" is not the element in which it was destined to breathe. However, there were two or three good harvests in succession, and matters went on with comparative quietness for a year or two; but then came the events of the last autumn, with which most of you may be sufficiently familiar. The average price of the quarter of wheat was 13*s.* or 14*s.* higher than it had been the year before. The price of the best wheat in the market was full 20*s.* higher; and, in addition to this, the potato crop was subject to certainly a considerable, and still unknown and mysterious, degree of pestilence, both in England, in Scotland, and in Ireland too. Under these circumstances, all we knew of the movements of Government was, that several Cabinet Councils had met, and had broken up, and had "made no sign." In this state of things the League came to dine at Leeds, and I wrote them a letter there. Now, I know that I have some fastidious friends who will tell me—"It was very well to express yourself as strongly as you pleased in favour of the repeal of the Corn Laws, but you had no business to give your money to the League." I feel that any connexion I may have formed with the League will not be looked upon as a very grave offence in your eyes, and I need hardly trouble myself with any lengthened apology upon that score. But as on an occasion like this there is no objection on the part of any portion of my well-wishers which I would not wish to meet, I will briefly say just this much, that in the first place the very little bit of money that has been mentioned behind, which I sent to the League, was given to promote the local registration of electors in the West Riding mainly; and as the former roll and list of electors had turned me out, I think I cannot be held much to blame if I co-operate with others to rectify what, in my opinion, was a mistake in judgment, and to enlighten the future constituency. But further than this, Gentlemen, with reference to the League again, I cannot look back at the events of the last few years, and dissemble from myself, that although many members of the League may occasionally have said things in which I cannot agree, and may perhaps have done things to which I cannot wholly subscribe, yet I do feel that the question of the repeal of the Corn Laws owes its present position mainly to the League, and to its unwearied exertions, and to the ability and energy of its leader; and I do not like the notion of reaping the fruit of other men's labours, without assigning the reward which is

due to the work. I think it would be reversing, and not following the parable, if it was the labourer who came in at the eleventh hour that should be the party, himself, to make the objection to the wages assigned to him who had worked from the first. And though I do not think large self-constituted bodies, whether you call them Leagues or Associations, are the desirable method or machinery for working out legislative measures and changes, yet there are questions of such importance as to compel objectionable modes even of overcoming the obstinacy of the resistance with which they are met. And knowing how powerful and how multiplied are the interests combined, I may say leagued, against the repeal of the Corn Laws—viewing these Corn Laws as we now do, toppling to their fall, I could not, such was the feeling in my bosom—withhold my earnest good wishes, and that without which good wishes were but hypocrisy, and what Sir John Tyrrell calls "humbug," my avowed and acknowledged support. Next in order came all the Ministerial changes, and the changing and crashing of Cabinets. This, Gentlemen, has now become a rather old story, with which we have not much concern. You will remember that Sir R. Peel, though at the head of large majorities in both Houses of Parliament, felt it his duty to resign the Government. Lord J. Russell was honoured by Her Majesty with a commission to form an administration in his stead. Now, all with which I have to concern myself is, that I consented to accept office in a Government every member of which had unanimously agreed to propose a total and immediate repeal of the Corn Laws. Well, that endeavour was not made. It was interrupted by causes wholly independent of that question. They do not concern us now, and I will not enter on their consideration, though I have a strong opinion about them. And I never will conceal my wish that my pure and high-minded friend, Lord J. Russell—the statesman who proposed the abolition of the Corporation and Test Acts—the statesman who introduced into Parliament the Reform Bill—should also have been the person to propose to the Legislature of this country the final abolition of the Corn Laws. However, I certainly myself shall feel, and I am sure you will feel, that any individual or any party disappointment will be compensated, and more than compensated, if it should turn out that this great question itself—the question of Free Trade—has more chance of being brought to a satisfactory and triumphant issue by a Government in the hands of Sir R. Peel, rather than our own. And more,

Gentlemen, I think the dispersion of the Whig leaders would have merited still graver reprehension—I think their hesitation would have degenerated into cowardice, and their caution into treason, if they had not felt they had reason to believe that the Government of which Sir R. Peel is the head, was prepared to do great things for Free Trade. That expectation, Gentlemen, has been borne out. I think no man will deny, that in the recent proposal to Parliament Sir R. Peel has done great things for Free Trade. I reserve to myself the consideration of the precise details, but I cordially approve of the great features of the measure. I rejoice in the instant admission, free of duty, of Colonial corn, Indian corn, of meat salt and fresh, and of live cattle. I know that in this I may differ from many of my friends, and ardent free-traders in general; but I am not sure that I should feel myself called upon to dissent from the difference Sir R. Peel still wishes to maintain between the admission of free and slave-grown sugars. My doubt is whether he can, in practice, realize that difference. But if he can, great as are the lengths to which I would go on behalf of Free Trade, I must disconnect from all fellowship with that glorious cause the blood-red flag of the slave trade. But with respect to the measure, as to corn, I wish to avoid the three years' delay, before we arrive at the totally free admission of corn. I object to it as much with reference to the agricultural as with reference to any other interest. I am not sure whether, in the end, it may not fall more prejudicially on them than on any other class. And if any amendment or motion should be made, I shall be ready to vote for it, that we may have Free Trade at once rather than three years hence. Gentlemen, if you send me to Parliament I shall act as I have explained, but on the whole I shall give my cordial support to the measures just submitted to the Legislature; and in this state of things, now that this great proposal has been launched in the House of Commons, while the whole mind of the country is intent on the reception it is there to meet with, it happens that by the will of Providence, by the sudden and unexpected death of a nobleman (Lord Wharncliffe), to whom and whose race I have been ever opposed in my whole public career, but to whom no one of his most determined opponents will refuse the just praise of having been an upright, high-minded, and most useful public servant—it happens by the vacancy made by his death that the consideration of the proposal made by the Prime Minister is just at this important and critical moment submitted to that constituency which is

not only the largest in the kingdom, but which has a greater interest in having the question solved than any other in the realm. Yes, Gentlemen, the West Riding of Yorkshire, comprising Leeds with its woollens, Bradford with its worsteds, Huddersfield with its fancy goods, Halifax with its piece goods, Sheffield with its cutlery, Rotherham with its iron, and Barnsley with its linen, besides a far and fair domain of agricultural industry, is now to say aye or no—shall there be a total repeal of the Corn Laws? That, Gentlemen, is the banner which we have planted in our van, and which we engage to make good against every assailant. I cannot be sorry, though Free Traders (as such) recognise no party—and we are glad to enlist supporters from every party in the State—to see so prevalent the complexion of our own old colour. I remember on one of our former contests having christened it the sun's own colour; to-day I will call it the colour of the golden wheat sheaf, which the same sun is now ripening on thousands of shores, but which the legislation of man has hitherto kept from our ports and markets. They may talk of a black cloud in the West; but the harvest sun has a ray warm enough to scatter it. We hear that on the other side of the Atlantic they are using big words about Oregon; we hear that the inhabitants of the Western States of the American Republic talk very loudly on the subject, and are anxious to have a brush with us, while the people of the Eastern States are more pacific in their disposition. Why is this, Gentlemen? It is not in the natural order of things that men should grow more warlike as they live further west. No, Gentlemen, it is because the inhabitants of the Eastern States have a large seaboard, large manufacturing towns, and ships, and harbours, and commerce. They do not like to risk these things; therefore they are naturally and very laudably inclined to peace. But it is different with the Western States. In the first place, they cannot easily be got at. In the next place, they turn out nothing but agricultural produce. And they know, that besides living five or six thousand miles away from us, if the quarter of wheat they would send over has to pay a duty of 20*s.* when it arrives here, they will not be able to get rid of a bushel of it. Therefore their feelings are in favour of war. But give them the same motives for peace as the inhabitants of the Eastern States have—they being sprung from the same stock as their brethren in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia—being sons of the Puritans and broad-brims themselves, they will be actuated by the same motives as their more se-

date and sober fellow-citizens; and instead of wishing themselves to go thousands of miles further west, where they meet with more tribes of wild Indians than draughts of fresh water on the way, and then to go to war with us for the possession of a number of uninhabited pine swamps, they might think it worth their while to bestow additional labour and skill on the rich clay bottoms around them, to give them the means of taking your woollens, worsteds, cottons, and hardware in exchange for what they would send us, whether of wheat or Indian corn, a food hitherto little known among us, but which from experience I can recommend to those who can get hold of it. I will answer for it that you will find the Johnny cakes which it makes go far to rival the Yorkshire cakes themselves. What I have said applies most strongly to the Eastern States, with which we have most intercourse; and it applies still more to the countries of Europe, in proportion to their nearness. I rejoice that, in extending and encouraging universal commerce, we take the best means to extend and encourage universal peace. I was much struck a year or two ago, in conversing with a neighbouring farmer in a county north of this, on the prospects of agriculture, when he said, with a sigh, "Ah, there never was a friend to the farmer like"—do you think he said Richmond, or Buckingham, or Hudson, the Railway King?—no, Napoleon Bonaparte. "There never was such a friend to the farmer as Bonaparte." I thought I never heard put in such close but unconscious allocation the genius of monopoly and the genius of war. What was the state of the world at the time he alluded to? Wheat was 136*s.* a quarter in 1812. The quartern loaf was at 1*s.* 6½*d.* We were at war all over the world. At home we heard of nothing but Orders in Council, which our Saddleworth friends will well remember. Give me then, I say, the commerce, not the conquest of the world—the large loaf, and not the empty laurel—open ports and free produce, not decrees of non-intercourse and proclamations of embargo. Dependence! I would even say, I am anxious that we should be still more dependent on foreign countries, instead of being in a state of independent isolation. Dependence on foreigners! This is the favourite bugbear with which the sleek monopolist tries to bamboozle a gaping crowd of rustic auditors. Ask him how he could do without dependence. You need not ask whether his wives and daughters would be able to rustle in the silks of France, or adorn themselves with the velvet of Italy, or the lace of Flanders; but ask him whether he does not drink tea from China, coffee

from Brazil; and whether he does not wear the fleece of Saxony, and perhaps smoke the cigars of the Havannah. And if he does these things, ask him why you may not, in your turn, eat the wheat of the Elbe and the bacon of the Ohio. I believe that it is not in diminishing, but in increasing our dependence on foreigners, that we shall best follow out the laws of nature and the will of Providence, and enter into the strongest recognizances for the harmony, the peace, the civilization, and the progress of the world. For, let me put it to you, what is the case of those manufactures which the mistaken friends of the landed interest sometimes present to us with so unreasonable and unfounded a jealousy?—what are all the manufactures you turn out—woollen, cotton, worsted, or silk—what are they but work? Where there is work, there must be hands; and where there are hands, there must be mouths. These mouths are filled with the beef, the mutton, the beer, the bread, which are raised on the soil by the landlords and farmers of England. They say we want to transfer the supply of the manufacturing towns and the large mass of the population from the native to the foreign grower; and you will remember that I just now spoke of the wheat of the Elbe and the bacon of the Ohio. But the foreigners will not give us bread and bacon for nothing. They may have a very good opinion of the manufacturers of Yorkshire and of England generally. They may have a better opinion of them than Mr. Busfeild Ferrand has. But still, though they may think them very fine fellows, they are not likely to supply them *gratis*. They will ask a fair and what they consider a remunerative price. If they do not get it, they will not send their corn, and there will be an end to the alarm about the transfer of supply. But I hope they will send a great quantity—that they will ask a fair price, which they must receive in the manufactures or work you turn out, either directly or in the money for which you will have previously exchanged your work. To turn out fresh work, you must have fresh hands, accompanied by fresh mouths. And I believe that the additional hands will pretty nearly absorb the additional corn which may be imported, so that the demand upon our native soil will be pretty much what it is now. What I am tempted to look forward to as the result of the entire repeal of the Corn Laws will be the effect of such a change in our policy as will be equivalent to a perpetual succession of good harvests. There will be more to eat in the land; and when there is, depend upon it, there will be plenty of mouths to take it. I cannot but suspect the

motives, or rather, I would say, I cannot but object to the reasonings of those who shrink from abundance. The blessing of Heaven cannot be the bane of man. It is not so much to any absolute diminution of the price of corn that I look, as the result of the alteration in the law, as to an uninterrupted and steady trade—to an increased supply following an increased demand—more to do, and more to eat, which I believe will be the consequence of a repeal of the Corn Laws. Supposing, as a mere matter of fancy, that some foreigners should be so absolutely smitten with love of us as to send us every year large cargoes of provisions *gratis*, as a present, in token of their admiration of the British people, I think we should hardly refuse the gift. However, this extravagant supposition is not so favourable to the British corn-growers as the natural state of things. Foreign corn must be paid for in manufactures. They will call for fresh hands, causing an increased demand for home as well as foreign-grown food. Are these all crude and unsupported theories? Will they not stand the test of facts? Our more recent experience sufficiently shows that I am speaking only the words of truth and soberness. We have had within very recent memory periods of dear years and periods of cheap years. That point was fully stated in the House of Commons last year by Sir James Graham, and it has been stated very fully by Sir Robert Peel, and it has been stated nowhere better than in our excellent weekly instructor, "The Leeds Mercury." But these periods of cheap and dear years, if I remember right, were thus—there were two periods of dear years, and these were from 1828 to 1831, and from 1839 to 1842; and there were periods of cheap years from 1833 to 1836, and again from 1842 to 1845. Now, what has been the natural result of these varying periods? Why, the dear years have brought with them diminished foreign commerce, diminished home trade, diminished wages, diminished revenue, but an increased amount of poor rates, of turbulence, and crime, while the cheap years as regularly and unfailingly have exhibited an increase in wages and in employment in every department of industry, and they have swelled the public revenue—they have comparatively set open the doors of our workhouses and prisons. In the summer of 1842, which closed the last period of dear years, we saw every large manufacturing town invaded, and every mill barricaded; whilst in the last summer, which for the present, though I hope not ultimately, has closed the period of cheap years, what was the spectacle presented? Every man, from the Premier to the

"navvy" was digging up sods of new railways, and the great difficulty was, how to prevent people from throwing away their good money too fast. Gentlemen, I am sorry to trouble you with these details; but the question now is one of such importance, that I wish to leave nothing cursorily glided over. I will not trespass much longer upon your patience; but I wish to observe that we are often charged with reckless, and almost revolutionary conduct, in suddenly proposing to subvert long-established protections, and to upset deeply-rooted habits of industry. Now, with respect to the suddenness of our proceeding, I think the events of last autumn, to which I have referred, will sufficiently acquit us in this respect. I have told you the rises in the averages of wheat, and the rise in the prices of the best wheat, and in fact how the price of wheat had varied in the same market from 36*s.* to 72*s.* What is the result of this variation I may quote from one of the agricultural papers, "The Mark Lane Express"—"The very inferior quality of a large proportion of the wheat has this year prevented the duty from receding more than a step or two. Had the quality of the new produce been tolerably good, the duty would, it cannot be doubted, ere now have fallen to 10*s.*; for the better qualities have risen to 70*s.*, and in some cases to 80*s.* a quarter. It will readily be conceived, therefore, how bad must be the quality of the common runs, to have kept the general average below 60*s.* The last returns were only 59*s.* The average duty, therefore, is no indication of the real quality." There is also the failure of the potato crop. I do not wish to multiply quotations, but I must give you one passage from the report of the Dublin Mansion House Committee—"We are unfortunately able to proclaim that in Ireland famine is immediately pressing, and that pestilence of the most frightful kind is certain, unless prevented." Now, in this state of things, however Protection Societies may declaim or protest, I appeal to you whether the Prime Minister of this country could lay his head on his pillow, and—if he had not taken every means in his power to augment the stock of food in the country—could feel secure that he would not be roused by the sharp cry of the nation's famine. With respect to the more prominent charge, that there is something revolutionary in our proceedings, I say at once, that while there are many things in the constitution of this country, in our ways of thought and habits of feeling, and in the whole framework of our national existence, which I trust to be undying and eternal, yet there is one feature—one painful and per-

vading feature of our condition, which any one, and every one especially who has been like myself to the younger world across the waters, where they will have seen many things which I should be the last person to wish to copy or transfer here, yet with reference to this one feature, this one abiding plague-spot, I would be ready to give almost all the wealth of both worlds to reform it. What I allude to is, the striking and painful inequality between the two extremes of society—the extreme of wealth and the extreme of poverty. I am not declaiming against wealth—wealth we must have in the country, to feed our millions. I am not trying to stir up your minds so as to repine against poverty; for, while there are these numbers to cover these spaces, poverty we must have. But I confess I could not lament overmuch any change that should have a tendency to reduce the extreme unevenness of the balance. For what is it I see among my countrymen?—what is it I see amongst the inhabitants of the West Riding who, in the multiplicity of their employments, are a very apt representation of the community at large? I see industry without limit, without parallel, lining the valleys, plying the rivers, choking the very railways, and in extent and variety of production calculated to warm, to clothe, to arm, to adorn the whole world, if they would be our customers. But what is it that in this toiling, swarming, struggling mass of life and energy, alone seems wanting? Why, more meat—a larger loaf, a fuller meal. I sometimes feel that the very strength of our case consists in its weakness. I feel sometimes to shrink from putting it in its full outline before you. I almost wish sometimes that I may have made a mistake in the extent of injury which I conceive to have been brought about by your present restrictive and exclusive laws. But is it not so? Looking at the whole population together, can it be said that we have all of us enough to live upon; and is there no reason to believe that by the removal of restrictions, by the cessation of prohibitions, by the admission of foreign corn, by the downfall of monopoly, we can get much more to live upon? I know it always bears an appearance of invidiousness to quote or rely on any religious ground as the means of enforcing a political question; and I quite agree that it is most invidious and most objectionable, if we assume to ourselves that we are more guided by conscientious and religious motives than our opponents; but still I think that the persons who discard all the religious motives which can be brought in favour of this question of Free Trade, and Free Corn, show themselves strangely wanting in

their estimate of the real importance and urgency of this healing measure; and though I do not much dwell or insist on this ground, I cannot, before closing these remarks, refrain from asking why, in the face of those evils which we have experienced, and in the face of those advantages which we may hope to realize—I cannot refrain from asking why may not human legislators sometimes endeavour to act in the spirit of that blessing which the National Church repeats on every Christmas morning, "I will bless her fruits with increase, and will satisfy her poor with bread?" And as I may be asked whether the chosen people of old in reference to whom these words are used were confined to the limits of their own rocky and barren Judea, I would quote again, in reference to the foreign modes of supply which might be pursued by them, "The kings of Tarshish and of the Isles shall bring presents; the kings of Arabia and Sheba shall bring gifts: there shall be a handful of corn on the earth, on the tops of the mountains." I will not venture to recommend the great cause we have in hand to any meaner consideration; I will not let my argument stoop from the height to which it may truly be raised, but I commend the whole question of Free Trade, Free Corn, and Free Food to the reason, the feelings, and the consciences of mankind.

The UNDER-SHERIFF having formally declared LORD VISCOUNT MORPETH duly elected, he came forward, and said:—

GENTLEMEN, AND I MAY NOW AGAIN ADD, CONSTITUENTS,

This is indeed like old times, and recalls many stirring memories. We have, Gentlemen, as I remember Sir Robert Peel to have said—and Liberals are now able to quote Sir Robert Peel—in talking of our last victories in India, coming after the preceding reverses, "we have effaced the memory of our shame upon the field of our previous disasters." The West Riding, I am told, has its own again. There is no title in the gift of the monarch, the minister, or the people, which I should be so proud of as the "West Riding's Own." And, Gentlemen, it is no selfish or personal victory that we have won to-day. Broad as is this Riding, multiplied as its interests are, the effects of our struggle and our triumph cannot be confined to any local bounds; I hope it cannot be confined to any single constituency in its ultimate effects—cannot be confined to any nation or any quarter of the world—even of the round globe we live on; but I hope the shout of our triumph will go over the

broad fields of England, and find an echo within the walls of the Imperial Legislature; and that it will be stamped, and ratified, and blessed to all future times in the confirmed intercourse and increased plenty of nations. You see, Gentlemen, I do not lightly estimate the efforts you have made, the front you have shown, the good-will with which you have silenced at once the hiss of monopoly, the firm tread with which you have planted the glorious banner of Free Trade; and I hope, whenever we may meet again, it will be to congratulate each other on our consummate triumph. After the singular patience and indulgence with which you have already heard me, I will no longer trespass on your kind attention—that attention to which I never yet appealed in vain—that consideration which did not fail me in the moment of defeat—and which I am glad to see to-day renewed in the glorious shout of our finished victory.

THE EARL OF CARLISLE IN ABERDEEN.

INSTALLATION OF THE EARL OF CARLISLE AS LORD RECTOR OF MARISCHAL COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY.

[MARCH 31ST, 1853.]

THE inauguration took place within the Hall of the College, which, together with all the passages leading thereto, was crowded by the students, and a most respectable assemblage both of ladies and gentlemen. The Magistrates and Council, with the Dean of Faculty of the University, the Lord Rector's Assessors, and the Professors and Lecturers, accompanied His Lordship, who, on entering the Hall, and taking his place on the platform, attired in the robes of office, was most enthusiastically cheered. Lady Elizabeth Grey (His Lordship's sister); Lady Bruce, of Scotstown; Mrs. Thomson, of Banchory; Mrs. Captain Leith; and Mrs. Principal Dewar, with a number of other ladies, occupied seats near the platform.

The VERY REV. PRINCIPAL DEWAR opened the proceedings with an appropriate prayer; after which DR. CRUICKSHANK ad-

ministered the usual oath to His Lordship, who, being then duly installed, took his place at the head of the University, and delivered the following Address :—

GENTLEMEN,

The first accents which you must hear from my lips are those of gratitude—simple and deep. I presume, indeed, that they must form the accustomed prelude to every Address from a new Lord Rector, and they must be familiar to the echoes of these honoured walls, within which it is now my privilege to meet you. They must have in turn proceeded from a long series of distinguished predecessors; for I know that, in the ancestral pedigree of my office, I should find very many names connected with the learning, the genius, the chivalry of Scotland, besides some which have shed lustre on the Empire at large. With the nobleman whom I immediately succeed—the Earl of Eglinton and Winton—I have not the advantage of more than a slight personal acquaintance; but I believe there are few who have found a more direct access to the hearts of men; and, in laying down his Viceregal, as well as his Rectorial sceptre, he will be able to retain in his pleased remembrance how the applauses of Ireland have ratified the affections of his native Scotland. It must consequently result that I should appreciate in no common degree the distinction that you have been pleased to confer upon me, and feel the whole weight of obligation that it imposes. You are far indeed from having exhausted the many high claims, in respect both of lineage and of merit, which your own division of our island might have enabled you to supply; as, however, the County of Aberdeen has given its present Prime Minister to the Empire, it is surely allowable that an Englishman should be taken as the Rector of an University of Aberdeen—an office that, notwithstanding its honourable character and illustrious precedents, I flatter myself it is not quite so difficult to fill. It can hardly, then, be made a matter of reproach, that you should have thought fit to cast your eyes even as far as that "debateable land" which lines your ancient realm, and to summon thence an unworthy Borderer to commit a raid upon the high places and choice honours of your northern domain; and certainly, far beyond the limits within which the spear of my ancestor—Belted Will—ever carried apprehension or sustained discomfiture, you have, in a spirit of generous reaction, thrown open your lettered retreats and bowers of

learning to his peaceful and, I trust, more docile descendant. As a stranger within your walls up to the present moment, I should feel it to be almost officious, and it would, at all events, be only to retrace ground which has been on previous occasions sufficiently occupied, if I should attempt to recapitulate the justly-celebrated names which, in almost every department of science and literature, have, from time to time, adorned, as they continue to adorn, this distinguished University. Such an eminent succession in the past is in itself one of the surest guarantees against degeneracy in the future. Nor can I forget that, when the celebrated Scottish historian and philosopher of the last century—David Hume—the merits of whose diction ought never to make us forget that, while there is not a great deal of honesty in his History, there is still less of truth in his philosophy—when, in the zenith of his reputation and popularity, he employed his winning pen to sap the foundations of immortal hope, perhaps the first of the faithful voices that were raised to rebuke and to disarm him proceeded, in accents it is true, of courtesy and gentleness, from Dr. Campbell, of this University. Perhaps, too, you will just allow me to add that my attention has happened to have been recently directed to the writings of our English poet, Gray, and I find that it was proposed to confer upon him an Honorary Degree of this University, at the suggestion of one of its most conspicuous ornaments, Dr. Beattie. It is pleasant to be thus able to associate the authors of "The Elegy" and "The Minstrel." It is pleasant, when coming from the cultivated lea, the fantastic beeches, the antique towers, of our level but not unpoetic England, to pass onwards to the more rugged haunts and sterner beauties which give a colour to the noble lines written under the immediate inspiration of the scenes around us—

> "Oh! how can'st thou renounce the boundless store
> Of charms which Nature to her votary yields,
> The warbling woodlands, the resounding shore,
> The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
> All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
> And all that echoes to the song of even,
> All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
> And all the dread magnificence of Heaven—
> Oh! how can'st thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?"

Had it been for nothing else, it would be in my mind to have offered my thanks to you for having brought me within the pale and influence

of Academic life once more. I cannot pretend to having led a very eventful or stormy life, but I have mingled to a sufficient degree at least in the stir and strife of parties, politics, crowds, and cities; and most refreshing it is, after all their hardening and roughening gusts have passed over the mature brow, to be brought again even into momentary association with the serene quiet of College existence—the studies which engross without ruffling the mind, the day-dreams which stimulate without perverting the fancy, the friendships as yet without the taint of worldliness, the revered brow of learning, the sacred presence of ingenuous youth. To wish perpetuity and progress to the pursuits and studies which have long distinguished this seat of liberal education and sound learning, would be not natural merely, but unavoidable indeed, even for a person in no way connected with this Institution. I trust that I should not have been wanting in any such aspiration, even before I had the honour of becoming your Lord Rector. With respect to proficiency in science generally, I feel absolved from obtruding any remark—first, because, unhappily for myself, I am not in any way qualified to enter upon such high matters—

"Has Naturæ accedere partes;"

and next, because I am of opinion that, in an eminently practical, and as it may be termed utilitarian age, there is comparatively little risk that those branches of instruction which have for their main purpose to wield the powers of Nature, or discipline the processes of thought for the service of life—to ascertain and apply truth—will not be both ardently explored and steadily mastered. Unknown planets are tracked in the firmament, and unsuspected metals leap from the earth; but although such facts embody the essence of the sublimest poetry, it is to geologists and astronomers, and not to Homers or Shakspeares, that we look for their discovery. If I linger for a moment longer on the claims of classical learning and polite literature to your tenacious regard, it is not merely because I might apprehend that the material spirit of the times would be disposed to cast a cold glance at them, but we also have perceived of late that, in some of the most civilized portions of the globe, religion herself has been stimulated to throw her awful frown upon them. I am much gratified to see that an accomplished Professor of this University—Dr. Maclure—has very recently addressed you in a most generous and enlightened strain, upon this very subject. I think, indeed, that a radical mistake, and indeed a grievous error, would be

made, if we should resort to the writers of Heathen antiquity for the true motives of conduct—for our rule in life, or our hope in death. This would, in truth, be but seeking to draw the living waters of the Gospel from the perforated casks of Pagan Mythology, to borrow one of her own illustrations. But, when we not only find in classic literature, especially among the writers of Greece, the laws of all taste, and the patterns of all excellence—when we not only derive from her historians, philosophers, and orators, examples for all time of the closest accuracy of thought, the most complete simplicity, energy, and majesty of diction, and from her violet-crowned Muses the perfect mastery over every mode of the lyre—(I had rather refer to such images in the harmony of their own native tones—

Χρυσεα φόρμιγξ, 'Απόλλωνος καὶ ἰοπλοκάμων
Σύνδικον Μοισᾶν κτέανον,—

but when, besides all these sources of what may be esteemed as mere pleasure and delight, we proceed to infer that the supreme Governor of the universe must have deemed it good in His inscrutable counsels to have furnished and arrayed all this wondrous development of human intellect and genius, as if with the purpose of proving how high they could soar, how low they must sink, without the accompaniment of His special revelation; and then to have made this very language, thus fraught beforehand with all the treasures of this world's cunning, and adapted by the marvellous pliancy of its mechanism to the expression of all human thought, susceptible of a still higher destination in being the chief channel in communicating the simple and weighty terms of that Revelation to the world; just as also the Imperial power of Rome was the appointed instrument first for opposing, then for exalting, and then for diffusing the true religion amongst mankind—when we further find every day fresh manuscripts unhoused from Thracian or Syrian monasteries, throwing new and unexpected lights both upon the interpretation of the sacred text, and the history of the early Church, at once vindicating the truth of Scripture, and stripping the false pretensions and usurpations of man—when the great German people, with its hosts of acute critics and laborious scholars, are exercising their ingenuity upon all that has been discovered, and upon a great deal that has not—I argue both from this pervading and continuing correspondence between the literature that has been termed sacred and been

termed profane, as well as from the general truth that the Author of the Universe is the source of all its beauty, and all its inspiration, that it can be no more our duty to leave the excellencies of classical literature unexplored and uncared for, than it would be for the tourist or painter to track the upward course of the fair stream which waters your town, and not let his enthusiasm thrill with a livelier pulse amid the ravines of Braemar, or his reverence kindle into a warmer glow under the crests of Lochnagar. I wish, however, principally, within such short limit of time as still remains to me, instead of dilating further upon the character of those studies in these seats of learning, whether literary or scientific, which have already sufficiently commended themselves to the approval of mankind, to enter into somewhat more of immediate communication with the living mass of youth which I survey around me; and as it is by their favour that I have been thus invested with the privilege to address and even to counsel them, I trust they will pardon the endeavour to establish, during the short period allotted to our intercourse, the impressions of a more close, and real, and lasting sympathy between us. It is indeed not without emotion that I am now looking upon you, a portion of the rising youth and hope of Scotland—I may more fitly say of our common country—of our common race of man. It is impossible for me, or for any one, to decipher what amount of promise there may be among the active forms and ingenuous countenances now gathered here, buoyant and ardent with all the energies of youth. It is quite possible that there may be among them the germs of the most splendid contributions to the service or the delight of the world; and that even I, little worthy as I may be of such a function, may at this moment be addressing men destined, in the good Providence of God, to make their country greater, and their race happier, than they found it. But without anticipating more than any ordinary measure of the favours of Heaven, and the fortunes of men—without assuming that there are to issue from among you any prodigies of genius or virtue—still to the most sober and least visionary apprehension, what is the spectacle here presented? I see those who are to emerge from these walls as soon as the academical course has closed, and to enter upon the many paths of active life—some in all the busy calls of trade—some in the honourable competition of mercantile enterprise—some to administer or expound the laws of their country, and bring justice home to the poor man's dwelling—some in that holy profession of

healing, which is entitled to the epithet, if for no other reason than that it was exalted by the practice of our Divine Master himself—some in the varied pursuits of science, art, and literature, among whom, perhaps, there will not be wanting those who will return to the well-remembered abode which they now inhabit here, and restore the full stream of their matured acquirements to its native well-head—some, above all, in your old honoured Scottish pulpits; and here you will allow one who is a stranger in your country, and not an adherent to your Church, to speak without any reference to the later divisions which have prevailed within it; but I never can speak of the history, or the ministers of the Church of Scotland without respect and gratitude for her steady consistency in all her seasons of shade and sunshine, to both the simplicity and fervour of Gospel truth. When, however, I place the profession of a minister of the Gospel high above all others, as I assuredly consider it to be in dignity, in privilege, in importance, I by no means intend to convey that it behoves every one to aim at making it his own; on the contrary, I hold it to be the clear duty of a man to ascertain, with as much sincerity of mind as he can bring to the momentous inquiry, what the calling in life is for which the apparent arrangements of Providence, and his own natural gifts, best adapt him; and then, when he has made the decision (I am of course speaking thus of the general run of cases, as there can scarcely be any universal or unbending rule applicable to such matters), to adhere to the course he has entered upon with the utmost steadfastness of purpose. This, it will be always fair for him to presume, is his allotted sphere, his appropriate theatre of action; keeping within this, he appears warranted to hope for the blessing from above—departing from this, he seems to throw all on his own responsibility; he is in danger of incurring the reproach of Reuben—"Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." To exhort you, collectively, to diligence, to stimulate you to ardour, during those golden hours now at your command for the undisturbed pursuit of your respective studies, while the dull surge of the outward world only booms in the distance, would be not only a very obvious task in itself, but one also I trust, for the most part superfluous with reference to you. The desire for success in life is so general, and the ingredients of that success so palpable, that where these fail in suggesting and exciting the requisite exertion, the voice of the speaker can have little hope of being effective. Upon consulting and diving back

into my own past experience, whether derived from observation of my fellows in the career of life, or still more consciously and painfully from the testimony of my own self-knowledge, I am inclined to think that the tendency against which we ought most to be on our guard in School and College life in this country, and I doubt not in others, is the spirit of too decided emulation with one another, arising from the too eager desire of applause. I would be far from wishing to be understood as seeking to quench or supersede this powerful incentive to young and ardent dispositions; Providence has implanted it, and the whole constitution of the world in which we live teems with matter for its fuel and aliment; but, like many of the best endowments of our race, it requires to be watched, guided, subordinated. I perceive that my accomplished predecessor the Earl of Eglinton, in his inaugural Address, quoted one of those old Homeric lines which stir us like a war-trumpet, and it will furnish me with just the distinction which I want to establish—

Αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν, καὶ ὑπείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων:
"Always excel, and tower above the rest."

In the first section of this line, ἀιὲν ἀριστεύειν, "alway excel," the genius of Paganism and the genius of Christianity may take common ground, and impart a common lesson—"always excel." To the soldier, when the ranks rush together—to the sailor, when the storm sweeps down upon him—to the statesman, in the hottest strife of faction—to the ploughman, even on your granite hill-sides—to the physician or surgeon, by the couch of the sick, or maimed—to the clergyman, by the bed of the dying—duty has but one voice—"Always excel." But for the next half of the line, "and tower above the rest," there the genius of Paganism goes on; the genius of Christianity halts. To tower above the rest may be the result of your excellence; it cannot safely be its motive. Christianity here comes in with other motives, and with maxims which are at once immeasurably more humble, inconceivably more lofty. "Charity seeketh not her own"—"In honour preferring one another"—these, depend upon it, young friends, these are the rules to test your moral progress, to measure your heavenward growth. Most sincere indeed is my wish for you all that, when amid all the diverging paths and multifarious duties of your after lives, you look back upon the years that are now gliding too swiftly past you here, it may be to recognise in them the starting point of your several

careers of eminence and distinction, enriched by the acquisitions with which you will have stored your own minds, and ennobled by the purposes of usefulness and philanthropy to which you will hereafter consecrate them. It should, however, be never left out of view, that eminence and distinction, in their very nature, cannot be the lot of all; they do not always follow upon endeavour—they do not invariably attend desert. But you may have learned better things from the mental and intellectual training of this place; you never could have learned them more effectively than from one of my most honoured predecessors in office—the learned and excellent Dr. Abercrombie—whose inaugural Address from this chair is a perfect manual for the discipline of the mind and understanding, showing most powerfully to what a matter of science, and almost of certainty, it can be reduced; and in how great a degree, if properly pursued and improved upon, it makes the mind its own supreme master and lawgiver. But most of all do I wish for you to look back on these sunny days of youth as the season of solemn resolve that you will put before you the one true ambition, and embrace the one paramount purpose of life—the ambition and the purpose to do the will of our God, and copy the character of His Christ.

PRESENTATION OF THE FREEDOM OF ABERDEEN TO THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

[April 1st, 1853.]

THE LORD PROVOST said:

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I have now the honour to discharge the most pleasant duty of the day, in calling especial attention to the distinguished nobleman on my right. You are all aware that Lord Carlisle has held important office in the State, and that he has devoted much of his valuable time and great talents for the benefit of his country, and the welfare of mankind. His exertions in the cause of philanthropy and literature are acknow-

ledged and appreciated by all ranks and classes of his fellow-countrymen. Sure I am, Gentlemen, that, without one dissenting voice, the inhabitants of our large and flourishing city cordially approve of the resolution of the Magistrates and Town Council to confer upon the noble Lord the highest honour in their power to bestow—namely, the freedom of our ancient and royal burgh. I have now to request Mr. Angus, Town Clerk, to read the Burgess Act of enrolment.

"Aberdoniæ prid. Kal. April.
Anno millesimo octingentesimo quinquagesimo tertio.
Præfectus cæteriquc Magistratus et Commune Concilium
Civitatis Aberdonensis
Virum admodum Honoratum
GEORGIUM GULIELMUM FREDERICUM HOWARD
COMITEM CARLEOLENSEM,
Academiæ Marischallanæ Rectorem
etc. etc. etc.
ut observantiam testarentur in hominem
de patria
multis nominibus optime meritum
civitate donaverunt.

Quapropter hocce diploma conscribendum
sigilloque publico et scribæ Communis
chirographo muniendum curarunt

JOANNES ANGUS
Scrib. Com."

After which, having affixed the ticket to Lord Carlisle's hat by a piece of broad riband, he handed it to the Lord Provost, who placed it on the noble Earl's head, and said:—And now, my Lord Carlisle, I have the honour, in name of the Magistrates and Council, and of the community at large, to express the high gratification we feel in having had the honour to enrol your Lordship among the Burgesses of Bon-Accord. Ladies and Gentlemen, I now request that you will drink with me this flowing bumper to

"The Health and Happiness of the Earl of Carlisle."

The EARL OF CARLISLE said:—

MY LORD PROVOST, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN,

Having been thus invested with the insignia of my new office, I for the first time divest myself of its blushing honours [taking off his

hat, adorned with the burgess ticket], in order that I may express to you my deep acknowledgments for the distinction thus conferred upon me. I can assure you that when I first received the summons that has brought me upon this occasion to the ancient City of Aberdeen, I certainly imagined that the only public body there with which I should be brought into contact was one of its venerable Universities; and that the honours reserved for my humble brow would be of a purely academic, without any mixture of a municipal character. In this expectation the courteous and impressive proceeding in which we have just participated proved that I was destined to be splendidly disappointed. Not that perhaps I ought to feel surprise at any such conjunction of civic and academic functions or sympathies. You will well remember that, in the days of the ancient Athens, it was at the time when the groves of her Acadème were most open to scholars and sages, when science was most cultivated, and literature most honoured, it was then that her neighbouring harbour of Piræus was most crowded with ships—it was then that the stone, the granite, and the marble descended from all her neighbouring heights, to be hewn into walls, and quays, and piers, and breakwaters; and that her youths, fresh from the exercises of her schools and discipline of her classes, embarked with unwonted ardour in the most spirited enterprises of commerce and colonization. Now, I trust that your two sister Universities—I trust especially that the one of which I have the honour now to be Lord Rector—will duly act up to the part in this parallel appertaining to them; but there are indeed many happy symptoms that the civic rulers and population of Aberdeen are not wanting to their part in this same brilliant parallel. I am not going to stray so much into the world of modern politics as to inquire whether the Earl of Aberdeen can be looked upon as a proper representative for Pericles. We know that long ago he was called Athenian Aberdeen—called so by a poet to whom indeed the county of Aberdeen did not give birth, but whose young muse it inspired by its mountain breezes and romantic beauties, as he himself has told us:—

> "The boyish rapture still survived the boy,
> And Lochnagar with Ida look'd o'er Troy;
> The North and Nature taught me to adore
> Their scenes sublime, from scenes beloved before."

But, to return to the City of Aberdeen, with which is my more immediate concern; and, first, to its outward aspect,—I hope in some of your

architects might be found proper representatives of the Athenian Phidias; but you may safely defy any other town in the kingdom to surpass you in the material of your buildings. Where else shall we find a Granite City? I am probably the person least qualified in this whole concourse, comprising all who most dignify, and most adorn your community—I, your newest citizen, am on that very account the least qualified, as I said, to estimate the amount of improvement which has been effected within recent memory. I see all around me the stirring signs of life, and enterprise, and progress; but of course I am not aware from what comparative condition they have emerged. I find, however, that the most undeniable testimony to the reality of your progress can be supplied from the most authentic sources. I trust that my hearers will not feel alarmed at my manifesting a propense design to quote from an official paper, but I plead guilty; and as in my remarks hitherto, I suppose with my recollections of yesterday fresh about me, I have allowed myself to be somewhat classical in my allusion, I am going for about the space of a minute to be very statistical. I find that in the last decade, from the year 1840 to the year 1850, you will see that, while the British shipping entered inwards has increased in ten years from 16,245 tons to 21,985 tons, foreign shipping has declined from 8,627 tons to 7,988 tons, which shows that Aberdeen builders and merchants, while they rely upon their own spirited exertions, have little to fear from foreign competition. A similar fact may be inferred from the outward entries. The coasting trade shows a very large increase—the entire inwards having increased from 189,343 tons to 275,397 tons; and outwards, from 111,802 tons to 237,070 tons. The registered tonnage belonging to the port has increased in the same time from 48,237 tons to 62,234 tons. Lastly, the revenue from Customs has increased from £80,019 in 1841, to £94,593 in 1850, notwithstanding the large reductions which in the meantime took place in the rates charged under the various reforms of our general tariff. Nor is it in the mere respect of quantity that your merchants and shipbuilders seem to be achieving the way to eminence; they wisely bestow their care upon quality as well as quantity, and study the most approved models for the shape of their vessels; indeed, if I may give credit to the outlines I have seen pourtrayed in that graphic chronicle of all that deserves contemporary admiration, "The Illustrated London News," I trust that the new Aberdeen clipper, "Cairngorm," together with vessels of such well-esta-

blished repute as the "Granite City," and "Stornoway," may be destined to match all contemporary craft, be it Scotch, English, or American, in the beauty of its lines, the celebrity of its voyages, and the prosperity of its returns; and thus, while it puts our own breakfast and tea-tables within earlier reach of the fragrant herb of China, spread among those populous shores and island-spangled seas the growing reputation of the Aberdeen build. Let me touch, however, for one moment here upon a point which I think does your community more real honour than either the perfection of your vessels or the prosperity of your commerce. I find that the Town Council of Aberdeen took a very decided part in petitioning the Legislature in behalf of the retention of the African Squadron, and other active measures for the suppression of the Slave Trade. The result has amply justified their foresight; but I took the liberty of making this reference, because, unhappily, it is not so sure of happening as it ought to be. Where there is most of activity, enterprise, and success, there also should be the most resolute opposition to the foulest degradation which ever sullied the fair name of trade, or entered into the composition of the profoundest human guilt and human woe. I feel then, Gentlemen, how cordially I ought to be gratified at having been thus honourably admitted to the freedom of no mean city. I feel it all the more, inasmuch as I have received this act of graceful courtesy at a period when it cannot be connected with any merely political consideration; you have not thus chosen to distinguish me when invested with any of the attractions of official patronage, nor yet when we might be banded together by any feeling of fellow-favour in attacking the administration of the day. It is true that there is a higher sense of the term politics, which is also its original sense, as you may learn from your neighbours at the Universities, and in this sense I should be glad to think that my hearers of this day were not wholly dissociated from politics. Thus understood, they signify all that concerns the regulation and advancement of cities and communities; in this sense it behoves both me and every one whom I address to be politicians, and it is in connexion with this sense of the word that I should most like to think, and indeed by the terms made use of in the document of my admission, I am somewhat encouraged to think, that I may view myself as mainly indebted for the honours of my citizenship. I allow myself to consider that you have looked upon me as one who, though born in a position which I found ready-made for me, and had

not to make for myself—one perhaps naturally disposed to the lighter pursuits of literature, and a more dreaming kind of life—has nevertheless felt that what the nature of the times and the aspects of our social condition eminently require is for the different classes of society, not indeed to obliterate the divisions which the positive institutions of their country have raised about them, and reduce all the large undulating varieties of our world to one common flat tame level, but to come together in a spirit of thorough sympathy, to promote common objects and the general good, to diffuse an interest for whatever refines, and whatever elevates the harsh lineaments of our native ruggedness, and to make, as occasions and facilities present themselves, the beautiful in nature, and the fair in art; the lovely in character, the sublime in duty, the common heritage of the whole human family. It is not for me to remind you how dimly we all fill up the outline of our own perceptions, or how lamentably our performance falls short of our purpose; but it will remain among the lasting gratifications of my life, that even such imperfect perceptions, and such inadequate performance, shall have been kindly and generously estimated by my fellow-citizens of Aberdeen.

The EARL OF CARLISLE again rose, and said:—

As youngest Burgess of the City of Aberdeen, he hoped they would allow him to propose a toast; having more work before him in the evening, he would not detain them long—for, although it was a labour of love he had to perform, yet it required some time and some labour of the lungs. They were aware how much the safety and good order of a community depended upon the magistrates; and, from all he had seen and heard, the present civic rulers of Aberdeen were every way worthy of the confidence of the citizens. He would therefore propose

"The Health of the Lord Provost, the Magistrates, and Town Council of Aberdeen."

THE YORKSHIRE SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND.

MEETING AT THE FESTIVAL CONCERT ROOM, YORK.

[OCTOBER 30TH, 1861.]

AT a Meeting in aid of the Yorkshire School for the Blind, His Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK presiding, the EARL OF CARLISLE moved the first resolution :—

"That subscriptions be entered into and promoted throughout the county for the purposes of opening the doors of the Wilberforce School to the many blind persons needing instruction who are as yet excluded from it, and for facilitating the efforts of the blind and skilled adults to obtain a livelihood." In bringing this resolution under your notice, I may premise that I am not quite sure that I should be willing to examine closely whether a mixed feeling has not brought me here to-day—the claims of positive abstract duty on the one hand, and the claims of memory and association on the other. I hope, however, in the short time during which I shall presume to occupy the attention of this meeting, to show that on both these accounts there were very good grounds for coming. I will begin with the claims of memory. The meeting at which I last assisted on this subject and in this place, which was the meeting also which originated the Wilberforce School for the Blind, and which took place now twenty-eight years ago, is still at this moment most present to my eyes. In the chair sat one whom it was my good fortune to call my kinsman—the Archbishop of the day—Archbishop Harcourt—whom your Grace so worthily replaces, and in whom there was very much which your Grace's own character vividly recalls. On the right hand of the chair, in the place I now occupy, stood the then Lord Chancellor of England, Henry Lord Brougham, who, after a life of unequalled energy, was then in the highest position which he as a British subject could attain, and who, if it had not been

for what I trust is a mere passing indisposition,* would have been here to-day to reawaken the echoes with his eloquence, and to rekindle the flow of that ardent philanthropy which glows as warmly at the age of eighty as it did in the hundred fights of the Forum and the Senate. On that day there was announced to us the munificent liberality of Lords Fitzwilliam and Feversham; and on that day, too, we hailed the first early promise of a dawn too soon withdrawn from us in the first public essay of the young Lord Milton; and I at least cannot forget that here too sat my own honoured father. These several distinguished persons were brought here by a wish certainly to provide for the necessities of the blind poor, but also by an especial desire to connect that work of mercy with the memory of one just taken away from that scene which he had so long conspicuously occupied—whom Yorkshire had so long regarded as her foremost ornament, England as her purest patriot, and, not unduly to limit the range of his influence and his fame—the world as its best benefactor—of William Wilberforce, whose son is here to-day to represent him in the tones of his melodious voice, and in the fervour of his benevolent heart. So much for the claims of memory and association in connexion with this institution. In respect to the claims of present positive duty, I thankfully feel that very little need be said by me, both because the matter is so obvious in itself, and because it turns so much upon figures and statistics which have already been placed very amply before us. Into that dominion, therefore, I do not propose to enter, but I will put it to you all whether this is a matter in which Yorkshiremen ought to be content to be so far behind. His Grace has very forcibly reminded you that in this respect, in connexion with your

* Lord Brougham, who was prevented by indisposition from being present, addressed a note to the Archbishop, in which he stated—"I need hardly say how I lament my inability to go to York. The subject is most interesting. Indeed, the name of the school commands my most fixed regard. It remains ever in my bosom one in which veneration and love strive for the mastery."

The following noblemen and gentlemen were present at this important meeting:—The Bishop of Oxford; Viscount Falkland; the Right Hon. T. Sotheron Estcourt, M. P.; Mr. R. Monckton Milnes, M. P.; Sir J. B. Johnstone, M. P.; the Hon. E. Lascelles, M. P.; the Hon. and Rev. the Dean of York; Canon Vernon Harcourt; the Rev. W. Wilberforce; Mr. Childers; Mr. G. Leeman; Lord Mayor of York, &c.

blind poor, the whole county of Yorkshire does infinitely less than the one Lancashire town of Liverpool. Well may our pale rose blush at the comparison. With respect to the adult blind poor, I believe the county does absolutely nothing, and I need not tell you how much as a class they are entitled to consideration and compassion. Taught just enough by education and training to be aware of the duty and the dignity of exertion—able in a great measure to become profitable to themselves and to the community at large, yet unable, by the obvious circumstances of the case, to meet the wholly sound and seeing part of the community on an equal footing, this only can be accomplished by special appliances, by associated labour, by such machinery of workrooms and workshops as it is now proposed to establish. We have the best reasons for thinking that, with these appliances, the labour of the skilled adult might be made wholly self-supporting. I will here only say, in passing, that however large—as large I hope they will be—the additions may be, in consequence of the division of the pecuniary resources of the institution, I trust that enlargement will not induce any who are concerned in its management to dispense with the utmost available economy. I have asked you whether in this matter Yorkshire ought to lag behind; for you surely cannot doubt that the blind poor are proper objects to call forth your best and tenderest sympathies. Why are they among us? You have heard of the frightful number of those who are afflicted with this great calamity. You know from the highest of all sources that it is not to be attributed to their sin or to that of their parents; and, while we may reverently hope that the same Almighty Being who has visited them with this immense privation has also in His unstinted abundance immense resources of compensation for them; and that, although they may not gaze upon the variegated face of nature, sometimes, perhaps, their ear may be tuned to a more exquisite sense of melody, and the fresh breeze of heaven may play upon their cheeks with a purer and more thrilling touch; though they cannot distinguish the gorgeous hues of sunrise and sunset, yet sometimes to them may be given a more unclouded sunshine of the soul; though, saddest of all, they may not watch the lineaments of the human countenance, yet they may have a fuller consciousness of a deeper and richer emphasis in the accents of friendship and of love. While we hope, I say, that there may be much of this compensatory process vouchsafed to them, yet in their presence among us, to limit the case to ourselves, there can be no mistake. They

are here as the most prominent and expressive objects to call forth our sympathy, our tenderness, our active and Christian aid; and though we cannot, like the Divine Master we profess to serve, by a word of power, or by a gesture of command, call the light of day to visit their sightless orbs, yet we shall most really imitate and adopt His example if we do our utmost to surround these orphans of the senses with all the alleviations, the comforts, and the compensations which their case admits of, and thus endeavour in some degree to make our bounty keep pace with their bereavement.

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING."

[1828.]

Go when the morning shineth,
  Go when the moon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
  Go in the hush of night:
Go with pure mind and feeling,
  Fling earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
  Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
  All who are loved by thee;
Pray too for those who hate thee,
  If any such there be;
Then for thyself in meekness
  A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
  Thy great Redeemer's name.

But if 'tis e'er denied thee
  In solitude to pray,—
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
  When friends are round thy way;
E'en then, the silent breathing
  Of thy spirit raised above
Shall reach His throne of glory,
  Who is mercy, truth, and love.

Oh, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that He hath given us
To pour our souls in prayer.
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall;
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

ITALY.

[1829.]

I.

ON SEEING A TREE IN THE ISOLA BELLA, UPON WHICH BUONAPARTE HAD CARVED SOME LETTERS TWO DAYS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF MARENGO.

Perchance as here, beside the crystal flood,
In pleased repose the hero-despot stood,
Where art and nature emulously smile
With all their charms on each enchanted isle,
The scene's own soft contagion gently stole
O'er each stern purpose of his toil-worn soul;
Perchance e'en here he grieved awhile to mar
Such climes of beauty with the waste of war;
Wish'd that the tumult of his days might cease
In some bright vale, in some blest home of peace;
Sigh'd for the joys he ne'er was doom'd to gain;
Then rush'd to conquer on Marengo's plain.

II.

ON LEAVING BOLOGNA.

Farewell, Bologna! Peace be on thy walls,
Thy long-drawn porticoes, thy marble halls!
I sing not, that thy broad and sunny plain
With plenty girds the Adriatic main;
That the pale olive and the purple vine
Love to ascend thy neighb'ring Apennine.
The muse for thee would fondly seek to raise
At Painting's sister-shrine one note of praise.

With art unerring, since to nature true,
The bold design here each Caracci drew;
Here great Domenichino caught the flame,
Equall'd, but not obscur'd, his master's fame;
Here on the canvass Guido learn'd to trace
The might of passion and the soul of grace;
With darker lineaments, and sterner shade,
Guercino's skill each manly form array'd;
While soft Albano from the Paphian grove
Stole every gentle form of infant love.

III.

ROME.

O THOU eternal Rome!—for to have been
Is still to be—the world's imperial Queen;
Who, but must feel thy tale of parted fame
O'er his full heart a wide dominion claim,
As when, on conquest's wing, thy eagle flew
Where'er the billows rolled, the breezes blew—
As when the Sun, beneath his fav'ring ray,
Saw not thy rival, beamed but on thy sway.

'Mid each dim vestige of thy sevenfold hill,
How fallen, but how lovely art thou still!
Home of the wise, the warlike, and the free,
E'en in thy ruin, what is like to Thee?
The Earth's wide circuit boasts no scene so bright
As the lone relics of thy vanished might.

Nor could the sons of all thy pomp and power
More fondly love thee, in thy loftiest hour;
Not 'mid the Lictor band's encircling state,
Not in the Forum's high and free debate,
Not in the mingling frenzy of the war,
Not in the rapture of the victor's car,
Than he, who dares to tune this feeble lay
In mournful homage of thy mightier day;
Who, wandering 'mid these scattered wrecks alone,
In thy dread destinies forgets his own;
Explores the broken arch, the crumbling fane,
The doubtful hill, the desolated plain;
Or, idly stoops to cull the flowers that wave,
Fair and inglorious, o'er a Cæsar's grave.

IV.

ON VIRGIL'S TOMB.

And dost thou rest e'en here, thou mighty shade?
Can yon gray mound be so indeed divine?
Was all of thee that could remain here laid?
All—save thy deathless, save thy matchless line?

For none like thine, howe'er the creed be wrong,
E'er o'er my soul held such transcendant sway;
Not e'en blind Homer's universal song,
Not my own Shakspeare's wild and passion'd lay.

And, oh! the vision to my view unfurl'd,
That makes thy tomb be worthy e'en of thee!
Earth, sea, and sky, the brightest of the world:
Beneath me is my own Parthenope.

Still where the vine's young tendrils freshest creep,
Where all is lovely that is not sublime,
Honour'd thy grave, and peaceful be thy sleep,
Art's fav'rite son, 'mid nature's fairest clime.

V.

ON LEAVING ITALY.

My steps are turn'd to England—yet I sigh
To leave Ausonia's blue and balmy sky;
I fain would linger 'mid her hills and plains,
Their living beauties, or their bright remains;
Still tread each ruin's haunted round, and still
Explore the windings of each storied rill,
The cypress grove, the vineyard's trelliss'd shade,
The olive thicket, and the poplar glade.

My steps are turn'd to England—yet I grieve
That this should be my last Italian eve.
And ye eternal snows! whom now I hail
In twilight's rosy hues from Turin's vale,
Whom nature to the land a barrier gave,
Sublime to view, but impotent to save,

Thus the next sun shall o'er ye set,—but I
Must gaze upon it in a colder sky.

My steps are turn'd to England—and oh, shame
To son of her's who thrills not at that name!
Call'd by the inspiring sound, before my eyes
My home's loved scenes, my country's glories rise;
The free and mighty land that gave me birth,
Her moral beauty, and her public worth;
All that can make the patriot bosom swell—
Yet one more sigh—bright Italy, farewell!

IMPROMPTU ON THE YORK BAZAAR OF 1829.*

Lady, I covet not that radiant heap,
With more than all the rainbow's colours warm;
The rich mosaic of embroid'ry keep,
The pencil'd landscape, and the painted form.

If round my senses thou would'st cast thy spell,
If o'er my coffers thy dominion prove,
Sell me the beauties that in Grantham dwell,†
Her mouth of softness, and her smile of love:

Sell me the smile on Fox's dimpling face,‡
The form she borrow'd from Titania's dance;
Stourton's mild lustre,‖ Duncombe's tap'ring grace,§
York's full bright orb, and Howard's kindred glance:¶

* This Bazaar realized upwards of £2000 for the York Infirmary.

† Lady Grantham was afterwards Countess de Grey; she was the mother of the Countess Cowper and Lady M. Vyner.

‡ Lady Charlotte Osborne, married Mr. Sackville Fox.

‖ Catherine Howard, sister of Philip H. Howard, of Corby Castle, then wife (now widow) of the Hon. Philip Stourton, Holme Hall, York.

§ Lady Charlotte Duncombe.

¶ Mrs. York, of Beverley, and Mrs. Howard, wife of the present Dean of Litchfield, were sisters; their maiden name was Wright.

Sell me the loveliness, sedate and high,
Twin'd in the bridal wreath round Petre's head;*
The laughter-loving blue of Vernon's eye,
Herbert's young bloom,† and Milner's high-born tread ‡

Such are the peerless charms that price defy,
Above the weight of silver and of gold;
For when thy winning voice would bid me buy,
I feel, alas! that I myself am sold.

HALLOWED JOYS.

Rejoice not, if the rosy smile
Of woman's love thy path beguile;
If mirth and music charm thy bower,
If pleasure wing each honied hour.
Rejoice if, in a world of pain,
Its sorrow may efface its stain.

Rejoice not, if the trump of fame
Ring to the echo of thy name;
If thronging crowds around thee press,
If monarchs live and nations bless.
Rejoice that on the Eternal Throne
The Saviour marks thee for His own.

Rejoice not, if the tuneful lay
Roll through thy lips its sounding way;
If thy hand wake to life and fire
The breathing and the burning lyre.
Rejoice if thy faint note of praise
Shall swell the strain that seraphs raise.

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* Hon. Laura Maria Jermingham, daughter of Lord and Lady Stafford. On the death of her husband, the Hon. E. R. Petre, Mrs. Petre entered a convent, and is now a nun.

† Miss Louisa Herbert, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. William Herbert; is now the wife of Colonel Mundy.

‡ Lady Milner.

Rejoice not, if this earth display
The wealth and wonder of her day;
Her gay delights of sound and scene—
The vocal grove, the vernal green.
Rejoice that to the meek are given
The golden palaces of Heaven.

RHODES.

"Upon his departure we weighed anchor, and saw the shores of Rhodes fade from our sight, under the youngest crescent of the new moon. Mr. Newton comes with us as far as the island of Calimno, whither I believe he is bound rather more on antiquarian than on strictly consular business. It is a happy circumstance that our public servants should be able to employ any leisure from their official duties in pursuits which are likely not to be without direct benefit to the national stock of knowledge and taste. I trust I do not leave this fair island and hospitable roof-tree, without fervent gratitude for all the mercies received there, of many of which my good friend has been empowered to be so active an instrument.

"In a lighter strain, I may remark that it would have appeared somewhat ungrateful in this island to have given me a grave; in proof of which I append two paraphrases that I made very many years ago, of the beautiful legend of the birth of Rhodes in Pindar, Ol. 7."—*Diary of Travel in Turkish and Greek Waters.*

"Cum fati imperio, primâ sub origine mundi,
Eligerent propriam Dîque Deæque larem,
Tum sibi Junonem dites cepere Mycenæ,
Cepit in umbrosis saltibus Ida Jovem;
Tum Venus est sortita Paphon, tum celsa Cythera;
Tum juga Cecropii casta Minerva soli;
At Phœbo, rutili dextrâ dum frœna diei
Tenderet, haud Phœbo contigit ulla domus;
Ille autem, liquidi mersam sub marmore ponti
Vidit adhuc parvam delituisse Rhodon,
Jamdudum e pelago crescentem, aurasque petentem
Vidit, et in cano prata virere salo;
'Hanc, Pater, hanc concede domum, tuque insula,' clamat,
'Ocyûs e vitreis exoriare vadis,
Exoriare, potens armis, atque ubere felix,
Magna parens ovium, magna futura virûm;
Do tibi, tranquillo facilem parere colono,
Do tibi, nativis imperitare fretis.'"

" When at Creation's radiant dawn uncurled,
Rolled the grey vapours from a new-made world,
Each bright Immortal chose a home below,
Which most his presence and his name should know.
Then Jove first trod his Ida's forest bower,
Then Juno reared Mycenæ's royal tower;
Minerva sat on Sunium's rocky throne,
And claimed the Attic olive for her own;
While Venus shed the lustre of her smile
Round high Cithera, and her Paphian isle:—
No Deity but owned some honoured hill,
Some solemn grove, or consecrated rill.
Phœbus alone, as on th' ethereal way
He sped the flaming coursers of the day,
Amid the conclave of the clouds forgot,
Upon the earth he gladdens found no lot:
When lo! far down beneath the glassy tide
One hidden shore he viewed, then joyful cried:
'Change not for me th' allotments of the sky,
Nought can escape Apollo's piercing eye;
See, in the folds of Ocean's azure vest,
A brighter, greener bower than all the rest.
Rise, lovely Island, from the crystal flood,
Rise, clothed with harvest, vintage, lawn, and wood;
Rhodes be thy name! With shoot elastic, rise,
Spurn the salt depths, and bask beneath the skies;
From thy moist surface heave the silvery spray,
Spread thy young bosom to my golden ray;
On thee through all the year shall breathe and gleam
My balmiest zephyr, and my brightest beam;
Cities and harbours shall adorn thy coast,
War, commerce, art, shall be alike thy boast,
Thy maids all beautiful, thy sons all brave,
And thou, the mistress of thy natal wave.'"

MY JESSAMINE TREE.

My slight and slender Jessamine tree,
That bloomest on my Border tow'r,
Thou art more dearly lov'd by me,
Than all the wreaths of fairy bow'r;
I ask not while I near thee dwell,
Arabia's spice or Syria's rose;
Thy light festoons more freshly smell,
Thy virgin white more purely glows.

My wild and winsome Jessamine tree,
That climbest up the dark grey wall;
Thy tiny flow'rets seem in glee
Like silver spray drops down to fall:
Say did they from their leaves thus peep,
When mail'd moss troopers rode the hill:
When helmed warders paced the keep,
And bugles blew for Belted Will?

My free and feathery Jessamine tree,
Within the fragrance of thy breath,
Yon dungeon grated to its key,
And the chained captive sigh'd for death:
On border fray, on feudal crime,
I dream not, while I gaze on thee:
The chieftains of that stern old time
Could ne'er have lov'd a Jessamine tree.

WHO HAS NOT FELT, 'NEATH AZURE SKIES.

Who has not felt, 'neath azure skies,
At glowing noon, or golden even,
A soft and mellow sadness rise,
And tinge with Earth the hues of Heaven.

That shadowy consciousness will steal
O'er every scene of fond desire;
Linger in laughter's gayest peal;
And close each cadence of the Lyre.

In the most radiant landscape round,
Lurk the dim haunts of crime and care;
Man's toil must plough the teeming ground,
His sigh must load the perfum'd air.

Oh! for the suns that never part,
The fields with hues unfading dress'd;
Th' unfalt'ring strain—th' unbounded heart,
The joy!—the triumph!—and the rest.

NIAGARA.

THERE'S nothing great or bright, thou glorious Fall,
Thou may'st not to the fancy's sense recall:
The thunder-riven cloud, the lightning's leap,
The stirring of the chambers of the deep;
Earth's emerald green, and many tinted dyes,
The fleecy whiteness of the upper skies;
The tread of armies, thick'ning as they come,
The boom of cannon and the beat of drum;
The brow of beauty and the form of grace,
The passion and the prowess of our race:
The song of Homer in its loftiest hour,
The unresisted sweep of Roman power;
Britannia's trident on the azure sea;
America's young shout of liberty!
Oh! may the wars that madden in thy deeps,
There spend their rage, nor climb the encircling steeps,
And till the conflict of thy surges cease,
The nations on thy banks repose in peace.

BLOW, GENTLE AIRS.

"Bright, soft day, along the Syrian coast. I must make this a rhymed entry."
Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters.

Blow, gentle airs! but on your balmy wing
I ask no flowery tribute of the spring,
No spicy buds in Antioch's vale that bloom,
No silken stores from rich Aleppo's loom,
Nor all the wealth that down Orontes' tide
With Syrian softness hardier climes supplied.*
Blow, gentle airs! on this fair eastern eve,
With breath as holy as the land ye leave;
From Lebanon's peaks, from blue Gennesareth's shore,
On the worn heart divine refreshment pour;
From Nazareth's slope, from high Capernaum's crest,
Shed heavenly healing on the sinful breast;
And in the calm and brightness mirror'd here,
Waft the blest presage of a purer sphere.

PINUS INSIGNIS,

Planted by Her Excellency the Countess of St. Germans, in the Viceregal Gardens, Phœnix Park, Dublin.

January, 1855.

[1856.]

Poor tree, a gentle mistress plac'd thee here,
To be the glory of the glade around;
Thy life has not surviv'd one fleeting year,
And she, too, sleeps beneath another mound.

* "Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes."—Juv. iii. 62.

But mark, what diff'ring terms your fates allow,
Though like the period of your swift decay;
Thine, are the sapless root and wither'd bough;
Her's the green mem'ry and immortal day.

"OH, COME TO SEE ME."

LINES ON A HAWTHORN TREE IN THE VICEREGAL GARDENS, WHICH IS PARTLY COVERED WITH IVY.

[1862.]

OH, come to see me, when the soft warm May
Bids all my boughs their gay embroidery wear,
In my bright season's transitory day,
While my young perfume loads the enamoured air.

Oh, come to see me, when the sky is blue,
And backs my spangles with an azure ground,
While the thick ivy bosses, clustering through,
See their dark tufts with silvery circlets crowned.

Then be the spring in all its pomp arrayed,
The lilac's blossom, the laburnum's blaze;
Nature has reared, beyond this hawthorn shade,
No fairer altar to her Maker's praise.

THE SECOND VISION OF DANIEL:

A Paraphrase in Verse.

PREFACE.

In a very able and elaborate work lately published by Mr. Buckle, the first volume of the History of Civilization in England, it is much insisted upon that the greatness and happiness of nations increase in almost parallel proportions with their sceptical tendencies. I do not wish to fix upon the term of scepticism a more offensive import than the author himself assigns to it; and if I can judge of myself aright, there can be nothing which I should more wish to avoid than any approach to dogmatism in the discussion of religious subjects, and still more especially of Scriptural Prophecy. I must further admit myself not to be aware how far critical research and investigation have been brought to bear upon the composition of the Book of the Prophet Daniel. It has long, however, appeared to me that if the eighth Chapter of this marvellous Book, of which, principally with the view of calling increased attention to it at the present period, I have attempted the following Paraphrase in verse, does really stand, as it is assumed to do in our Bibles, without addition, interpolation, or corruption, these three points are established.

1. The inspiration of the sacred text.

2. The immediate superintendence of Divine Providence in the order of events, and in the government of the world.

3. The high probability, when the Chapter is viewed in connexion with the associated Prophecies and Chronologies of the Books of Daniel and of the Revelations, that we are even now upon the threshold of great events, and of the close of our present economy.

DANIEL, CHAP. VIII.

1 *In the third year of the reign of king Belshazzar a vision appeared unto me,* even unto *me Daniel, after that which appeared unto me at the first.*

2 *And I saw in a vision; and it came to pass, when I saw, that I was at Shushan* in *the palace, which* is *in the province of Elam; and I saw in a vision, and I was by the river of Ulai.*

3 *Then I lifted up mine eyes, and saw, and, behold, there stood before the river a ram which had* two *horns: and the* two *horns* were *high; but one* was *higher than the other, and the higher came up last.*

4 *I saw the ram pushing westward, and northward, and southward; so that no beasts might stand before him, neither* was there any *that could deliver out of his hand; but he did according to his will, and became great.*

5 *And as I was considering, behold, an he goat came from the west on the face of*

the whole earth, and touched not the ground; and the goat had *a notable horn between his eyes.*

6 *And he came to the ram that had* two *horns, which I had seen standing before the river, and ran unto him in the fury of his power.*

7 *And I saw him come close unto the ram, and he was moved with choler against him, and smote the ram, and brake his two horns: and there was no power in the ram to stand before him, but he cast him down to the ground, and stamped upon him: and there was none that could deliver the ram out of his hand.*

8 *Therefore the he goat waxed very great: and when he was strong, the great horn was broken; and for it came up four notable ones toward the four winds of heaven.*

9 *And out of one of them came forth a little horn, which waxed exceeding great, toward the south, and toward the east, and toward the pleasant* land.

10 *And it waxed great,* even *to the host of heaven; and it cast down* some *of the host and of the stars to the ground, and stamped upon them.*

11 *Yea, he magnified* himself *even to the prince of the host, and by him the daily sacrifice was taken away, and the place of his sanctuary was cast down.*

12 *And an host was given* him *against the daily* sacrifice *by reason of transgression, and it cast down the truth to the ground; and it practised, and prospered.*

13 ¶ *Then I heard one saint speaking, and another saint said unto that certain* saint *which spake, How long* shall be *the vision* concerning *the daily* sacrifice, *and the transgression of desolation, to give both the sanctuary and the host to be trodden under foot?*

14 *And he said unto me, Unto two thousand and three hundred days; then shall the sanctuary be cleansed.*

15 *And it came to pass, when I,* even *I Daniel, had seen the vision, and sought for the meaning, then, behold, there stood before me as the appearance of a man.*

16 *And I heard a man's voice between* the banks of *Ulai, which called, and said, Gabriel, make this* man *to understand the vision.*

17 *So he came near where I stood, and when he came, I was afraid, and fell upon my face: but he said unto me, Understand, O son of man: for at the time of the end* shall be *the vision.*

18 *Now as he was speaking with me, I was in a deep sleep on my face toward the ground: but he touched me, and set me upright.*

19 *And he said, Behold, I will make thee know what shall be in the last end of the indignation: for at the time appointed the end* shall be.

20 *The ram which thou sawest having* two *horns* are *the kings of Media and Persia.*

21 *And the rough goat* is *the king of Grecia: and the great horn that* is *between his eyes* is *the first king.*

22 *Now that being broken, whereas four stood up for it, four kingdoms shall stand up out of the nation, but not in his power.*

23 *And in the latter time of their kingdom, when the transgressors are come to the full, a king of fierce countenance, and understanding dark sentences, shall stand up,*

24 *And his power shall be mighty, but not by his own power: and he shall destroy wonderfully, and shall prosper, and practise, and shall destroy the mighty and the holy people.*

25 *And through his policy also he shall cause craft to prosper in his hand; and he shall magnify* himself *in his heart, and by peace shall destroy many: he shall also stand up against the Prince of princes; but he shall be broken without hand.*

26 *And the vision of the evening and the morning which was told* is *true: wherefore shut thou up the vision; for it* shall be *for many days.*

27 *And I Daniel fainted, and was sick* certain *days; afterward I rose up, and did the king's business; and I was astonished at the vision, but none understood* it.

THE SECOND VISION OF DANIEL.

In[a] that still hour,[b] when the declining sun,
Gilded the towers of mighty Babylon,
While from Belshazzar's hall upon the breeze
Came fitful strains of festal harmonies,
Apart to Israel's God I watch'd, and wept,[c]
'Till peace came o'er my spirit, and I slept.
Rapt[d] in the vision of my mystic dream,
I stood by clear Ulai's[e] royal stream,
Where Susa's glitt'ring palaces[f] record
Th' unnumber'd trophies of the Persian sword.[g]
Round Cyrus, call'd of Judah's God,[h] behold
The[i] silken Lydian pour his hoarded gold !j
Thron'd[k] 'mid the circuit of her hundred gates,
Imperial Babylon her victor waits :[l]

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[a] "In the third year of the reign of king Belshazzar a vision appeared unto me." Daniel viii. 1.

[b] B. C. 553.

[c] "And I set my face unto the Lord God, to seek by prayer and supplications, with fasting, and sackcloth, and ashes."—Daniel, ix. 3.

[d] "And I saw in a vision; and it came to pass, when I saw, that I was at Shushan in the palace."—Ver. 2.

[e] "I was by the river of Ulai."—Ver. 2. The Eulæus. Susa was built between the rivers Eulæus and Choaspes, both famous for their delicious water. "Parthorum reges ex Choaspe et Eulæo tantum bibunt."—Pliny, *H. N.*, 31. 21.

"The drink of none but kings."—Milton, *Par. Reg.* III. 289.

[f] "Thus the great palace at Persopolis contained inscriptions of Darius, Xerxes, and later kings."—*Note to Rawlinson's Herodotus.*

[g] "There stood before the river a ram which had two horns."—Ver 3.

"The ram which thou sawest having two horns are the kings of Media and Persia."—Ver. 20.

[h] "That saith of Cyrus, He is my shepherd."—Isaiah, xliv. 28.

[i] "I saw the ram pushing northward . . . he did according to his will, and became great."—Ver. 4.

[j] Crœsus was taken prisoner by Cyrus, B. C. 549.

[k] Southward.

[l] Babylon was taken by Cyrus, B. C. 539. Herodotus mentions the hundred gates.

Flush'd[m] with mad pride, behold Cambyses[n] run
To the far chambers of the western sun!
Yet from that West[o] in turn more fierce alarms
Rouse the pale East to unexpected[p] arms,
He comes, by gifted eye descried afar,
Monarch of men, and Thunderbolt[q] of war!
Through[r] the cleft air with lightning leap he springs
O'er subject provinces, and suppliant Kings.
Speak, chaf'd Granicus![s] red Arbela, say![t]
What gory horrors crown'd each dreadful day.
See[u] Media's elder diadem unbound!
See Persia's loftier sceptre kiss the ground!
Sea-girt in vain, mourn, desolated Tyre![v]
Wrap thy proud domes, Persepolis,[w] in fire!
Him, climes and tribes he knew not, learn to know,
The Parthian arrow,[x] and the Bactrian bow;
Indus[y] his wat'ry barrier rolls aside,
Hydaspes wafts him on his fabled[z] tide;

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[m] Westward.

[n] Cambyses invaded Egypt, B. C. 525.

[o] "An he goat came from the west, and the goat had a notable horn between his eyes."—Ver. 5.

"The rough goat is the king of Grecia: and the great horn that is between his eyes is the first king."—Ver. 21.

[p] "By a fatal imprudence the Persians permitted Alexander to carry over without opposition his grand army into Asia in the spring of 334 B. C."—GROTE, vol. xii., p. 104.

[q] "Fulmen belli."—VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 841.

[r] "The goat came on the face of the whole earth, and touched not the ground."—Ver. 5.

[s] Battle of the Granicus, B. C. 334.

[t] Battle of Arbela, B. C. 331.

[u] "The ram had two horns: and the two horns were high; but one was higher than the other, and the higher came up last."—Ver. 3.

"And the goat came to the ram that had two horns, and ran unto him in the fury of his power."—Ver. 6.

"The goat smote the ram, and brake his two horns, cast him down to the ground, and stamped upon him."—Ver. 7.

[v] Tyre taken, B. C. 332.

[w] Persepolis burned, B. C. 330.

[x] Parthia subdued, B. C. 330; Bactria, B. C. 329.

[y] Indus crossed—Hydaspes forced, B. C. 326.

[z] "Fabulosus Hydaspes."—HOR. i. 22.

The[a] Hero-King adoring nations own,
And Asia kneels at Alexander's throne.
With glories radiant as the noonday sun,
He sits aloft in ancient Babylon;
In Babylon the royal feast is spread,
In Babylon the Hero-King lies dead.[b]
With feebler sway, from these great obsequies,
Four[c] sceptred dynasties together rise:[d]
This, o'er their native Macedon bears sway,
And Greece's[e] silver isles and shores obey;
This, rules o'er many a tempest-batter'd race,
From rich[f] Bithynia to the steeps of Thrace;
This, as o'er Carmel breathes the fragrant gale,
Gathers the spices of each Syrian vale;
This, sees the Nile his bounteous vest[g] expand,
And clothe with plenty Afric's glowing sand.
'Mid the dim twilight of declining power,
They fill th' allotted space, and bide th' appointed hour.[h]

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[a] "The he goat waxed very great; and when he was strong, the great horn was broken."—Ver. 8.

[b] Alexander died at Babylon, B. C. 323, immediately after the feast in honour of the obsequies of Hephæstion.

[c] "For it came up four notable ones toward the four winds of heaven."—Ver. 8.

"Four kingdoms shall stand up out of the nation, but not in his power."—Ver. 22.

[d] The four kingdoms may be assumed to be that of Cassander, in Macedon and Greece; of Lysimachus, in Thrace and Bithynia; of Seleucus, in Syria; and of Ptolemy, in Egypt.

[e] "Nitentes Cyclades."—Hor. i. 14.

[f] The plain of Broussa retains to this day its ancient fertility.

[g] "Nilum totâ veste vocantem."—Virg. *Æn.* viii. 711.

[h] This may be said to conclude the first portion or half of the Prophecy; and thus far, the authenticity of the text being taken for granted, there is no room for ambiguity, doubt, or denial; the interpreting Angel says directly, "This is the king of Persia: this is the king of Greece;" and their real histories are accurately pourtrayed. For the solution of the remaining portion we are left to our own conjectures, and there has accordingly been a great variety of interpretation. By most of the older commentators, "The little horn," or "The king of fierce countenance, and understanding dark sentences," was supposed to be Antiochus Epiphanes. By Bishop Newton, and Sir Isaac Newton—the one an high authority upon Prophecy, the other

The lab'ring centuries in long career
Weave their dark web of wonder and of fear;
The days of Rome's long glories wax and wane,
The vex'd earth moans beneath her guilty reign:[i]
E'en at that hour, in Mecca's rocky cell,[j]
The[k] Warrior-Prophet frames his wizard spell,
Cons the dark sentence and the mystic lore,
Then bids the nations tremble, and adore.[l]
O'er all the slumb'ring myriads burst afar
The flashes of the Moslem scymetar;
The turban'd hordes of Araby advance,
Urge the fleet barb, and hurl th' unerring lance.
'Mid[m] Egypt's Temples,[n] and o'er Barca's sands,[o]
Copt, Moor, and Goth, uplift submissive hands:
On[p] Xeres' bank, and Andalusia's plain,
Cowers all the recreant chivalry of Spain:
Wealth[q] sits enthron'd 'mid Cordova's[r] high towers,
And Science dwells in soft Granada's bowers.

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the highest of all human authorities in nearly every respect—the Roman Empire was understood to be signified. Mr. Faber, in his "Sacred Calendar of Prophecy," adopts the religion of Mahomet and the Saracen dominion. Mr. Elliot, in his "Horæ Apocalypticæ," prefers the Empire of the Ottoman Turks. It will be seen that I have selected Mr. Faber's interpretation, as it appears to me to proceed upon the most plausible system of dates, and to have generally the greatest marks of importance and propriety. I have naturally not attempted to put the figures of dates into rhyme.

[i] "In the latter time of their kingdom, when the transgressors are come to the full."—Ver. 23.

[j] The cave of Hera, three miles from Mecca.—GIBBON, C. L.

[k] "A king of fierce countenance, and understanding dark sentences, shall stand up."—Ver. 23.

[l] The copy of the Koran was said to have been brought down to Mahomet by the Angel Gabriel.—GIBBON.

[m] "The little horn waxed exceeding great toward the south."—Ver. 9.

"He shall destroy wonderfully."—Ver. 24.

[n] Amram occupied Egypt—the Coptic Christians submitted, A. D. 638.

[o] Abdallah subdued the sea coast of Barbary, A. D. 647.

[p] Tarik landed in Spain, A. D. 710. The Gothic Monarchy was overthrown at the battle of Xeres, A. D. 711.

[q] "He shall prosper and practise."—Ver. 24.

[r] Cordova contained 600 mosques, 900 baths, 200,000 houses.—GIBBON.

Nor[s] less, where Eastern ethers brightly smile,
To[t] the chill Oxus from the sultry Nile,
The dusky tribes receive the Prophet's law,
And to his Caliphs bend with prostrate awe.
Cashmere's green vales obey the stern command,
Bassora's[u] wharves, and marts of Samarcand,[v]
And names to Greek and Roman arms unknown
Swell the proud pomp of Delhi's jewell'd throne.[w]
Vain[x] are the legions of Byzantium's Lord[y]
'Gainst the dread sweep of Caled's[z] gleaming sword:
Vain thy bright stores of luxury and toil,
Damascus,[a] loveliest scene on mortal soil![b]
Where perfum'd gales from Lebanon descend,
And[c] Pharpar's streams with clear Abana blend.
Thou,[d] too, fair Zion's consecrated hill,
Kedron's scant brook, and lone Siloam's rill,
Haunts of my Saviour, footsteps of my God,
Down to the dust by new Blasphemers trod![e]

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[s] "And toward the east."—Ver. 9.

[t] The successful leader (Omar) neither halted nor reposed till his foaming cavalry had tasted the waters of the Oxus.—GIBBON, C. LI.

[u] Bassora, on the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates, was founded about A. D. 636.

[v] Paper is said to have been first manufactured in Samarcand.

[w] In the year 1858, the reader will not need to be reminded of the Mogul dynasty of Delhi.

[x] "And towards the pleasant land."—Ver. 9. (Always understood to be Palestine.)

"He shall destroy the mighty and the holy people."—Ver. 24.

[y] The armies of the Emperor Heraclius were defeated by Caled at Aiznadin, A. D. 633, and Yermuk, A. D. 636.

[z] Caled was called the Sword of God.

[a] Damascus was taken, A. D. 634.

[b] Τῆς Ἑώας ἁπάσης ὀφθαλμός. Epistles attributed to Julian.

[c] "Are not Abana and Pharphar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the rivers of Israel?"—2 Kings, v. 12.

[d] Jerusalem capitulated, A. D. 637.

[e] "He magnified himself even to the prince of the host . . . and the place of his sanctuary was cast down."—Ver. 11.

"He shall stand up against the Prince of princes."—Ver. 25.

Where Bethlehem nursed Creation's lowly Lord,
Hark! the fierce shout, "The Koran or the Sword!"[f]
In warlike pomp the haughty Emirs ride
By the still hamlets on Gennesareth's tide,
And crafty[g] seers proclaim a heav'n of guilt,
Where the pure blood of Calvary was spilt.
Yet, ere the vision fades before my eyes,
See the regenerating dawn arise!
Before the radiance of the Gospel beam,[h]
Down, baffled Crescent! shrink, Euphrates' stream![i]
Return, ye ransom'd, to your promised home!
Feet, that are beauteous on the mountain, come!
Foul bigotry, avaunt! fierce Discord, cease!
Earth, sea, and sky, be glad, before the Prince of Peace!

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[f] I confess that I perceive with surprise Mr. Buckle's very favourable estimate of the Mahomedan religion, especially as proceeding from one who generally professes himself so much averse to mere military prowess.

[g] "Through his policy he shall cause craft to prosper."—Ver. 25.

[h] "He shall be broken without hand."—Ver. 25.

[i] "And the sixth angel poured out his vial upon the great river Euphrates; and the water thereof was dried up, that the way of the kings of the east might be prepared."—Rev. xvi. 12.

THE LAST OF THE GREEKS;

OR,

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE:

A Tragedy.

[1828.]

PREFACE.

It will easily be perceived that the following Play, if for no other reason than the uniform progress of the story towards an inevitable catastrophe, would be ill adapted to dramatic representation. I fear that the experiment which I have now ventured to make may only have the effect of teaching me, that it is not much better calculated to be read. I have, however, been willing to hope that the events which are now attracting so much of public attention in the East of Europe, though they did not suggest the undertaking, may confer upon it a portion of interest which it could not have commanded by any merit of its own.

It is hardly requisite to observe, that Miss Baillie has published a Tragedy upon the same subject. I should naturally shrink from entering into such formidable competition; but I believe that, except in so far as our common authorities have necessarily led us to allude to the same prominent events, we shall not be found to have clashed.

PROLOGUE.

While in rapt mood the fancy loved to stray
O'er the bright realms of her peculiar sway,
And saw in mystic vision pass along
The buried forms of glory and of song,
The nymphs, the heroes, and the gods, whose love
Stooped from the sky to deify the grove;
What was the angry sound that dared invade
The solemn stillness of each haunted glade,
O'ercame the murmurs of Castalia's rill,
The leafy whispers of Dodona's hill,
And filled the shore, the islands, and the main,
From Œta's caverns to Messene's plain?
It was the clang of arms—the cry of strife—
The shout of Freedom starting into life.

There went a voice of mourning through the land:
Lo! by yon rampart on the sea-beat strand,
A sad and solitary form is seen;
Pale is his brow, and proud, yet calm, his mien;
His curling lip seems formed for scornful ire,
But in his eye there gleams a poet's fire;
The bay-leaf girds his hair—I know him well;
'Tis He—the master of the chorded shell.
The Muse, that loved and mourned him, could not save
From grief, from error, and an early grave.
Yet here at least let angry censure cease;
Honour to BYRON, when the theme is Greece.

But hark! another and a louder wail
O'er the far billow loads the western gale.
Land of the wise, the eloquent, the free,
Weep for a stranger, worthy e'en of Thee;
Whose lips drank deep of all thy springs; whose mind
Learned of thy lore to fascinate mankind;
Who loved thee in his boyhood's careless hour,
Who pitied in his high career of power,
Who would have saved—on thine Achaian shore,
Mourn, Freedom, mourn—for CANNING is no more.

Yet rear again thy drooping head, and raise
The choral pæans of forgotten days,
The strains once chaunted on thine azure sea,
The songs of Salamis and Mycale.
Ne'er were thy hopes more fair, than when the day
Gilt the armed prows in Navarino's bay;
Ne'er was thy star more high, than when the night
Closed on the smouldering horrors of the fight.
Though not thine own the glory of the deed,
It is enough of triumph to be freed.
Roll swiftly on, ye numbered hours! unfold
New arts, new honours, and revive the old:
Not e'en one shattered link of Moslem chains
Shall mar the fertile gladness of the plains;
Where only anchored round the Colian cliff
The pirate's pinnace, or the fisher's skiff,
Commerce shall bid her sons unarmed resort,
And peaceful navies crowd the friendly port;
While Liberty shall bless the toils of peace,
And Bards and Patriots live again for Greece.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CONSTANTINE PALÆOLOGUS,	Emperor of the Greeks.
GIUSTINIANI,	General of the Genoese forces.
CARDINAL ISIDORE.	
PHRANZA,	Great Chamberlain.
LASCARIS,	Son to Phranza.
ALCIPHRON, THEODORE, ALEXIUS,	Greek Officers.
MANUEL,	An Old Soldier.
ISMAEL, CARAZES,	Turkish Officers.
EVANTHE,	Daughter to Phranza.
THOMAIS,	A Widow.

Officers, Soldiers, Son to THOMAIS, Servants.

SCENE—CONSTANTINOPLE.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A Street or Square. A crowd of Soldiers and Citizens discovered: ALCIPHRON *and* MANUEL *among them.*

Voice without. A sally from the rampart. Hoa! this way.

2nd Voice. More soldiers to the rampart.

Alciphron. On, ye sluggards;
On this last effort all our hopes now hang.
Move forward.

Voice without. Send more soldiers: as ye prize
Your lives, no more delay.

Alc. Now follow me,
Each one of you that dares.

[*Exit, with some of the soldiers.*

Manuel. Alas the day!
These aged limbs can carry me no further.
They talk of fighting, where I must not follow;
I hear of danger, which I may not face.

1*st Soldier*. I will not to the walls.

2*nd Soldier*. Nor I.

Man. You will not?

1*st Sol*. We but expose ourselves to certain death,
Perched up together on the naked wall,
A mark for all their murderous instruments.

2*nd Soldier*. Besides, no change can make us suffer more
Than we endure now daily; danger, toil,
Perpetual watching, hunger, thirst, disease:
What can the Turks inflict more terrible?
What heed we, if a master must be o'er us,
Whether 'tis Constantine or Mahomet?

Man. Shame on ye, factious, heartless citizens,
On ye and on your sons, inglorious brawlers.
Oh, for an hour of vigour in this arm;
I swear I would not wreak it on the foe,
Till it had taught ye all to know what are
The duties of a man.

1*st Sol*. Old man, 'tis well
For such as you to speak, who never saw
These new invented thunderbolts, contrived
By hellish powers, and most infernal magic,
That sweep away whole ranks of us at once,
Make breaches in our thickest walls, and cleave
Our stoutest breast-plates and best tempered armour,
As the east wind sports with the gossamer
On a clear morning.

Man. Sally forth—hem them in
Among their own unwieldy batteries,
And turn their thunder back on them; I warrant
The devil, if he made them, will play fair
To either side.

Voices without. Rescue! Rescue! Rescue!
The Emperor is surrounded.

Enter LASCARIS.

Lascaris. Slaves and cowards!
Heard ye that shout, and stand ye here and gape?

By Heaven, I kill the man that does not move.
Constantine to the rescue! Constantine!

[*Exit, with most of the soldiers.*

Enter THOMAIS, *trying to detain her Son.*

Thomais. My son, my son, oh! go not hence. He will!
Oh! stop him, sirs, let him not pass; my son,
Leave me not, for mercy.

Son. Heard ye not the cry,
Constantine to the rescue, ho! [*Exit.*

Thom. He goes;
He heeds me not, ungrateful boy! I lost
His father in the siege, and he too now
Leaves me thus desolate.

Man. Be comforted.
Let him at once avenge his father's death,
And save his sovereign's life.

Thom. He'll lose his own.

Man. Think better of it; no pitched battle this,
'Tis but a moment's skirmish near the gate,
And they'll be here again.

Thom. Would we could hear
Something of what is passing.

Man. Ha! a shout,
A glad one too, I think.

Thom. Pray Heaven it prove so!

Enter ALCIPHRON *and Soldiers.*

Man. What from the field?

Alc. The foe has been repulsed,
And Constantine's again among his troops,
Unhurt, tho' desperate has been the struggle.
In our last sally from the town, some chance
Had left him nearly single 'mid a crowd
Of angry foes; with fearless energy
He long maintained his ground, and many fell
Around; at last the throng had borne him down,

When on a sudden valiant Lascaris,
With a most well-timed succour from the town,
Burst in upon the knot of men, beat off,
Slew, scattered them, and saved the Emperor.
I lost my sword in the thick of it, and go
To fetch another.

Enter Soldier.

Sol. A truce, a truce.

Alc. Ha!
What means this?

Sol. Till to-morrow's dawn a truce,
At Mahomet's request.

2nd Sol. We want it more
Than he can do. But let us hence, and look
About for some refreshment and repose.
I'm sure we've earned it.

1st Sol. Come this way with me.
(*To Thomais*) Neighbour, thy son is dead.

Thom. Tell me once more,
But be quite sure before you speak.

1st Sol. 'Tis so.
I saw it done.

Alc. Was he the youth that fell
In the last onset by that Tartar's lance?

1st Sol. The same.

Alc. Then mourn not, nor look wild with grief.
Thou shalt be honoured among Grecian mothers;
For mark me while I tell thee how he fell.
Thou heard'st me saying how the Emperor
Was overborne by numbers, ere the band
Brought up by Lascaris had time to reach him.
Stretched on the ground he lay; a savage Ismaelite
With his long lance had marked him for his own.
The space that there was yet between them seemed
Quite to preclude all hope, when from the midst
Darted a youth; more quick than mortal thought
Onward he rushed, and with a desperate bound

Sprang full upon the body; as he fell
His breast received the weapon, that for him
Was meant not. It was thus that thy son died.

Thom. Can this then comfort me? or shall I weep
One drop the less because he saved a life
I care not for, and lost his own, in which
I lived, and breathed, and moved? O cant of comfort!
My only son! my brave and dark-haired boy!
Shall I not see thee more for all my life?
'Tis much too wretched.

Alc. Be more moderate.
The matrons of old Greece received not thus
The tidings of their sons in battle slain.

Thom. And think'st thou that I wish to be like them?
They mothers! but they never knew their sons,
They never reared them, never lived with them.
Thou know'st not what he was to me: kind, gentle,
Patient, unmurmuring; prop of my age,
Joy of my eyes, and solace of my soul.
My heart must break.

Alc. I'm sorry for thy loss,
But we I fear can do thee little good:
So God befriend thee in thy need.

Thom. Yet stay.
Where is he? I must see him, must embrace—
Oh, miserable thought! must bury him.
Lead me to find him.

Man. I will with thee, woman,
We are both old and feeble, and alone
On the wide earth; but none will seek to hurt us.
Worldly privations give the privilege
To pass along unquestioned, and secure
From further harm. No enemies are found
So fierce, but pay respect to misery.
Come, lean on me—this way.

Thom. Look upon me,
Ye conquerors! ye men of arms and blood!
Ye that lay waste this fair and bounteous earth,
Her peopled cities, and her teeming plains:

Ye that drill men like slaves, slay them like sheep,
To purchase sway or fame (just Heaven above!).
Look on me now; for, stern and pitiless
As ye must be, if once ye could but feel
One little part of all the pangs that rack
My bleeding breast, ye would in mercy sheathe
Your murderous swords, and let the world be glad.

Scene II.

An Apartment in the house of Phranza.

Evanthe *standing at a window.*

Evan. The morning air comes softly thro' the lattice;
The summer breathes out from her jessamine bowers,
As tho' there were not war and death around
To taint their new-born fragrance. When our fate
Brings no congenial promise of enjoyment,
There is a gloom in nature's loveliness.
What profit have we in the clear blue heaven,
The scented air, the many-coloured earth,
The groves, the gardens, and the porticoes
That line our beauteous seas, while here we sit
Hemmed and pent in 'mid armed battlements?
'Tis strange my father comes not; sure his age
Braves not the leaguered wall, nor tented plain,
The scenes where younger men must fight and bleed.
Ah for the woes of Greece! when will an end
Be put to all their dreary catalogue?
But some one passes thro' the court;—I know
The footsteps of my sire.

Enter Phranza.

My dearest father!

Phran. Heaven bless my child; but thou look'st pale and harassed,
And thy pulse flutters. Hast thou waited long?

Evan. Oh! very long, but you are come at last;
And my worn spirits, and my watching eyes,
Forget all else in your reviving presence.

May but my gratitude be strong enough
For your continued safety! But now speak
Of all that has been done since last we met.

Phran. My anxious child, but seldom from that time
Have I been parted from the Emperor's side;
And if in such a season of dismay
A feeling as of comfort could have cheered
My aged breast, it would have been called forth
By the fair spectacle my eyes surveyed.
Hadst thou but seen him, as he trod the round
Of the long rampart, share each painful toil
With all the meanest of his troops, breathe life
And energy within their sinking hearts,
Appease the sullen, animate the stout,
Make faction tame, and cowardice alert,
And all with such a mild considerate goodness,
Such high resolve, such dignified endurance,
Thou would'st have deemed the ills that close around him
Were but the appointed instruments to call
His goodness forth, in all its truth and lustre.

Evan. Speak on, my father; let me hear yet more,
For I should ne'er grow weary of the theme.

Phran. 'Tis rightly said; it pleases me to find
That thou art glad to hear thy sovereign's praise.
Thy brother too has earned most high renown;
By a hot sally from the town he saved
The Emperor's life, and made our foes retreat.

Evan. My valiant brother—saved his Emperor's life!
What pride and glorious joy must now be his!
Is he still fighting?

Phran. No, we have a truce
Until the dawning of to-morrow's sun.
Ere long the Turkish sultan Mahomet
Will send his final terms to Constantine.
They must decide our fate.

Evan. And do you think
They will be such as he can listen to?

Phran. To nothing will he listen, be assured,
That honour can condemn.

Evan. I will swear to that.
Which of his subjects would not do the same?

Phran. My poor excited girl, could all our men,
Citizens, soldiers, nay, grave senators,
Feel in their cold and calculating hearts
But half the eager loyalty that dwells
Upon thy artless lips, the days of Greece
Might not e'en now be numbered. Kiss thy sire,
I like thee for't.

Evan. But see, my brother comes.

Enter GIUSTINIANI *and* LASCARIS.

Welcome, most dear and honoured Lascaris;
I feel such pride in thee; never till now
Have I quite known how tenderly I loved thee.

Lasc. My good Evanthe, seest thou not our guest?
The brave and chivalrous Giustiniani
Honours my father's roof; he thinks, no doubt,
The dames of Genoa would not thus accost
A stranger and a hero.

Giust. I beseech you,
Talk not of Genoa's dames, or any stock
Of our more coarse Italians, while my eyes
Have the blest privilege to gaze on charms
That make their clumsier beauties valueless.
Where should we find among our mongrel race
Of trading merchants, or of Gothic nobles,
That faultless symmetry of form and motion,
That perfect outline of the classic face,
Which mark the pure descent of Greece?

Evan. My Lord,
Mock me not thus, because in these rough times
I chance to be without the wonted veil
Our maidens ever wear in such high presence.

Phran. Nay, I am sure the brave Giustiniani
Will not reprove our lack of ceremony;
Council and war must need engross our time;
And since there's much demand for both, Evanthe,

Offer the wine-cup to our noble guest,
We will then onward to the Emperor;
Much he may need our prompt advice, and much
Our stout adherence.

Lasc. Pledge me, honoured warrior,
Pledge me in yonder mantling grape of Chios.
We'll drain it to the glory of the brave
Who die in battle.

Giust. 'Tis too stern a pledge,
While there is gentler inspiration here.
This to the fairest of the maids of Greece,
The bright Evanthe.

Evan. Grecian maids, my Lord,
Now only strive for one pre-eminence—
Which best shall love their monarch.

Giust. This it is,
I see, to have an emperor unwed.

Evan. With your permission I retire, my father,
My presence cannot suit your grave debates.

Phran. Go not, my child; we must ourselves away;
May we soon meet again; till then dismiss
Every uneasy thought, and hope the best.

Lasc. Evanthe, fare thee well.

Giust. And in his turn,
Albeit unworthy of your favour, lady,
The humblest of his vassals takes his leave.

[*Exeunt all but Evanthe.*

Evan. I like not that bold stranger: I could see
The angry shadow flit across his brow,
When I seemed moved not by his formal phrase.
He wears a satisfied and conscious air
In all his strained and laboured courtesies,
As if not meant to honour their poor object,
But rather show how great a man it is
Who stoops thus low. Oh! how unlike to some,
And greater far than him, who only seek
To gladden, and in their own eyes exalt
All whom their ready notice greets; whose smile

And look, and slightest word, are sure all round
To scatter pleasure, for they wish to please.
But whither rove ye, vain and idle thoughts?
Back, back into my bosom; droop and mourn
In silence there, and learn to be forgotten.

Enter Servant.

Ser. A stranger, lady, in the Turkish garb
Desires to speak with you.

Evan. A Turk with me!
What does he here at all?

Ser. It is the truce,
And he is one of those the Sultan sends
To lay his terms before our Emperor.

Evan. Tell him my father is already gone,
And he will find him at his prince's side;
For me he cannot want.

Ser. I've told him this;
But something, said he, to your father's welfare
Of intimate concern, most privately
He wishes to impart.

Evan. Ha! said he so?
Admit him instantly. [*Exit Servant.*
I have no choice,
But what does this portend?

Servant introduces CARAZES.

Car. Your pardon, lady,
That I have now thus ventured to obtrude
A foreign, and I fear a hated presence,
Upon your privacy. I wish to serve
Your father and his house; let that at least
Bear no offence with it.

Evan. Most courteous stranger,
Whatever be the purpose of your visit,
Receive for its most friendly opening thanks.

Car. I am the son of Calil Bassa, lady,
First vizir of the Sultan Mahomet:

Who, when your sire, the just and learned Phranza,
Came to the Othman court ambassador,
While Sultan Amurath yet filled the throne,
And Greek and Turk most happily for both
Were joined in peace, did in his house receive,
Attend, and honour him with meet observance.
But amply did he think himself repaid
In the rich converse and the smooth demeanour
Of his good guest: he was not wont to meet such,
I e'en must own it, 'mid his kindred tribes.
Many rich presents they exchanged at parting,
And further promised, in their hour of need,
If one could have assistance from the other,
He should command his friendly offices.
Thus did our sires; but now, where there was peace,
Is war. I come within these walls with Ismael,
The prince of rich Sinope, who is charged
With offers to your Emperor from our camp.
This by my father's credit has been wrought.
May Alla speed the issue! but perchance
His sovereign will has otherwise decreed.
It therefore was the vizir's further wish,
That here beneath his roof we should devise
What might insure the safety of his friend.

Evan. Show but one way in which he can be safe,
And I will bless you for the pious counsel.

Car. The sea and shore are ours; a bark, a steed
Might bear him undiscovered hence.

Evan. Oh! Sir,
Judge not thus poorly of my loyal sire—
That he would leave his country and his prince
At their last gasp of life.

Car. We knew, alas!
Your father's soul, and feared its stubborn virtue,
That makes e'en ruin duty. Listen then
To what I next propose, for this at least
A foe may offer, and a patriot hear.
There is an angle in the line of rampart.
You may remember, where the western wall
Close to the brink of the Propontis runs,

Of access almost desperate, and thence
But feebly guarded; at the hour of sunset
Walk there, and you shall learn, if aught of note,
Is brewing in the Moslem camp; you then
May shape such measures as you list.

Evan. I hear,
And am most grateful; whatsoe'er the event,
My soul has told me it may fully trust you.
I will remember faithfully.

Car. But hark!
The trumpet calls me to our solemn audience.
So fare you well, most bright and gentle lady.
You will not scorn my heart's unfeigned petition,
Tho' it comes breathed from unbelieving lips:
The blessings of the just be on your house. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—Scene I.

A Street.

Enter Alciphron *and* Theodore.

Alc. At length a few short moments of repose
Suspend the labours of ill-fated Greece.
For fifty days we've seen without a pause
The work of desolation move along;
Each night upon our chance-found post we've laid
Our bodies wearied with their rough day's toil,
To be awakened by the morrow's cannon.
Now all around is still: the shout, the groan,
The many-voiced confusion of the war,
The clang of hollow hoofs, and rattling mail,
The thunder of the loud artillery,
The fiery onset, and the desperate rescue,
Have ceased to echo round the walls' wide circuit,
While either army, hushed in stern repose,
Breathe from their wonted task of blood.

Theo. Alas!
What can this short-lived interval of rest

Do but retard our ruin? Or, if not
Our ruin—must I speak it—our dishonour?

Alc. Full well I know our lone and perilous state;
But come what may, be sure that Constantine
Can brave defeat and death, but not dishonour.

Theo. Not less than you, brave Alciphron, my Prince
I venerate, and it were shame I should not.
But he is man; if Heaven declares against him,
What can he do?

Alc. That will this hour decide.
You know that in pursuance of the truce
The ambassadors of Mahomet ere long
Will have pronounced their master's latest will.
What that may be, we've yet to learn, but still
Must fear the worst; for if our Emperor
Can boast a soul that will not stoop to baseness,
The savage Sultan is as deaf to pity.

Theo. Alexius comes this way; he seems in haste,
And may have more to tell.

Enter ALEXIUS.

Alex. Well met, my friends.
Will ye not hear the doom that seals our fate?

Theo. Is the time come?

Alex. The Turkish ministers
Are now within the walls; next time perhaps
They will not come in peace.

Alc. Where does Constantine
Receive their message?

Alex. In the Hippodrome,
Surrounded by his troops, and court, and nobles,
His faithful people, and his brave allies;
Such was his will, and for the last time, haply,
Constantinople puts on all her grandeur.

Theo. May she not wear it as her funeral robe!

Alc. And if she does, she dies becomingly.
This clouded period of her last decline
Is not least glorious in Byzantium's annals.

Nor would I seek to change the expiring throes
Of hopeless bravery for many a year
Of guilty splendour and successful crime.

Alex. I hear the stirring note of martial music.
They will have met. Let us to the Hippodrome. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The Hippodrome.

The troops entering, and placing themselves. Enter on one side, as described, Alcipheon, Theodore, *and* Alexius. *The others afterwards.*

Alc. By heaven these troops still wear a goodly show.

Theo. Aye, if they would but fight. The old Greek valour
Has fallen off apace in these last days,
They lead the pageant, or they swell the train
With gay and gorgeous bearing, as you see;
But when the work begins in earnest——

Alex. Then,
Those that now follow have the hands to fight.

Alc. You rate them right; the Emperor's body-guard
Oft have I seen them on the well-fought day
Ply on their steady valour, which the Turk
May yet know more of. Lo! as bold a band,
Tho' more irregular their bravery,
Albania's mountain sons; their crags at least
Are still unconquered—the last haunts of Freedom.

Alex. But see, the sons of commerce and of war
Whom Genoa sends to aid us, and, oh! shame
To all the Western world, she sends alone.

Theo. Mark you how o'er them all superior moves
The proud Giustiniani; he is deemed
The model and the rule of chivalry;
In all the laws of courtesy and honour
Most delicate, and of approved experience:
May his days set in glory!

Alex. Next moves on
The peaceful train of lazy senators,

The lords of villas, theatres, and gardens,
The hoarders of the wealth that might have saved us.*

Alc. And now the more distinguished few advance,
The pillars of the state, and throne, and army;
The reverend Patriarch of our holy church,
With him the Roman legate Isidore,
The warlike Lascaris, the prudent Phranza,
And, blow, ye trumpets blow—the Emperor!

CONSTANTINE *takes his seat upon his throne; the others stand round.*

Const. Princes, and Senators, to whose high charge
The welfare of the East has been consigned,
My valiant Generals, my brave allies,
Associates of my counsels as my arms,
I have assembled you this day to hear
The last proposals of our enemy;
That if in any wise I seem to make
An answer unbecoming of my station,
Or of my fortunes, you may interpose
Your sage advice.

Isidore. May the Most High, my son,
Direct you right.

Giust. We throw ourselves, great Sir,
Implicitly on your imperial wisdom.

Const. Give entrance to the Sultan's messengers.

Officers of the Court introduce ISMAEL, CARAZES, *Turks, &c.*

Ambassadors of Sultan Mahomet,
We wait to hear what you are charged to speak.

Ism. The Lord of nations, and the King of kings,
The vicar of the one and only God,
And of his holy Prophet upon earth,
Our mighty Sultan, Mahomet the Second,
To the Greek Prince of Constantinople, thus
Speaks forth his sovereign pleasure.

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* See that fine passage in Irene—
"That wealth, too pleasing for their country's use," &c.

Lasc. Shall I strike
The mad blasphemer down?

Const. Peace, good Lascaris,
And let us hear him patiently. Say on.

Ism. Mine are the kingdoms which thy fathers ruled,
Mine are the seas on which thy navies sailed,
And mine the armies on a thousand plains.
My arm is stretched above thee; in my grasp
Thyself, thy city, and thy provinces,
Are placed; and if I speak the word, I crush thee.
Yet if thou wilt implore my power to spare,
I grant thee three alternatives of safety:
Embrace them, or reject them, as thou wilt.

Const. Name the conditions.

Ism. Acknowledge Mahomet
Thy rightful sovereign by the laws of conquest;
Be first among his tributaries;
And for his gracious sufferance to worship
God in the darkened faith thy fathers taught thee,
Pay every year what in this scroll is marked.

[*Delivers a scroll.*

Const. Answer thy Sultan, that I know not how
An empty treasury, a starving people,
Could e'er supply the sum that he demands.
But further tell him, were the added wealth
Of Europe and of Asia ours to give him,
The produce of each realm that e'er obeyed
The sceptre of my great progenitors,
Constantinople scorns the name of tribute.
And bounded as is now her flight of empire,
The Roman eagle ne'er shall stoop so low,
In base submission to the Moslem crescent.

Ism. Hear what his mercy next vouchsafes to yield;
To every Greek a free and full permission
To leave their native city, to embark
Their wives, their children, and their property,
And seek some other shore in peace and safety.

Const. What, leave our city! leave Constantinople!
Does he not know then, vain unhappy man,

The thrilling magic in the name of country ?
The sons of rapine that infest his ranks,
The wandering Tartar, and the houseless Turkman,
May leave without a pang their barren wilds,
To wanton in the sunny plains of Greece.
But educated man, endowed with reason,
Clings with an offspring's fondness to the land
That saw his birth, and holds his father's ashes.
Let loose, then, all your dark reserves of wrath;
Butcher our citizens, and raze our homes;
We'll find a grave among our country's ruins:
For, oh! I feel, my own thrice beauteous city,
That I can die for thee, but not desert thee.

Car. (*aside*) How his words move me!—Pardon, Emperor,
That youth like mine should dare to interpose.
Your thoughts are noble, and bespeak a soul,
Albeit a foe, I cannot but admire.
But, e'er it be too late, reflect awhile
Upon the city's lone and lost condition.
No progress made—your numbers thinned each day—
And e'en the remnant scantily supplied—
Want, mutiny, disease, all thickening round,
Nor yet one possible hope of late deliverance.

Const. I thank thee, courteous stranger; but one thing
Survives e'en hope itself, and that is, honour.

Car. Honour can ne'er demand our country's ruin.

Const. No, but it counts no ruin like disgrace.

Car. By numbers overpowered, the bravest yield.

Const. But court the danger when their choice is insult.
I know our risk is great, and our hope must be
Most, as it ought, in Heaven. But look around,
I am not all deserted on the earth;
There lives a remnant of the sons of Greece,
Who feel for what a land they fight; my guard,
My own imperial guard, still cleave to me.
Behold Albania's bowmen; and see here
The lances of my Latin chivalry.
Hast thou forgot the day—who could forget?—
When five adventurous barks, with their stout crews,

Burst through your crowded navy? From the shore,
Where on his steed, secure of victory,
As at some costly spectacle he sat,
Your Sultan saw, and maddened as he saw,
The foul defeat; while from her ramparts Greece
Beheld the triumph, and dismissed her sorrows.

Car. But think within these walls—

Const. Hast thou forgot
Huniades and Scanderbeg still live,
And live to conquer, as they oft have done?
The clans of Hungary still brood revenge:
Nay more, religious faction is asleep;
The holy father of the Roman Church
(This reverend Cardinal will be my witness)
Has deigned to consecrate our pious warfare.
The united call will wake the Western world,
Range at our side the hardy Russian tribes,
In honour's cause rouse France's gallant nobles,
And arm for Greece the fearless sons of Britain.

Ism. Peace, Carazes; you only swell their pride.
If they are obstinate on their undoing,
On their own heads be it. Yet one choice remains;
Give it thy answer, and we then depart.
Embrace the Prophet's faith, the Koran's creed,
And be our friends and equals; share our reign,
Honoured of men, and favourites of Heaven.

Const. My friends, my countrymen, my fellow-Christians,
Now are we humbled and abased indeed.
The worshippers of Mahomet have asked us
To change our faith—and we have lived to hear it.
Oh! may our swords at least give fitting answer.
I must away with courtesy's tame forms
And phrases; I must tell thee, infidel,
How my soul sickens at thy faith, thy Prophet,
And all his creed of blood and sensual joys.
Ye first have called on us to pay ye tribute
That touched our honour. Ye next bade us leave
Our country; that was twined around our hearts.
Now ye would make us sacrifice religion,
The God we worship, and the Heaven we hope for.

Back to thy master! tell him that the men
He dares insult, but shall not trample on,
Reject his offers, care not for his friendship,
Heed him not, fear him not, and do defy him.

Ism. Come, Carazes, from this doomed place.

Car. Alas!
This bodes a fearful sequel.

Const. Give them conduct
Far as the gates. [*Exeunt Ismael, Carazes, Turks, &c.*

The assembly is dissolved.
Thou, Phranza, stay. Farewell, my honoured lords,
We meet ere long. [*Exeunt all but Constantine and Phranza.*

Draw near, my faithful friend.
Our fate is sealed.

Phran. It is.

Const. Have I done wrong?
Was I too hasty, or too plain?

Phran. My liege,
Such was your duty; and if conscious pride
Or joy at such a season could be felt,
They should be yours, for having stoutly done it.

Const. The siege will be renewed without delay.
Hast thou the lists which thou didst promise me
Of all on whom we may rely to bear
Their part in the great struggle we must make?

Phran. With sorrow and deep shame I must confess,
That of the city's thronged inhabitants
We may not count above five thousand men,
Able or willing to bear arms for all
That makes the life they cling to worth possessing.

Const. The spiritless cowards! and these are Greeks.

Phran. They once were called so.

Const. Oh! my soul is sick,
Sick unto death.

Phran. Droop not, my Emperor,
Still I conjure you droop not; summon forth

The deep resources and high energies
That dwell in you, and will appear when bidden.
Success has left us: be content with glory.

Const. What can a single arm, unseconded,
Do among failing thousands? Hard the task,
To wake a race of profligates to virtue,
To fire with bravery a herd of cowards,
And goad a helpless rabble on to slaughter.

Phran. Why, this was not the mien, nor these the words,
Which to the infidel but now revealed
A soul to every ill superior.

Const. No:
My ardour with its provocation vanished;
The succours that I boasted are not nigh;
The hopes I spoke of died upon my lips.

Phran. The lot we may not choose, we must fulfil.
I know a common soul might well shrink back,
For all now rests upon your single head.
Think what her monarch owes to Greece.

Const. Alas!
I can bequeath no kingdom to her sons.

Phran. You can bequeath them more—a bright example.
'Twas all Leonidas could do before you.

Const. But grant the struggle ended; when our blood
Has flowed, and life has fled, in honour's cause,
What then remains for those we leave behind—
The old—the tender, and—oh! my best friend
Thou hast a daughter—

Phran. Touch not on that chord,
I do implore you; spare a doating father,
Nor speak of that on which I dare not think.

Const. My poor devoted country, mark the fate!
That in its wakened justice Heaven decrees
For guilty empires, that like ours have run
Thro' long dark æras of disgrace and crime.
What is the tale our annals tell? A throne
Often usurped, and often won by blood;

Uncharitable priests, unwarlike nobles,
An idle, discontented populace;
Lust in our chambers, faction in our streets;
And through each rank and order of the state
One wide, unawed, and withering corruption.
Our sins are wreathed around our neck; our days
Are counted; we are judged, and are condemned.

Phran. Had more among our sovereigns been like him
Before me now, we had not thus been lost
To virtue, or to glory.

Const. I must tell
My counsellor 'tis no time for flattery.

Phran. You never found me much disposed to use it;
Nor will I now, when I remind my Emperor
'Tis no time for despair. Shall it be said
In future ages, when they read our story,
Constantinople yielded to her foes,
And sued a heathen freebooter for leave
To change her master, and renounce her faith,
Because her Prince ——

Const. No more: I own the call,
And here I shake forth from my soul all doubt,
All fear, all lingering in the onward path
Of dreadful duty. Stern resolution, chase
Each weakness that besets the mortal frame,
From me, and from my people; nerve our limbs,
And steel our hearts; in watching and in war
Make us resigned, and vigilant, and valiant;
And force the nations round us to confess,
Howe'er we lived, at least like Greeks we died. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—Scene I.

The Rampart. Enter Evanthe.

Evan. This is the place appointed, and the hour;
But neither have my ear nor eye received
A sound or symbol of intelligence.

Did the young foeman mean perchance to mock
My foolish hope? or, as I rather guess
From his ingenuous presence, is the wish
Unaided by the power to serve? How still
All seems around, which to a lonely woman
Is yet more awful than the din and strife
Of war itself. I must not yet turn back;
I will go onward to that farthest bastion,
Then to my home again. [*Exit.*

Enter CONSTANTINE.

Const. The sun has sunk;
But still a bright reflected line of light
Plays on the outline of the opposite hills;
While nearer me the palaces and domes
Of the fair city, and the lawns and gardens
Along the beach of either continent,
Sleep in the pale soft twilight. Scarce a breeze
Shakes the tall cypress branches, or a ripple
Stirs the calm surface of the wide Propontis.
Oh, sight of matchless and o'erwhelming beauty!
Thus dark and silent seem to sleep together
Europe and Asia; but upon their verge
Are met their fierce and mutual ravagers.
On that still shore there gleam for many a league
The tents of Turkey; while within these ramparts
The Greek expects each morrow's dawn, and trembles.
Peaceful and soothing is the face of nature;
How much unlike her stern defacer, man,
Who counts the lagging moments of repose,
Then starts afresh to suffer and destroy!
What form is that, that comes thus rapidly?
Evanthe here! alone too—with flushed cheeks,
And panting bosom, and dishevelled hair—
The gentlest of her timid sex—what means it?

Enter EVANTHE *hastily.*

Evan. O my good liege!

Const. Compose thyself, I pray,
My trembling fair one, and then speak.

Evan. Read, read,
Instantly read! (*Gives a paper.*)

Const. But what is this, and whence
In thy hand.

Evan. On an arrow's head hard by
I found it; 'tis of fatal interest:
Read it without delay, I do conjure you.

Const. (*reads.*) "Upon receiving our report, the Sultan has resolved to assault the city with all his forces by land and sea at sunrise to-morrow."
Dost thou know who wrote this?

Evan. The vizir's son,
Who promised in regard of ancient friendship
To warn my sire, ere anything extreme
Should be resorted to.

Const. It must be true;
Who waits.

Enter two Officers.

Give orders to my body-guard
To muster in the palace court, with all
The captains of the companies; then bear
This notice to the quarter of the Allies;
Commend me to Giustiniani; bid him
Be at his post by sunrise; I shall come
Among my troops forthwith. [*Exit 1st Officer.*

You will convey
My greeting to the patriarch; let him ope
The gates of St. Sophia wide; the church
Must give us all her prayers. [*Exit 2nd Officer.*

I too must go.
Evanthe, take my long, my kind farewell.
How beautiful seems all we look upon
This evening! Can it be thy last, O Greece?
Must it be followed by a morn of death?

Evan. Oh, speak not thus, my lord. Is hope quite fled?

Const. I fear, utterly. The storm is gathering,
Heavy and black with ruin; it will burst;

Who can foretel its ravage? ay, my child,
My poor Evanthe, in that hour of wrath
May Heaven befriend thee!

Evan. Do not think on me.
Leave me to Him whose saving power upholds
Alike the greatest and the meanest thing;
Who honours Constantine, and pities me.

Const. Stay, for a moment I would speak to thee.
I know not what it is,—the glorious scene,
The gentle sea-breeze, or the solemn twilight,
Or else the deep and sure presentiment
That heralds forth to me the closing hour
Of empire and of life,—but some strong impulse
Is busy in my soul, and drives me on
To say what prudence would in different times
Have bid me most conceal. Ay, it may shock
Thy maiden delicacy; but, oh! think
I die to-morrow, and forgive my folly!
Listen: thou oft hast met, thou long hast known me;
Say then, in calmer hours, in happier years,
In other stations, or in other climes,
Could'st thou have ever learned—to like—to love me?

Evan. How! when my life has taught me little else
Than to adore thee?

Const. Let my ears believe
The bliss they seemed to hear.

Evan. Could'st thou but know it,
Know all my fond devotedness of love,
My dreams by day, my watchings by the night,
All full of thee; not that I thought it love;
'Twas reverence, 'twas worship, what was more
Than should be paid to man—I thought thee more,
So pure from every taint of human frailty.
Thou wast my hero, like the men of old,
Whom poets tell of in the early days
Of our Greek story; first, like them, in valour,
And, more than them, in every Christian virtue.
All that thou art I thought thee—save one thing—

That thou could'st e'er have loved—loved! and me too!
Ye powers of mercy, had I thought but that!

Const. Evanthe!—

Evan. And thou hast heard me tell all this!
Oh! now thou wilt despise me utterly.

Const. Evanthe, my Evanthe! 'twere to wrong
My nature's honest feelings to deny
That I have heard with more than happiness
The free avowal of thy virgin love.
Oh! what a scene of bliss might now be mine,
Were I not that I am; had my lot been
In some sequestered valley of the earth,
Where war and empire yet were never heard of,
To tread the quiet path of humble life,
With virtue and thy love to guide and gild it!

Evan. Oh! call not up such visions of delight,
Lest they o'erpower my soul, and when I wake,
I sink beneath the stern reality.

Const. But why in lowlier scenes, or meaner life,
Seek I to hide thy matchless worth, Evanthe?
Thou, who wert born to be the world's bright wonder,
And add new lustre to the throne of kings.
Oft has my fancy drawn a maid like thee,
Thyself, since all has now been told, whose smile
Should cheer me on to deeds of hardy daring;
Who, when I back returned from toil and war,
Should greet me to my home, and from her lips
Pour forth the calm thanksgiving, that should shame
The pomp of triumphs and the shout of armies.

Evan. Alas! thy subject was not born, my sovereign,
For such high destinies; had I but been
Some maid of Georgian or of Servian line,
Some dowered and high-born child of Europe's princes,
Thou had'st not blushed to own me for thy bride,
The envied partner of thy throne and love.
But, oh! with whom would I have changed my lot,
My own blest lot, all lowly as I am,
In spite of fate, to be preferred by thee?

Enter OFFICER.

Off. The troops are mustered; in the palace court
They wait your orders.

Const. Hear you that, Evanthe?

Evan. I hear that Greece expects her Emperor.

Const. I thank thee for the warning, noble maid,
Born to inspire my duty, as my love.
I go. We may not meet again on earth
But it will soften ruin to have thus
Spoken and felt together; welcome now
The toil, the struggle, and the agony;
I am above them all. Evanthe loves,
I know it, and can even bear to leave thee.
Without there! I am coming. [*Exit.*

Evan. Oh! I wish
That I could think for one short minute calmly.
Confusion's in my brain, mist o'er my eyes,
And tightness on my heart. To-morrow was it?
Ah! true, they said, the city falls to-morrow.
Farewell, ye soft delights, 'mid which my youth
Has gaily glided, little valued then,
The lute, the dance, the mind at ease within,
And all this paradise of nature round me.
Oh! I have lived, and, more too, I have loved:
Was it a crime to love? it cannot be;
For since the hallowed flame was lit, I feel
No sacrifice too great or difficult
For my weak nature; all I could resign
That once has pleased; all dare, that once appalled.
Would I were but a man to prove it so!
Then placed by him upon the crowded rampart,
Beneath his eye I should have fought—each blow
Aimed at his foes, and when I fell, my death
Perchance had bought the life of Constantine. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

A Room in Giustiniani's *Quarters.*

Enter Giustiniani.

Methinks my life grows very wearisome
In this famed city; it presents in truth
A strange assemblage of society:
A brawling rabble, disputatious Priests,
A pompous Cardinal, a prosing Patriarch,
A herd of avaricious Senators,
And maids too coy to greet you with a glance.
Then I must hear cried up in every street
The same immaculate Palæologus,
The pattern of all men and emperors.
Do what I will in camp, or hall, or bower,
Where hitherto I've held the foremost place,
He still outshines me, by some monkish knack,
That fools call principle, and wise men cant.
Could I but gently rid me of my compact,
With credit in the world's eyes, I would soon
Resign him to the Othman's tender mercy.

Enter Officer.

Off. My lord, the Emperor sends health and greeting.

Giust. What would he with me? must I come to church?

Off. At sunrise he expects the enemy
Will lead his forces to assault the town.
He prays that you will marshal all your men
By your old post, the gate of St. Romanus,
To wait the onset at the earliest dawn.

Giust. To hear is to obey. So tell your master.

[*Exit Officer.*

Now ho! within there!

Enter Servant.

Carry round my summons
To all my partisans; deck forth the board

With glorious cheer, and fill the goblets high
With every vintage that the glowing sun
Embodies with rich flavour; bring the harp
And dancers; we may die perhaps to-morrow.
What should we do this evening, but be merry? [*Exit.*

Scene III.

The Palace Court by torchlight; the Area filled with Officers and Soldiers.

Alex. Are all your men assembled, Theodore?

Theo. They are.

Alex. What think you,—how are they disposed?

Theo. So as we most could wish. All that are here
Seem full of zeal and loyalty. Know you
Why we are met at this unwonted hour?

Alex. There must be tidings from the enemy's camp;
But we shall learn more soon; the Emperor
Comes to yon portico above, and seems
In act to speak.

Soldiers. God save the Emperor!

Theo. Now silence, all below. The Emperor speaks.

Const. Sons of the Greeks, a title once of glory;
Heirs of the Romans, once a name of power;
Hear yet again your Emperor, your Chief,
Your Fellow-soldier in the fields of battle.
I know that in the camp of Mahomet
A last attack has been resolved; which made,
Our foes retreat with shame and loss before us,
Or else the city falls. My countrymen,
Hear ye that last and dread alternative?
The City, the august imperial City,
The mistress of the world, the greater Rome,
The high place of dominion, and the seat
Of pure religion; the first Christian City,
Constantinople, falls. Say, shall it be?
Now must your choice be made.

Sol. We'll fight for it,
For Constantine, and for Constantinople!

Const. What! shall the fierce malignant Infidel,
The Turkish Sultan, and his miscreant crew,
Their Mahomets, and Amuraths, and Bajazets,
Dare to profane the walls of Constantine,
The golden palace of an hundred Cæsars,
The towering dome and temple of Jehovah?
In such a cause, what aid of man and Heaven
Must not be on our side? Oh! where is now
The blazing cross, that to the bannered host
Of our great founder promised certain conquest?
He sought in arms his Roman countrymen;
We move our standards 'gainst the tribe of Othman.

Sol. A miracle, a miracle, to save us!

Const. Yet stay, my gallant soldiers; be ye firm
And droop not, tho' no prodigy from heaven
Attest our righteous cause; by human means
God oft has worked His will, and in the stead
Of intervention visible, employed
Man's practised discipline and fearless valour.
Be yours the soul that bore to victory
The warlike Theodosius; yours the arms
That, wielded by the might of Belisarius,
Poured wide dismay among the flying Vandal.
A foe more merciless than Alaric
Is at your gates—the ravenous wolves of Turkey,
The enemies of man and Christendom.
Think what would be the curse of their success;
Place full before your eyes the varied horror:
The broken crucifix, the trampled mitre,
A prey to unbelieving Mussulmen:
Your aged parents, and your pleasing homes,
To the heart's mirth so often vocal made,
Now only echoing back the plunderer's tread:
Your wives, the partners of your chaste embrace,
Led to the harem of a turbaned master;
Your children doomed to slavery,—nay, more,
To all its foulest forms—ye cannot bear it,
I see ye cannot—swear then ye will fight
For life and honour, for your God and country.

Sol. We swear to fight!

Const. Fight bravely, manfully,
Fight to the death.

Sol. We swear to die or conquer!

Const. May He who reads the heart now be my witness,
That thus to hear your animated shout,
Gives me a keener joy than e'er I knew
Amid the perfumed halls of palaces.
And here before ye all your Emperor
Swears he will share his fortunes with your own,
Your triumph, or your grave. All have I tried
That Prudence counselled, that Compassion prompted,
That Honour or Religion would allow,
To avert the fearful crisis; but our foes
Know not a law, save cruelty and rapine,
Nor we a hope, save daring, desperate valour.

Sol. Lead us, lead us to battle!

Const. Aye, call on,
I hear ye —Oh! my best and bravest subjects,
How will our swords cleave thro' the Moslem ranks,
And gleam athwart the battle! Give to rest
This night; refresh your limbs with food and sleep.
To-morrow's early dawn will summon ye
For our great work, and ye shall find me ready.

Sol. God save the Emperor, noble Constantine!

Const. Farewell, and may the God of armies guard ye.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—Scene I.

Before the Church of St. Sophia, which is faintly lighted up within. Alciphron *and a guard of Soldiers at the door.*

Enter Theodore.

Theo. How now, Alciphron? Whence the imperial guard
Drawn up before the church?

Alc. Because e'en now
Within its sacred precincts Constantine,
Fearing the last extremity, receives
The holy Sacrament.

Theo. If piety
Like his could aught avail us all, we still
Might hope to be preserved.

Alc. See where he kneels
In yon deep niche, lit by the scanty gleam
Of a few torches; his most chosen friends,
Men who both love their Prince, and fear their God,
Surround him. Lo! the Patriarch's time-worn head
Is raised to Heaven, as with uplifted hand
He rears the sainted chalice—soothing sight
That breathes of peace amid the din of war,
And calls up blessing from the depth of ruin!

Theo. Hark to the solemn organ! how it fills
The pillared nave, and dies along the roof
Of the high dome.

Alc. 'Tis for the female throng:
The holy sisterhood of St. Sophia,
And other maidens of illustrious birth,
At the high altar to the Virgin chaunt
Their trembling orisons.

Theo. Far other sounds
Struck on my ear, as in my way I chanced
To pass the quarter where the Italian force
Is stationed; there gay laughter, and fierce shouts,
The harp and chorus, and the ribald jest,
Resounded; lights innumerable glanced
From open windows, and all seemed in street,
In chamber, and arcade, to be the abode
Of men unawed and dissolute. 'Tis strange,
That men can thus enure themselves to spend
In thoughtless merriment the last few hours
Of an existence that may close to-morrow.

Alc. They fear not for their country, Theodore;
They leave no wives behind them; they bequeathe
No fetters to their sons.

Theo. That strain again!
And see the suppliant band is passing by.

SONG OF VIRGINS, WITHIN THE CHURCH.

Untainted Mother! Spotless Maid!
Thy virgin vot'ries hear and aid.
Thy city and thy children save,
Our homes from fire, our fathers from the grave.

Incarnate Wisdom! Heavenly Word!
Be our adoring accents heard.
Protect from sacrilege thy shrine,*
And guard the anointed head of Constantine.

In helplessness, in agony,
On thee we lean, to thee we cry.
From thy true servants turn afar
The fury of the Moslem scymitar.

Alc. How solemn and magnificent appears
Yon temple now! The light plays fitfully
On the gilt shrines and marble-crusted walls,
The granite, and the dark-grained porphyry,
The pale Carystian, the Laconian green,
And the Numidian's saffron hues. Glorious,
But sad, most sad the sight. In a few hours
The shrieking nun may to those altars cling,
And find no refuge; holy blood may stream
Upon the radiant floors; where Constantine
Now worships the true God, the imam's voice
May lift blaspheming prayers to Mahomet.

Several females come out of the church. EVANTHE *speaks to one.*

Evan. Sister, our pathway home some little way
Together lies. Pray bear me company.

Female. Most readily; for it is very lonely. [*Exeunt.*

* St. Sophia is the Divine wisdom personified.

Enter from the church CONSTANTINE, PHRANZA, LASCARIS, ALEXIUS, *&c.*

Const. Thanks, loved and honoured friends. Our minds will feel
Refreshed and strengthened by the holy rite
We now have shared in, cheerfully to bear
Our coming labours, and to meet the fate
We must, alas! expect. Since all who now
Around me stand, tho' few they be, on earth
May hardly hope to meet again together,
I fain would ask each one of you, that if
In the unheeding days of youthful power
In word or act I may have done him wrong,
He would forgive me freely; if in aught
He has against me sinned, I him forgive.
The hours pass on; 'tis time that we should part,
Companions, more than subjects; we have lived
United in the sunny morn of youth
And joy, and in the hour of mortal risk
We have been tried, we have stood firm, and shrunk not;
Nor will we now. To all who may survive,
May Heaven grant happy years and peaceful homes.
Props of my throne—friends of my heart—farewell,
Now and for ever.

Lasc. My Lord, my Emperor, my gracious Master,
I e'en must say how all my soul reveres you.
All ties beside, man's friendship, woman's love,
Are weak and cold to what I feel for you,
The bosom's free and unbribed loyalty.
None else could ever reach my high idea
Like you; so mildly brave, so meekly wise;
Soft and unbending in the easy hour
Of social mirth; the pride of courtly halls,
The lion of the battle. Check me not—
It is not flattery, you know it is not;
For, could that baseness ever taint my words,
The prospect of to-morrow would forbid it.

Const. My good, my cherished Lascaris, no more
Of this, I pray thee; it unmans my soul;
It makes me wish to have more days of life,
And power to show ye all how much I prize ye.

Again farewell; all leave me to myself
A little while. [*Exeunt all but Constantine.*
The sun of Greece has set:
Long has it travelled thro' her various day,
Gilded her morn with overpowering lustre,
Shed sickly light upon her clouded noon,
And darkly lowered o'er her stormy eve.
How thrilling every lesson in her page
Of early prowess, and of long decay,
Of strength and weakness; since the Spartan King
Stood in the gap, and the barbaric host
Rolled back before the conquering shout of Athens.
Then rose domestic faction; then the rule
Of petty tyrants, to be swallowed up
In the broad sovereignty of Rome; since that,
Empire has narrowed all her bounds; the Goth,
The Hun, the Vandal, have o'errun these plains,
Profaned the sage's haunt, the Muse's grove,
The toils of Grecian art, and Roman power,
The Pagan temple, and the Christian altar;
And now the Moslem will achieve the ruin.
[*Shriek heard without.*
What sound was that? A shriek—a female shriek—
Ah! Do my ears tell truth? Evanthe's shriek!
Another, and another! Let me fly
To see who dares e'en look on her with insult. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

A Street.

Enter Giustiniani, *forcing along* Evanthe.

Evan. O spare me, spare me! I am terrified,
Almost to madness; for sweet pity's sake
Leave me, and let me go.

Giust. Fair excellence,
Thou can'st not think in reason I should lose
A prize I've sighed for long, and now possess.
Or haply deem'st thou that this very morn

I did not mark thy cold accost, thy brow
Austere, thy lip disdainful—

Evan. By my soul's truth
I meant no slight—how could I, Sir?—to one
So brave, who ever has so much deserved
From my poor countrymen. You will not, then,
Bring such foul wrong upon the name of soldier?
Better respect my feebleness, your fame,
My virgin honour, and your spotless knighthood,
And be not thus resolved on my undoing.

Giust. Thy Grecian eloquence flows wondrous smooth,
And we will heighten it in the mantling juice
Of Tenedos—I've some hard by. On, on.

CONSTANTINE *meets them.*

Const. Unmannered dastard, if thou lov'st thy life,
Let go.

Giust. Who dares oppose Giustiniani?

Const. The Emperor of the Greeks. Obey thy Master.

Giust. My Master! hot-brained, raw, conceited youth,
Where in the narrow circle of thy knowledge
Hast thou e'er seen, or read, or heard it told,
A free Italian owned he had a Master?

Const. Nay, on my soul, thou shalt not lord it here;
This is not Genoa, nor the crowded quay
Where trafficking Patricians learn to cheat
In these new fangled arts of merchandize,
Which their brave fathers, like a leprosy,
Had scorned to approach; where men are taught to barter
For a close bargain, or a greedy gain,
The soul's unbought, unpractised honesty.

Evan. Oh! not for me, risk not so much for me;
You will offend him mortally.

Giust. I pray thee,
Check him not; we'll have all out. Hast thou done?
Is there no other insult to be heaped
On Italy, or on Giustiniani,

By this renowned and dreaded emperor,
Who owes him the last penny in his coffers?

Const. Peace, vain Ligurian, peace, insulting boaster,
While yet is time. What! is it come to this?
Must I be bearded in my capital?
Must Constantine in Constantinople brook
The scoffing of a needy partisan,
Whom he has so far honoured, as to take
Into his service?

Giust. What! it galls thee, does it?
And so then I've found out the flaw at last!
This faultless emperor, this godly hero,
Lacks somewhat of that vulgar virtue, patience.
I never knew that saints could be so waspish.

Const. A hireling should respect the hand that feeds him.

Giust. A sovereign should the arm that brings him safety.

Const. I scorn thy aid; I care not for thy presence.

Giust. That will be proved to-morrow.

Const. Do not think,
Bold as thou may'st be, wary as thou art,
A blessing can descend on any cause,
Espoused by such as thee. Can there be aught
In pride, licentiousness, and blasphemy,
Honoured or wholesome in the sight of Heaven?
In my forlorn and most afflicted state
I called on thee for aid: why did I that?
I knew thee brave; I thought thee generous.
Brave thou hast been, I know it, and I thank thee.
I did not look to find thee in my streets
A drunken bully, and a midnight brawler.

Evan. Avert this dreadful mischief, pitying powers!

Giust. Is there a pause? Can'st thou not give me more
From the last sermon that the patriarch read thee?

Const. Ay, sneer at truths thy thoughts can never reach;
Sneer on, but hear me while I swear to thee,
By the pure blood that boils within my veins,
By all the glories of the Roman purple—

Giust. The Roman purple! sure thou jestest now.

Those words recall the days when victory
Beneath her eagle banners flew untired
From the sun's cradle to his couch. See now
Europe and Asia round us; whose are they?
The Turk's. Whose vessels ride on yonder seas,
And choke the wide Propontis up? The Turk's.
Then view this battered, torn, and tottering city;
Who thunders at its gate? The Turk, the Turk.

Const. If it has pleased the high decree of Heaven
To chasten, to afflict, aye, e'en to crush me,
I bow; but let not living man forget,
While gazing on my shattered diadem,
Shrunk from the mighty compass of the world
To the poor bounds of one beleaguered city,
Within these walls he still defies a Cæsar.

Giust. Thou Cæsar! thou? the proud imperial name:
Why those that bore it were the lords of earth,
Whom in their depths the Hercynian forests heard,
And trembled; whom rough Gaul and haughty Spain
Appeased with proud submission; whom the Nile
Poured forth its willing granaries to feed;
Whom Parthia and remotest India feared.
But Thou! the monarch of some score of furlongs,
The mendicant of foreign aid, the scorn
Of factious citizens and cold allies;
And where thy sires gave laws, constrained to beg
Alms from the Goth, and pardon from a Priest.

Const. If thou wilt drive me to extremities,
If thou wilt force me to o'erleap all bounds,
Know that ——

Evan. Oh! hear me—If thy people's weal,
The safety of thy home and best-loved friends,
If my poor tears are nothing in thy eyes,
I yet do pray thee by that solemn rite
Thou hast this night partaken in; the vow
Of peace and pardon thou hast pledged; the cup
Thy lips have touched; forgive, and be forgiven.

Const. 'Tis rightly said; I dare not gainsay it.

Enter OFFICER.

Off. My liege, the scouts report there is a stir
Throughout the Turkish camp, as if of troops
Preparing to set forth.

Const. When the enemy
Is at our gates, all should be friends within.
Warrior, thy hand.

Giust. I will not give it thee.

Const. If in the strong excitement of my blood
My words have wronged you, and I feel they did,
I do intreat your pardon; I am hasty,
And easily inflamed. It grieves me sore:
Say you forget it.

Giust. With Giustiniani
Insult is never wont to pass so lightly.
But I am bound to fight for thee; my word
Shall be respected, tho' my aid is scorned.
To-morrow on the rampart I am still
Beneath your orders; when to-morrow's sun
Has set, my lot will be the grave, or Genoa.
Ay, Genoa!—I recall thy words; remember
A Genoese has not cheated thee. [*Exit.*

Evan. He is gone:
There's joy at least for that; but much I fear
He will not soon forgive this sore mischance,
Of which I've been the sad but innocent cause.

Const. Thou wrong'st him there, believe me, he is free
And reckless; but he will not harbour malice;
He is too brave for that.

Evan. Was he then brave,
When he assaulted a defenceless woman?
Or can we trust in man's poor fleeting valour,
When not sustained and sanctified by Heaven?

Const. O beautiful and good! again I hear
The charmed accents of thy voice, again
Gaze on the modest lustres of thine eye;
And e'en in this my life's last hour, as if

By some strange contrariety of fate,
Meet thee again, that we may part for ever.

Evan. Yet no; 'twere misery too great to happen.

Const. Nay, summon all the patient fortitude
That dwells, I know, beneath that gentle frame;
Bid me be all thy partial fancy paints me;
If I deserve it, say thou wilt approve;
And add to all that honour can enjoin,
The surer inspiration of thy wishes.

Evan. I cannot doubt thy merit; all I hope
Is thy success.

Const. That cannot, must not be.
Oh, rather join with me in gratitude,
That after an abused and erring life,
I have at least the privilege to die,
Where duty bids me, in my proper station.

Evan. How blest are all, whose destiny is death!
Ah! where shall they, whose more unhappy lot
Is to survive and suffer, find a refuge
In this rude season of calamity?
If then, and 'tis the best that can befall me,
I hide my sorrow in some cell recluse,
Or haunt of holy sisterhood, by war
And plunder's iron grasp unvisited,
'Mid days of prayer, and night-consuming vigils,
My soul shall cherish still thy pure remembrance,
And dare to mix thy name, whene'er it bends
Before its Maker's throne to sue forgiveness.

Const. But see, a streak of daylight in the East
Is feebly glimmering. My hour is come.
Farewell, I do not ask thee to forget;
Remember me with kindness, and be happy.

Enter LASCARIS *and* ALCIPHRON.

Alc. Arm, arm! the foe, the foe! I could descry,
As at the Golden Gate I kept my watch,
Long files of men with slow and silent tread
Advancing through the gloom; and the dark mass
Bears up on all parts to the wall.

Const. 'Tis well,
Our day's work has begun. Sound th' alarum loud.
Thou, Alciphron, must bear these tidings round.
Giustiniani and the spears of Genoa
Defend the gate of St. Romanus; line
The western rampart with the imperial guard.
The troops of Venice will protect the harbour.

Alc. Which is your post, my sovereign?

Const. Everywhere. [*Exit Alciphron.*
Lascaris, what day is't in the Calendar
That now begins to break?

Lasc. The twenty-ninth of May.

Const. A memorable day in future story;
A landmark in the annals of the world.
To us, I trust, who gaze upon its dawn,
A source of unalloyed and endless praise;
But to supine and sleeping Christendom,
A crying shame, a scandal, and a sin.

Evan. What was that sound, my brother?

Lasc. I heard none.

Const. Conduct thy sister home.

Evan. Too well I know
Its deep and sullen tone—and now again.

Const. I heard it then. It is the Moslem cannon. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—Scene I.

A Street or Square in Constantinople.

Enter Evanthe.

I cannot longer stay within; the air
Grew hot and stifling, and the fearful sounds
Pealed in my ears, and there was none to tell
What my soul pined to know. I will wait here:
Methinks the din of battle rolls less loud
This way; less frequent is the horrible crash

Of those abhorred engines, that mow down
Squadron, and wall, and tower, at one fell blow;
And fainter wax the shoutings and the groans.
Is slaughter gorged with victims? Does the foe
Prevail? Does Constantine? (Befriend him Heaven!)
But 'tis not possible; perhaps e'en now
He falls; the princely form, the eloquent brow,
The sceptered hand, are smeared with dust and gore,
And the Infidel is glad, and bears the corse
In triumph to his tent. Oh! for the wing*
Of the least bird that skims along the air!
How would I poise myself above the war,
View all the moving scene of strife beneath,
And quaff the sounds of havoc, as a strain,
Of some delicious music. Ah! who comes?

Enter MANUEL.

Are you from the walls, good Sir?

Man. I am, alas!
Fair lady; ay, and 'twas a sorry sight.

Evan. All is not over then?

Man. Not yet, but more
I hardly dare to add.

Evan. If I so far
Might trespass on your kindness, I should be
Thankful to hear what you have seen.

Man. I stood
Aloof upon a turret, with a few
Poor old disabled creatures like myself,
Who came to mark the fortunes of the day.
The plain without was covered o'er with troops
Innumerable, of motley arms and standards.
Their vanguard stretched along the trench; their guns
Were planted at the breaches' very mouth.
These opened first their voices: when the smoke
Had rolled away, I saw the fosse choked up
With the advancing foe; the foremost bands

* Sophocles, Œd. Col. 1080.

Were but the refuse of the host, who long
Crowded and heaved against the wall in vain.
Death met them every way; before them rose
The spear-gilt battlement, and in their rear
The impelling tide of countless multitudes
Rolled without check or intermission on.
Their bodies strewed a level path across
The murderous ditch; then with a thrilling shout
Sprang on their track the Anatolian bands;
Then all Romania's legions swelled the throng.
But nobly did they bear their part within,
With lance, and arrow, and the molten stream
Of the old Greek fire, upon their men and guns
And battering rams poured forth unsparingly.
In this dread period of suspense, I saw
The Sultan Mahomet; apart he sat
Upon a coal-black charger; in his hand
He swayed an iron mace, and sternly scanned
The issues of the conflict; round him stood
The executioners of his will, to urge,
To check, to slay. Wild music all the while,
Cymbal and trumpet, drum and ataball,
O'ercame the shrieks of pain, and fired the brave
To deeds of loftier prowess.

Evan. Can you tell
What in the meanwhile did the Emperor?

Man. I marked him well, 'twas early in the day,
And 'twas a sight my old eyes liked to look on.
His post was always where the strife waxed warmest.
With steady eye he watched; with cheerful voice
Encouraged; fought with high deliberate valour.
Where'er he came the troops outdid themselves,
And the full trench o'erflowed with added deaths.
I missed him afterwards; they said his presence
Was needed at the harbour, where the fleet
Are urging an assault, scarce less terrible
Than that which shakes the land.

Evan. The danger there
Cannot be quite so imminent?

Man. I know not,

But by the noisy echoes of the guns
It seems no post of ease.

Evan. Where you remained
What further did ensue?

Man. There came at length
A pause in the attack; our stout defence
Had not once flagged: we almost dared to hope,
When, at a signal from the impatient Sultan,
His chosen guard the Janizaries rose,
Ten thousand strong—Oh! who can paint that onset?
'Twas like the lion springing from his lair—
'Twas like the whirlwind sweeping o'er the Euxine.
They came, their many-folded turbans waving,
And their bared scymitars flashing vividly.
But more than this, thus helpless and unarmed,
I could not wait to see; tho' much I fear,
E'en while I speak, we are no more a people.

Evan. O land of blooming plains, and smiling seas,
Of balmy breezes, and of cloudless skies,
My native Greece! no more my feet shall range
In happy freedom o'er thy varied scenes
Of past renown, and living loveliness.
No more my voice amid the virgin choir,
At evening by the wooded Bosphorus,
Shall swell the burthen of my country's songs.
Our harps and lutes may still be softly tuned;
The wild play of the waves will still look free
And joyful; but the Greek must be a slave.

Man. Hark to yon shout—it comes this way—there, near,
And nearer yet—and here is one who runs
Half-madly past.

Enter ALEXIUS.

Alex. The foe has gained the breach.
Where is the Emperor? If he appear not,
Our men will fly.

Man. By the harbour, as I guess.
[*Exit Alexius.*
What boots it now? This is no place for you,

Soft maiden, for the tide comes rushing on
And will o'erwhelm whatever crosses it.

Evan. But whither shall I fly? or how avoid it?
My head is quite confused, and would not serve
To guide me through the most familiar paths;
Much less in this wild tumult.

Man. I remember
There is hard by a humble dwelling-place,
Whose tenant is a lone and widowed woman;
She will not shut her door against distress,
For she has felt it keenly; if you will,
We will ask shelter of her.

Evan. Kind Sir, willingly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SOLDIERS, *flying.*

1*st Sol.* Fly, fly! The Turks are close behind us, fly!

2*nd Sol.* Fly, Mahomet is in the city, fly!

Enter CONSTANTINE, *meeting them.*

Const. Back, back! what would ye do? What brings ye here?
The rampart is your post. Why d'ye leave it?
Ye would not surely fly?

1*st Sol.* No, if we could
Longer maintain our stand.

2*nd Sol.* The enemy
Has gained the wall.

Const. Peace, croaking, craving dastard!
Back to your post. The man that does not turn
Shall find in me a Turk—back, back, I say;
I follow ye to fight, and if ye choose,
To conquer still. That's well; again ye know
Your duty. [*Exeunt soldiers.*
Heavenly powers! Do I see right?
By yon dark avenue—(can I mistake?)
The form of Giustiniani moves this way,
Retreating. If they should but see him now
'Tis sure perdition. Oh! unmeasured baseness.
I must prevent him.

Enter GIUSTINIANI.

Does Giustiniani
Desert his post, and leave the war to others?

Giust. A wound disables me; a ball has pierced
My gauntlet through, as all this streaming blood
Can testify. I go to find a leech.

Const. Time was, the leader of the troops of Genoa
Would not have quailed before so slight a smart.

Giust. A smart! it tortures me. I've had enough,
And must pass.

Const. Nay, think better on't.

Giust. I've said it.

Const. Hear me: I, an Emperor—
I was one—on these knees, that never yet—
No matter that—thus humbled, low, and prostrate,
With prayers, with groans, with anguish of the soul,
I do implore thee by each tie that's binding,
A soldier's honour, and a Christian's pity,
Once more turn back, and yield not to despair.

Giust. Loose me, 'tis useless.

Const. By the womb that bore,
The land that reared, and by the God that made thee,
Desert me not in my extremity.

Giust. Reserve thy breath to supplicate the Turks
For mercy; thou wilt need it of them soon;
I stay not for them.

Const. Look on me—me, Constantine—
Last night I spoke to thee injuriously;
Revenge thyself with interest; insult
And spurn me; trample on my crowned head,
Call me a beggar, hypocrite, and coward;—
Let not my soldiers see thee turn and flee.

Giust. Nor heaven, nor earth, the living or the dead,
Could now prevail on me to face again
The fury of that merciless assault.
will not back.

Const. Thou wilt not?

Giust. No: and thus
The cheating Latin bids farewell to Cæsar. [*Exit.*

Const. He goes, and all my hope is gone with him.
Hence, unavailing helm—hence, useless buckler—
Lie there, and perish in the general ruin.
Thou only, my true sword, whose tempered worth
Ne'er yet has failed me in my country's battles,
Come with me to her bloodiest, and her last.
Cleave me a way thro' yon blaspheming ranks:
Hew down th' insulting infidel before me:
And ere Constantinople is no more,
Pile me a tomb within the walls I love.
And thou, my God, whom ever with sincere,
Tho' all unworthy service, I have sought
To honour; 'mid these sights and sounds of strife,
Look down with mercy on my parting soul;
And give me, ere I leave a sinning world,
Thy peace, thy pardon, and a soldier's grave.
Now for the Cross and Constantinople! [*Rushes out.*

ALCIPHRON *and* THEODORE *meet.*

Alc. Stay, valiant Theodore, 'tis useless all;
That way you meet the foe, in his first flush
Of fury, goaded by his long repulse,
And maddened by his triumph.

Theo. Yonder too
They've made another entry near the harbour;
Their eager bands pass thro' the Phenar gate,
And will inclose us soon.

Alc. You cannot picture
Half of the horrors that are acting round us.
In every street and house with impious shouts
They call on Alla's name, and slay; the ways
Are choked with murdered men, and ransacked bales
Of costly goods; the channels stream with blood;
The Turk sheds Christian blood, and Europe's silent.

Theo. Is Mahomet within the walls?

Alc. He is;
He passed in triumph thro' the battered gate

Of St. Romanus; at his side were ranged
The rulers of his towns and provinces;
His guards, gigantic and invincible,
Followed in long array, and still they shouted
Glory to Alla, and his holy Prophet.
Unseen I watched him as he passed; 'twas strange
To mark his savage wonder, while he viewed
Our streets, our rich bazaars, and palaces,
Statues, and columns, and tall obelisks,
That told of long obliterated glories.

Theo. And what of Constantine?

Alc. I have not seen him.

Theo. If still he lives, then, let us search him out.
We yet may share his fortune, or, if death
Has laid him low, give him at least a grave. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MANUEL, EVANTHE, *and* THOMAIS.

Man. Come forth: we must not tarry here; the flames
Are kindled in this quarter, and will gain
Apace upon us.

Thom. Whither would'st thou go?
Is it not, then, enough that I have lost
A son and husband in this cruel siege?
May I not die in peace?

Evan. Alas! what sounds
Are these? I hear the tramp of armed men,
Their shouts, and shrieks of men in agony.
'Mid what new terrors would'st thou hurry us?

Man. The fire must kill, but man may show some pity.

Thom. 'Tis false. They killed my boy—did they show pity then?
But I have buried him. They cannot touch him;
There's comfort in that thought. They may dispose
Of the poor withered trunk, as best it suits them.

Man. Much grief, I fear, like great prosperity,
But renders us more selfish. Look on her,
That soft and helpless maid! Can we leave her
Exposed to the rude grasp of violent men,
Or to the scorching flame? We'll on together,

And haply we shall reach the sanctuary
Of St. Sophia: that majestic shrine
Would even teach an infidel forbearance.

Enter ISMAEL *and Turks.*

Ism. Hold there! ye are my captives; seize the maid,
And bear her to my tent without the walls.

Evan. Oh! mercy—as you hope to find it—mercy.

Man. If you believe there is a God in nature,
Oh! wrong not—

Ism. Peace, old man, or I will pluck
Thy cursed officious tongue forth. Bear her off,
And guard her till I come.

Enter CARAZES, *and Turks.*

Car. Ismael, the Sultan,
Has charged me with his high command, to see
That all the female captives are conveyed
To the great church; they call it St. Sophia.
There he will choose his portion, and divide
The rest among his captains; Ismael's share
Of spoil in battle won will not be least.

Ism. I would have rather chosen for myself;
But I suppose one Christian's like another.
The Sultan is obeyed. Fulfil your orders.
Onward, my lusty men. May Alla guide
Our path aright, where booty lies the thickest. [*Exit.*

Car. It grieves me that we meet again together
In such a stern relation, gentle lady;
To your great temple I will guide you safely;
There 'mid the throng of all your countrywomen,
Your partners in this day's calamity,
My orders bid me leave you; but I trust
My father's influence may thenceforth insure
Your safety and your honour.

Evan. You are most kind
Ask him concerning Constantine. [*To Man.*]

Man. Forgive,
If by your courteous bearing thus made bold,

I ask, brave foeman, whether you know aught
Of Constantine Palæologus.

Car. I do.
Not long ago I found myself entàngled
Among a crowd of combatants; most were Turks,
And the Greek Emperor was in the midst.
Ever as I looked his bare head I saw
Tost to and fro, and his bright sword unsheathed,
Dealing out deaths by handfuls: on a sudden
I saw them not. Ere I could reach the place,
The tide of battle carried me away.
Of this be sure, he died; and such a death
Who envies not?

Evan. Thy will be done, O God!

Man. O death magnificent!

Car. I must again
Remind you that I act not for myself.
If aught then in your ears should sound more harsh
Than may beseem a generous enemy,
Let me be held excused. We must not loiter.

Man. You 're pale, my child, and tremble; lean on me.

Evan. One moment stay, and I shall then have strength
To move. The history of my life is o'er,
A brief, a sad one, but I would not change it
For all that happiness e'er had to offer.
I will not keep you longer, noble foe;
If my poor desolate heart had words to speak,
You then would know it did not feel ungrateful.
My kind old friends, misfortune draws us near
To one another; lead on now, I follow. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LASCARIS, *speaking to those without.*

Here is a vacant space, my father; here
In safety he may rest awhile.

Enter PHRANZA, ALCIPHRON, THEODORE, *bearing along* CONSTANTINE.

Phran. Then gently,
Let him down gently here.

Alc. O piteous sight!

Theo. He opes his eyes.

Const. My faithful Phranza, speak,
For all looks misty to my failing eyes;
Tell me what gleams o'er St. Sophia's dome?

Phran. Alas! my Emperor, the Turkish crescent.

Const. Then have I lived enough. I do not doubt,
All-righteous Heaven, no, I do not doubt
Thy still-controlling providence; thou seest
The Moslem's triumph and the Christian's fall;
Thou seest thy shrine profaned, and this fair city
The prey of robbers—but our sins deserved it.

Phran. Exhaust not all your strength; yet think of comfort.

Const. Yes, I will think of comfort—even now,
In this dread hour, amid my vanished empire,
My people's anguish, and the spoiler's yells,
While my own life-blood fast is ebbing from me,
I yet will think of comfort. No, thou wilt not,
Lord of all mercy, hide thy face for ever.
The time shall come (believe a dying man),
The time shall come, when yon insulting victor,
In his dominion's fierce career, shall know
The mighty retribution—when a people,
Goaded by wrongs beyond a slave's endurance,
Shall waken, first to feeling, then to freedom—
When Greece (for, oh! the glorious, stirring vision
Is borne yet stronger on my parting soul),
When trampled, roused, regenerated Greece,
Shall wield her ancient faulchion; when the Cross
Shall rear its hallowed banner o'er the nations,
And Europe shout above the vanquished Crescent.
Heaven take my soul! [*Dies.*

Phran. Last of the Greeks, farewell!

TWO LECTURES,

DELIVERED TO THE

LEEDS MECHANICS' INSTITUTION AND LITERARY SOCIETY,

DECEMBER 5TH AND 6TH, 1850.

LECTURE I.

ON THE POETRY OF POPE.

I HAVE undertaken to read a paper on "The Poetry of Pope." My hearers, however, will be sorely disappointed, and my own purpose will have been singularly misconstrued, if any expectation should exist that I am about to bring any fresh matter or information to the subject with which I am about to deal. Such means of illustration, I trust, may be amply supplied by Mr. Croker, who has announced a new edition of Pope—a task for which both his ability and his long habits of research appear well to qualify him. As little is it within either my purpose or my power to present you with any novelty of view, or originality of theory, either upon poetry in general, or the poetry of Pope in particular. The task that I have ventured, perhaps rashly, to impose upon myself, has a much more simple, and, I am willing to hope, less personal aim.

It is briefly this—It has seemed to me for a very long time, I should say from about the period of my own early youth, that the character and reputation of Pope, as a poet, had sunk, in general contemporary estimation, considerably below their previous and their proper level. I felt ruffled at this, as an injustice to an author whom my childhood had been taught to admire, and whom the verdict of my maturer reason approved. I lamented this, because I thought that the extent of this depreciation on the one side, and of the preferences which it necessarily produced on the other, must have a tendency to mislead the public taste, and to misdirect the powers of our rising minstrels.

I allow myself the satisfaction of thinking that there are already manifest some symptoms of that reaction, which, whenever real merit or essential truth is concerned, will always ensue upon unmerited depression. I remember, too, that it gave me quite a refreshing sensation to find, during my travels in the United States of America, that among some of the most literary and cultivated portions of that great community (although I would not more implicitly trust

to Young America than I would to Young England upon this point), the reverence for Pope still partook largely of the sounder original faith of the parent land. I fear, however, that there is still enough of heresy extant among us to justify one who considers himself a true worshipper, who almost bows to the claim of this form of Popish infallibility, in making such efforts as may be within his power to win back any doubtful or hesitating votary to the abandoned shrine.

The attitude, then, in which I appear before you on the present occasion, is this—I look on myself as a counsel, self-constituted it is true, but for whose sincerity the absence of any fee may be considered as a sufficient guarantee; and here, then, in the short space which can be allowed by this court for the business of the defence, I consider myself bound to put before you such pleas as I may think best calculated to get a verdict from you on my side of the case.

The best plan which, as it appears to me, I can adopt for disarming any reasonable suspicion on the part of my jurors (all, I feel sure, candid and enlightened men), as well as for doing justice to my own character as a critic, is to state frankly what I do not claim for my client, the late Alexander Pope. I do not, then, pretend to place him on the very highest pedestal of poetry, among the few foremost of the tuneful monarchs and lawgivers of mankind. Confining ourselves to our own country, I do not, of course, ask you to put him on a level with the universal, undisputed, unassailable supremacy of Shakspeare—nor with Milton, of whom Mr. Macaulay, whom this town once honoured itself by making its representative, has lately thus beautifully spoken:—

"A mightier spirit, unsubdued by pain, danger, poverty, obloquy, and blindness, meditated, undisturbed by the obscene tumult which raged all around, a song so sublime and so holy, that it could not have misbecome the lips of those ethereal beings whom he saw, with that inner eye which no calamity could darken, flinging down on the jasper pavement their crowns of amaranth and gold."

I fancy that some might wish to make a further reserve for the gentle fancy of Spenser, though the obsolete character of much of his phraseology, and the tediousness inseparable from all forms of sustained allegory, must, I apprehend, in these days, very considerably contract the number of his readers. Nay, I can quite allow for the preference being given to Pope's more immediate predecessor, Dryden, whose compositions, though assuredly less finished and complete, undoubtedly exhibit a more nervous vein of argumentative power, and a greater variety of musical rhythm. When I have mentioned these august names, I have mentioned all, writing in the English tongue, who, in my humble apprehension, can possibly be classed before Pope.

I may observe, that in this estimate I appear to be confirmed by the pre-

sent Commissioners of Fine Arts, who, in selecting the Poets from whose works subjects for six vacant spaces in the new Palace of Westminster were to be executed by living artists, named Chaucer (who by his antiquity as well as his merits was properly appointed to lead the line of English bards), Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, and Pope.

Though I conceive, and you will readily concur, that the case I am endeavouring to make good must be mainly established by my client's own precise words—and the anticipated pleasure of quoting them to attentive ears has been, perhaps, my chief inducement to undertake the office which I am now fulfilling—yet I consider it will not be out of place for the object I have in view, especially before an audience of a nation which much delights in, and is indeed much ruled by precedent, if I should quote a few approved authorities (had time permitted, I might have availed myself of a great number), merely for the purpose of showing that, if you should be pleased to side with me in this issue, we shall find ourselves in company of which we shall have no need to be ashamed.

I shall also thus furnish a proof of what I have stated above, that I am not straining after originality or novelty of remark; indeed, I feel that I shall make way in proportion as the testimony I adduce proceeds from lips more trustworthy than my own.

What says Savage, a poet himself of irregular, but no mean genius? He thus speaks of Pope:—

"Though gay as mirth, as curious thought sedate,
As elegance polite, as power elate,
Profound as reason, and as justice clear,
Soft as persuasion, yet as truth severe,
As bounty copious, as persuasion sweet,
Like nature various, and like art complete;
So fine her morals, so sublime her views,
His life is almost equalled by his muse."

Part of this commendation, I must admit, appears even to me overstrained. Some of Pope's compositions are marred by occasional coarseness and indelicacy; and his mind and character, I fear it must be allowed, were at times disfigured by envy, resentment, and littleness. Compared, however, with most of his predecessors of the reign of Charles II., and with many of his own contemporaries, both his muse and his life may have been deemed decent and severe. He seems himself, at all events, to have indulged in this estimate of the tenor of his own productions:—

"Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one honest man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear."

I return to my authorities.

I do not quote Bishop Warburton, as he was the avowed apologist, as well as executor and editor, of Pope.

Dr. Joseph Warton, who wrote an essay on the genius and writings of Pope, chiefly with a view of proving what I have admitted above, that he ought not to be ranked in the highest class of our native poets, and who appears to wish, as I certainly do not, to have a hit at him whenever he can, concedes, however, thus much to him :—

"In the species of poetry wherein Pope excelled, he is superior to all mankind, and I only say that this species of poetry is not the most excellent one of the art. He is the great poet of reason, the first of ethical authors in verse."

Dr. Johnson, in his well-known and most agreeable life of Pope, says thus :—

"Of his intellectual character, the constituent and fundamental principle was good sense;" and then, "Pope had likewise genius—a mind active, ambitious, and adventurous, always investigating, always aspiring, in its widest searches longing to go forward, in its highest flights still wishing to be higher."

And at the close of the masterly contrast which he draws between Dryden and Pope, he thus sums it up :—

"If the flights of Dryden are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing; if of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope is the heat more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it; Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight."

Mason, also a poet and very accomplished man, who had done so much in editing and illustrating the works of another most eminent and admirable master of his art (I refer to Gray), has shown what an exalted estimate he had formed of Pope, in the passage where he reproaches him, and justly reproaches him, for the undue praise which he had lavished on the famous Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke—

"Call we the shade of Pope from that blest bower,
Where throned he sits with many a tuneful sage;
Ask, if he ne'er repents that luckless hour,
When St. John's name illumined glory's page.

Ask, if the wretch who dared his honour stain,
Ask, if his country's, his religion's foe,
Deserved the wreath that Marlboro' failed to gain,
The deathless meed he only could bestow!"

George, Lord Lyttleton, another poet himself, calls him "The sweetest and most elegant of English poets, the severest chastiser of vice, and the most persuasive teacher of wisdom."

How speaks Campbell, the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," and "The Battle of the Baltic?" If any one is entitled to speak of what true poetry is, that right will not be denied to Thomas Campbell. He calls Pope "a genuine poet," and says with true discrimination:—

"The public ear was long fatigued with repetitions of his manner; but if we place ourselves in the situation of those to whom his brilliancy, succinctness, and animation were wholly new, we cannot wonder at their being captivated to the fondest admiration."

I will only further cite from the poets whom many of us remember in our own day, one still more illustrious name. The fervid, wayward, irregular muse of Lord Byron, presented the strongest points of contrast with the measured, even, highly-trained, smoothly-polished temperament of Pope. What did Lord Byron think of Pope? He terms him, "The most perfect and harmonious of poets—he who, having no fault, has had reason made his reproach. It is this very harmony which has raised the vulgar and atrocious cant against him—[Lord Byron was fond of using strong language]—because his versification is perfect, it is assumed that it is his only perfection; because his truths are so clear, it is asserted that he has no invention; and because he is always intelligible, it is taken for granted that he has no genius. I have loved and honoured the fame and name of that illustrious and unrivalled man, far more than my own paltry renown, and the trashy jingle of that crowd of schools and upstarts who pretend to rival or even surpass him. Sooner than a single leaf should be torn from his laurel, it were better that all which these men, and that I, as one of their set, have ever written, should line trunks."

There is another and more general testimony to the reputation at least, if not to the actual merits of Pope, which may be here mentioned; this is the extent to which his lines are quoted as familiar maxims and illustrations of the daily incidents of life, and the common meanings of men—quoted often probably by persons who have little knowledge or recollection where the words are to be found. I am inclined to believe that, in this respect, and it is one not to be considered slightingly, he would be found to occupy the second place, next, of course, to the universal Shakspeare himself. Allow me to cite a few instances.

When there has been a pleasant party of people, either in a convivial or intellectual view—I wish we might think it of our meeting this evening—we say that it has been—

"The feast of reason, and the flow of soul."

How often are we warned—I have sometimes even heard the warning addressed to Mechanics' Institutes, that—

"A little learning is a dangerous thing!"

How often reminded,

"An honest man's the noblest work of God!"

Or, with nearly the same meaning,

"Who taught the useful science, to be good."

There is a couplet which I ought to carry in my own recollection—

"What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards."

It is an apt illustration of the offices of hospitality—

"Welcome the coming, speed the going guest."

How familiar is the instruction,

"To look, through Nature, up to Nature's God!"

As rules with reference to composition,

"The last and greatest art, the art to blot."
"To snatch a grace beyond the reach of art;"

And then, as to the best mode of conveying the instruction,

"Men must be taught as if you taught them not."

There is the celebrated definition of wit,

"True wit is nature to advantage dressed;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."

Do you want to illustrate the importance of early education? You observe,

"Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

Do you wish to characterize ambition somewhat favourably? You call it

"The glorious fault of angels and of gods."

Or, describing a great conqueror,

"A mighty hunter, and his prey was man."

Do you seek the safest rule for architecture or gardening?

"Consult the genius of the place in all."

Or, with exquisite good sense,

"'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
And splendour borrows all her rays from sense."

Are you tempted to say anything rather severe to your wife or daughter, when she insists on a party of pleasure, or an expensive dress? You tell her

"That every woman is at heart a rake."

And then, if you wish to excuse your own submission, you plead—

"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all."

How often are we inclined to echo the truth,

"That fools rush in where angels fear to tread!"

And this too,

"That gentle dulness often loves a joke."

Who has not felt this to be true—

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest?"

When an orator, or a Parliamentary candidate—in which last capacity I have often appeared before some of you—wishes to rail at absolute governments, he talks of

"The monstrous faith of many made for one."

Then there are two maxims, one in politics and one in religion, which have both been extensively found fault with; but the very amount of censure proves what alone I am now attempting to establish, not the truth or justice of Pope's words, but their great vogue and currency—

"For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administered is best."

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

It is now time to judge Pope from his own works, by which, of course, his place in the estimate of posterity must finally stand.

I shall pass hurriedly by his earlier compositions. He tells us himself of the precocity of his genius:

"I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

But his very youthful productions, on the whole, appear to be more remarkable for their dates than their intrinsic merits. He wrote his Pastorals at sixteen. Independently of the age at which they were written, they appear to me trivial, forced, out of keeping with the English soil and life to which they are by way of being assigned. One piece of praise is justly their due; after the publication of these verses by a youth, we may call him a boy of sixteen, I do not see why a rugged or inharmonious English verse need ever again have been written; and, what is more, I believe very few such have been written. Mr. Macaulay says on this point—"From the time when the Pastorals appeared, heroic versification became matter of rule and compass, and before long all artists were on a level." It was surely better that this level should be one upon which the reader could travel smoothly along, without jolts or stumbles.

In the short poem of "The Messiah," I do justice to the stately flow of verse upon the highest of human themes. Both Dr. Johnson and Dr. Warton give it a decided preference over the "Pollio" of Virgil, which is concerned with to-

pics of close and wonderful similarity. I do not know how far they are right, but I feel quite sure that both the "Pollio" of Virgil and "The Messiah" of Pope, fall immeasurably below the prose translation of Isaiah in our Bibles.

"Windsor Forest" appears to be on the whole a cold production. It contains some good lines on the poet Earl of Surrey—

> "Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
> Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance;"

an extremely pretty account of the flight and plumage of a pheasant, a very poetical list of the tributaries of the Thames, and some well-sounding verses on the Peace of Utrecht, then recently concluded, from which in the early part of this year I was induced to quote some lines which I thought very apposite to the proposed Exhibition of the Industry of all nations, at London, in 1851:

> "The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,
> Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
> Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
> And seas but join the regions they divide;
> Earth's distant ends our glories shall behold,
> And the new world launch forth to meet the old."

The Odes written by Pope are decidedly of an inferior caste—I need not say how inferior to the immortal "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," by Dryden, who preceded, or how inferior to Gray or Campbell, who have followed him. The Ode, perhaps, of every species of poetical composition, was the most alien to the genius of Pope; its character is rapt, vehement, abrupt; his is composed, polished, methodical; his haunt would not be the mountain top, or the foaming cataract, but the smooth parterre and the gilded saloon. You may prefer one bent of mind, as you would one form of scenery; the question with which I now invite you to deal is, not in what style Pope wrote, but in the style which he chose, and for which his nature best fitted him, how far he excelled.

Among the very youthful productions of Pope, there were also some adaptations from Chaucer, Ovid, and one or two more ancient authors; in point of execution they are only distinguished by their smooth versification, and the matter of them ought to have forbidden the attempt.

In speaking as I have done of many of Pope's earlier compositions, however I may assume myself to be a devoted admirer—partisan, if you should so please to term it—I conceive that I have at least shown that hitherto I am no indiscriminate praiser, who thinks that everything which proceeds from his favourite must be perfect. On the contrary, though his facility in writing verses was almost precocious, the complete mastery of his art seems to have been gradually and laboriously developed. "So regular my rage," was the

description which he has himself applied to his own poetry. It was not so much "the pomp and prodigality of heaven," which have been allotted to a few; it was rather, in the edifice of song which he has reared, that nicety of detail, and that completeness of finish, where every stroke of the hammer tells, and every nail holds its exact place.

His early friend and admirer, Walsh, seems accurately to have discerned the path of excellence which was open for him, when he told him that there was one way in which he might excel any of his predecessors, which was by correctness; for, though we had before him several great poets, we could boast of none that were perfectly correct. Pope justified the advice; and if correctness is not the highest praise to which a poet can aspire, it is no mean distinction to show how an author can be almost faultlessly correct, and almost as invariably the reverse of all that is tame, mean, or flat.

There come, however, among compositions which in any one else would most strictly be called early, a few which will not bear to be dismissed with such a hasty or superficial notice. The "Essay on Criticism" was written when he was twenty or twenty-one years old, and as such it appears a positive marvel. But he had now entered a field on which he was quite a master—the domain of good sense and of good taste, applied to the current literature of a scholar, and the common topics of life.

Very soon after, however, as if to show that, if he had willed it, he could have exercised as full a mastery over the region of light fancy and sportive imagery as of sober reflection and practical wisdom, he wrote what is termed a heroi-comic poem, "The Rape of the Lock." Dr. Johnson calls this the most exquisite example of ludicrous poetry, though I do not think the word ludicrous a happy epithet of the Doctor's; Dr. Warton calls it the best satire extant; and we are told that Pope himself considered the intermixture of the machinery of the sylphs with the action of the story as the most successful exertion of his art. As my business to-night is more with Pope on the whole as a poet than with the details and the conduct of his single poems, I must not suffer myself to linger on the details of this delicious work. It is so finished and nicely fitted together, that it would scarcely answer to separate any isolated passages from the context; besides, exquisite as the entire poem is, yet, the subject being professedly trivial, any single extract might appear deficient in importance and dignity. The whole is as sparkling as the jewelled cross upon the bosom of the heroine,—

> "On her white breast a sparkling cross she bore,
> Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore."

It is as stimulating as the pinch of snuff he so compactly describes,

> "The pungent grains of titillating dust."

But there was one other chord of the poetic lyre which Pope, still young in years, had yet to show his power to strike, and it is the most thrilling in the whole compass of song—the poetry of the passions and the heart. To this class I assign the "Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady," and the ever memorable "Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard." A few words will suffice here for the Elegy; its moral tendency cannot be defended, as it appears, incidentally at least, to excuse and consecrate suicide. In its execution it combines in a high degree poetic diction with pathetic feeling. Let me repeat the concluding lines:—

> "Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
> Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
> E'en he whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
> Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
> Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
> And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
> Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
> The Muse forgot, and thou beloved no more."

I must pause longer on the "Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard." I ought, however, before I give vent to the full glow of panegyric, to make two admissions; one, that a sensitive delicacy would have avoided the subject; the other, that the matter is not original, but is supplied in great degree by the actual letters of the distinguished and unfortunate pair who gave their name to the epistle. Where the adaptation, however, is so consummate, this makes a very slight deduction from the merit of the author. The poem is not long, but in point of execution it appears to me one of the most faultless of human compositions: every thought is passion, and every line is music. The struggle between aspiring piety and forbidden love forms its basis, and the scenery and accessories of monastic life and the Roman Catholic ritual furnish a background highly congenial, solemn, and picturesque.

I must endeavour to justify my panegyric by a few quotations. The commendation of letter-writing is well known. It seems to me still more applicable since the introduction of the penny stamp:—

> "Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
> Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
> They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
> Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
> The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
> Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart;
> Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
> And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole."

I give the description of the convent founded by Abelard:—

"You raised these hallowed walls; the desert smiled,
And Paradise was opened in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here bribe the rage of ill-requited heaven;
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise."

There is the same scene coloured by Eloisa's own state of mind:—

"But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence and a dread repose.
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror o'or the woods."

This is surely eminently poetic and expressive.

She refers to the happier destiny of the nun who is entirely true to her vocation:—

"How happy is the blameless vestal's lot,
The world forgetting, by the world forgot!
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
Each prayer accepted, and each wish resigned;
Labour and rest that equal periods keep,
Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;
Desires composed, affections ever even,
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heaven."

Let me give the description of her first acquaintance with Abelard:—

"Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When love approached me under friendship's name;
My fancy formed thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' All-beauteous mind.
Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd; heaven listened while you sung,
And truths divine came mended from that tongue."

In that beautiful line, the force of human passion seems to obtain the mastery over the concerns of another life; but I will close my extracts from this

poem with the wishes she forms for their last meeting, in which piety appears finally to predominate over passion:—

"Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
And smoothe my passage to the realms of day.
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my lost breath, and catch my flying soul!
Ah no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand,
The hallowed taper *trembling* in thy hand."

(You remark all the force in that word "trembling:" in the next line, observe how the words "present" and "lifted" carry on the drama of the scene):—

"*Present* the cross before my *lifted* eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die;
Ah then, thy once-loved Eloisa see:
It will be then no crime to gaze on me."

(That is, I think, a highly impassioned and pathetic line.)

"See from my cheek the transient roses fly,"

("Transient," in the literal meaning of the word, passing off,)

"See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
'Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er,
And ev'n my Abelard be loved no more.
O death, all eloquent! you only prove,
What dust we doat on when 'tis man we love."

It would be a strange omission, in an estimate of the poetical achievements of Pope, to make no mention of his translation of Homer, though the fact of its being a translation, and its length, would both rather put it beyond the limits of my present criticism. Dr. Johnson calls his Iliad, and I am inclined to believe with no more than perfect truth, the noblest version of poetry which the world has ever seen. The main objection alleged against it is, that, being a professed translation of Homer, it is not Homeric—that it is full of grace and sparkle, but misses the unmatched simplicity and majesty of that great father of verse—that, if I may so express myself, it has not the twang of Homer. All this, I think, must be admitted; by some the poems of Sir Walter Scott, and old ballads like Chevy Chase, have been thought to convey a better notion of this Homeric twang than can be gathered from all the polished couplets of Pope. Cowper (an honoured name) tried a more literal version in blank verse, which certainly may be said to represent more closely at least the simplicity of the original. Let us, however, come to the practical test—as Lord Byron has asked concerning these two translations, "Who can ever read Cowper, and who will ever lay down Pope, except for the original?

As a child I first read Pope's Homer with a rapture which no subsequent work could ever afford, and children are not the worst judges of their own language." It is no mean praise that it is the channel which has conveyed the knowledge of Homer to the general English public—not to our scholars, of course. Though it is far less to the purpose how I felt about this as a child, than how Lord Byron felt, I too remember the days (I fear, indeed, that the anecdote will savour of egotism, but I must not mind the imputation of egotism, if it illustrates my author), when I used to learn Pope's Iliad by heart behind a screen, while I was supposed to be engaged on lessons of more direct usefulness; and I fancy that I was under the strange hallucination at the time that I had got by heart the first four books. I do not mention this as a profitable example, but in order to show the degree in which this translation was calculated to gain the mastery over the youthful mind.

All the poems of Pope, to which I have already referred, belong to that period of life which, in all ordinary cases, would be called youth. I believe that they must have been nearly altogether completed before he was thirty. Those which I may further have to quote from (in doing which I shall hardly think it necessary to observe so much separate order between the different poems as heretofore), were the fruits of his matured years and settled powers. They henceforth fall under one class of composition, that which treats of men, their manners, and their morals; they are comprised under the titles of satires and moral essays. He himself speaks of the bent which his genius now adopted,

> "That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
> But stooped to truth, and moralized his song."

Upon which I again feel happy to find myself in full acquiescence with Lord Byron, who says, "He should have written, *rose* to truth. In my mind the highest of all poetry is ethical poetry, as the highest of all earthly subjects must be moral truth."

Lord Bolingbroke and Bishop Atterbury, certainly no mean judges of intellectual merit, declared that the strength of Pope's genius lay eminently and peculiarly in satire. What shall I, then, single out as an illustration of his satiric vein? The character of Lord Hervey, under the name of Sporus, is cited by Lord Byron as a specimen of his rich fancy (generally, but most erroneously, assumed to be the quality in which Pope was chiefly deficient), and with this specimen of fancy Lord Byron defied all his own contemporaries to compete. That it does manifest injustice at least to the abilities of Lord Hervey, will be acknowledged by all who have read his very entertaining memoirs lately published; but moreover, able and brilliant as it is, it is too disagreeable to repeat. Let me quote, then, his famous character of Addison, who had given offence to him, whether with good reason or not it is no part

of my present purpose, nor would it be in my power to decide. Pope thought that Addison had treated him slightingly and superciliously, and I believe took specially amiss the kind of notice he had bestowed upon the "Rape of the Lock." He speaks of him under the name of Atticus; you will remark the consummate skill with which he first does justice to his genius, and then detracts from its lustre. It is also a great proof of the cleverness of the satire, that, sincere as our respect is both for the genius and character of Addison, it is impossible to go through this piece of dissection without believing that it must have touched upon some points of real soreness.

"Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like Cato, give his little Senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!"

Then I will take the character of the able, versatile, and unprincipled Duke of Wharton:—

"Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise:
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies:
Tho' wondering senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.

[This couplet has been applied to the celebrated Mr. Sheridan, and does not ill suit the author of the speeches on Warren Hastings' trial, and "The School for Scandal."]

Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart,
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And most contemptible, to shun contempt;
His passion still, to covet general praise,
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty which no friend has made;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves,
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool."

I have given the characters of two men; fairness demands that at least I should give you one of a woman. I take that of Chloe, which, unlike the two last, has not, that I am aware, been ascertained to belong to any actual person, but most of us all will feel that we have known people to whom some parts of it at least might fit:—

"Yet Chloe sure was formed without a spot—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
'With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
Say what does Chloe want?' She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
But never, never reach'd one generous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair.
Forbid it heav'n, a favour or a debt
She e'er should cancel! but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
Of all her Dears she never slander'd one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her footman put it in her head.

Chloe is prudent!—Would you too be wise,
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies."

Having thus attempted to do justice to Pope's powers of satire, I must not omit to mention what I consider to be another of his felicities almost of an opposite character, though I have perceived with pleasure since I noted this topic, that I have been anticipated in the same line of remark by the late Mr. Hazlitt; I say with pleasure, because that ingenious person was one of the guides and favourites of a school the most opposed in theory and practice to that of Pope; I allude to the extreme tact, skill, and delicacy with which he conveys a compliment, and frequently embodies in one pregnant line or couplet a complete panegyric of the character he wishes to distinguish. Let me instance this by a few examples. Sometimes the compliment appears merely to be thrown out almost as it were by chance to illustrate his meaning. So of the Duke of Chandos, whom at another time he is supposed to have intended to ridicule under the character of Timon—

"Thus gracious Chandos is beloved at sight."

Then of Lord Cornbury—

"Would ye be blest? despise low joys, low gains,
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains."

Of General Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia—

"One driv'n by strong benevolence of soul
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole."

These have reference to manly virtues; sometimes there is the same oblique reference to female claims;

"Hence Beauty, waking all her tints, supplies
An Angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes."

At other times the eulogium is more direct. Take that fine application to Lord Cobham of the effect of man's ruling passion, developing itself in death, which he has been pursuing through a number of instances—the man of pleasure, the miser, the glutton, the courtier, the coquette, all, for the most part, under circumstances derogatory to the pride of human nature, when he thus sums them up—

"And you, brave Cobham, to the latest breath
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death;
Such, in these moments, as in all the past,
'O, save my country, Heav'n!' shall be your last."

How beautiful is the couplet to Dr. Arbuthnot, his physician and friend—

"Friend of my life! which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song!"

How ingenious that to the famous Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, on being desired to write some lines in an album with his pencil--

"Accept a miracle instead of wit,
See two *dull* lines by Stanhope's pencil writ."

How happy is the allusion to Lord Peterborough, who made a brilliant campaign in Spain within a wonderfully short time! He represents him as assisting to lay out his grounds—

"And he whose lightning pierced th' Iberian lines
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines,
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquered Spain."

He always speaks of Murray, the great Lord Mansfield, with pride and affection. It is true that one of the worst lines he ever wrote is about him, the second in this couplet—

"Graced as thou art with all the power of words,
So known, so honoured, at the House of Lords."

An instance how much delicacy it requires to introduce with effect familiar names and things; sometimes it tells with great force; here it is disastrously prosaic; we almost forgive it, however, when he turns from the Palace of Westminster to the Abbey opposite—

"Where Murray, long enough his country's pride,
Shall be no more than Tully, or than Hyde."

He again alludes to the aptitude for poetical composition which Murray had exhibited, and also to the talent for epigram which he assumes that the great orator Pulteney would have displayed if he had not been engrossed by politics:—

"How sweet an Ovid, Murray, was our boast;
How many Martials were in Pulteney lost!"

These were for the most part his political friends; but when he mentions Sir Robert Walpole, to whom his friends, more than himself, were virulently opposed, how respectful and tender is the reproach, how adroit and insinuating the praise—

"Seen him I have, but in his happier hour,
Of social pleasure, ill exchanged for power,—
Seen him, uncumbered with a venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe."

I might adduce many other instances; I might quote at full length the noble epistle to Lord Oxford, but I will sum up this topic with that striking passage in which, while he enumerates the persons who encouraged and fos-

tered his earlier productions, he presents us with a gallery of illustrious portraits, sometimes conveys by a single word an insight into their whole character, and concludes the distinguished catalogue with the name of that St. John whom he uniformly regarded with feelings little short of idolatry, and which, however misplaced and ill-grounded, have even in themselves something of the poetical attribute—

"But why then publish? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh would tell me I could write;
Well-natured Garth, inflamed with early praise,
And Congreve loved, and Swift endured, my lays."

(Observe how the gentle and amiable Congreve "loved," and the caustic and cynical Swift "endured.")—

"The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield, read,
E'en mitred Rochester would nod the head,"

(said to have been the ordinary symptom of Bishop Atterbury being pleased; then comes the swelling climax,)

"And St. John's self, great Dryden's friend before,
With open arms received one Poet more.
Happy the studies, when by these approved;
Happier the author, when by these beloved."

I feel that I ought not entirely to omit all mention of the long satiric poem of "The Dunciad," upon which Pope evidently bestowed much care and labour; but it is throughout disfigured by great ill-nature, and by a pervading run of unpleasant and unsavoury images. There is much spirit in the account of the young highborn Dunce, who makes what is called the Grand Tour—

"Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too;"

and tells how he

"Judicious drank, and, greatly daring, dined."

There is a luscious kind of burlesque softness in these lines—

"To happy convents, bosomed deep in vines,
Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines;
To isles of fragrance, lily-silvered vales,
Diffusing languor in the panting gales;
To lands of singing and of dancing slaves,
Love-whispering woods, and lute-resounding waves."

One of the most distinguishing excellencies of Pope is the vividness which he imparts all the pictures he presents to the mind, and which he attains by always making use of the very most appropriate terms which the matter admits. This, in conjunction with his wonderful power of compression,

which he has probably carried further than any one before or since, gives a terseness and completeness to all he says, in which he is unrivalled. As instances of this perfect picture painting, I would refer you, as I must not indefinitely indulge in long citations, to the descriptions, all in the same Epistle on Riches, of the Miser's House, the Man of Ross's charities, and of the death of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham:—

"In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies—alas! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!"

If any should object that this is all very finished and elaborate, but it is very minute—only miniature painting after all, what do you say to this one couplet on the operations of the Deity—

"Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And gives the eternal wheels to know their rounds!"

I would beg any of the detractors of Pope to furnish me with another couple of lines from any author whatever, which encloses so much sublimity of meaning within such compressed limits, and such precise terms.

I must cite another passage, in which he ventures on the same exalted theme, with somewhat more enlargement; it would be impossible, however, for you to hear it, and bring against it any charge of diffuseness. Before I quote it, however, I ought to mention that I have received an anonymous attack (I wish critics would not be anonymous, because then we might discuss their objections with them), alleging that the passage I am about to cite has a Pantheistic tendency. Now, I believe that our Poet, infatuated as I have before had occasion to state, by his admiration of all that proceeded from Lord Bolingbroke, adopted from his false and hazy philosophy much that poor Pope very imperfectly apprehended, and which, accordingly, has little of precise and definite meaning. Hence, some of his leading axioms, such as "True self-love and social are the same," "Whatever is, is right," are at once susceptible both of a perverted and a corrected application. So in the lines which now follow. Some of them, especially the first couplet, might be appropriated to the dreamy moonshine of Pantheism, but may throughout be applied, and as they proceed do in fact bear direct and most noble witness, to the personal agency of the Omnipotent:—

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;

That, chang'd through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

(There is a couplet indeed!)

"Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns;
To Him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all."

Let me invite your attention to the few following lines on the apportionment of separate instincts or qualities to different animals, and be good enough to observe how the single words clench the whole argument. They are as descriptive as the bars of Haydn's music in the Oratorio of the "Creation":—

"What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam;
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green;
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood;
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line."

What a couplet again is that! It is only about a spider; but I guarantee its immortality.

If I set down the Terse, the Accurate, the Complete, the pungency of the Satiric point, the felicity of the well-turned Compliment, as the distinctive features of Pope's poetical excellence, it should not escape us that there are occasions when he reaches a high degree of moral energy and ardour. I have purposely excluded from our present consideration all scrutiny and dissection of Pope's real inner character. I am aware that, taking it in the most favourable light, it can only be regarded as formed of mixed and imperfect elements; but I cannot refuse to myself the belief that when the Poet speaks in such strains as these, they in some degree reflect and embody the spirit of the Man. I quote from his animated description of the triumph of vice:—

"Let Greatness own her, and she's mean no more;
Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess,
Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless;

In golden chains the willing world she draws,
And her's the Gospel is, and her's the laws;
Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale virtue carted in her stead.
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car,
Old England's genius, rough with many a scar.
Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
His flag inverted trails along the ground!"

And, again with more special reference to himself—

"Ask you what provocation I have had?
The strong antipathy of good to bad.
When truth or virtue an affront endures,
Th' affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours.
Yes, I am proud, I must be proud to see,
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me;
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone.
O sacred weapon! left for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
To all but heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The muse may give thee, but the gods must guide:
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal;
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
To virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the prelate slumbering in his stall.
Let envy howl, while heav'n's whole chorus sings,
And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
Let flatt'ry sick'ning see the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies;
Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal verse as mean as mine."

My limits, more than my materials, warn me that I must desist. As, however, with reference to the single object which I have all along had in view, I think it more politic that I should let the words of Pope, rather than my own, leave the last echoes on your ear, I should like to conclude this address with his own concluding lines to perhaps the most important and highly-wrought of his poems, the "Essay on Man." They appear to me calculated to leave an appropriate impression of that orderly and graceful muse, whose attractions I have, feebly I know and inadequately, but with the honesty and warmth of a thorough sincerity, endeavoured to place before you; if I mistake not, you will trace in them, as in his works at large, the same perfect propriety of expression, the same refined simplicity of idea, the same chastened

felicity of imagery, all animated and warmed by that feeling of devotion for Bolingbroke, which, all-misplaced as it was, pervaded alike his poetry and his life:—

"Come then, my friend! my genius! come along;
O master of the poet, and the song!
And while the muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, elegant with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend,
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend,—
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light;
Show'd erring pride, whatever is, is right;
That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same;
That virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know."

Gentlemen of the jury, that is my case.

LECTURE II.

TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

It may be known to some of those whom I have the pleasure to see around me, that when circumstances to which I need not further allude occasioned a breach, temporary indeed, and soon repaired, in my connexion with the West Riding of Yorkshire—when, as the phrase goes, some of your neighbours, and probably of yourselves, had given me leave to go upon my travels—I thought I could make no better use of this involuntary leisure than by acquiring some personal knowledge of the United States of America. I accordingly embarked in the autumn of the year 1841, and spent about one whole year in North America, having within that period passed nearly over the length and breadth of the Republic, trod at least the soil of twenty-two out of the twenty-six States of which the Union was then composed, and paid short visits to the Queen's dominions in Canada, and to the Island of Cuba. I determined to keep a journal during my travels, and only at the end of them to decide what should become of it when it was completed. I found it was written in too hurried and desultory a manner, and was too much confined to my own daily proceedings, to make it of interest to the public at large; still more strongly I felt that, after having been received with uniform civility and attention, nay, I may say, with real warmth and openness of heart, I should not wish, even where I had nothing but what was most favourable to communicate, immediately to exhibit myself as an inquisitive observer of the interior life to which I had been admitted; and this very feeling would probably have disqualified me for the office of an impartial critic. Now, however, that above eight years have elapsed since my return, in turning over the pages then written, it has seemed to me allowable to endeavour, for a purpose like the present, to convey a few of the leading impressions which I derived from the surface of nature and society as they exhibited themselves in the New World.

It must follow necessarily from such limits as could be allowed to me on an occasion of this kind, that any account which I can put together from materials so vast and so crowded, must be the merest superficial skimming of the subject that can be conceived. All I can answer for is, that it shall be faithful to the feelings excited at the moment, and perfectly honest as far as it goes. I must premise one point with reference to what I have just now glanced at—the use of individual names. I came in contact with several of the public men, the historical men they will be, of the American Republic. I shall think myself at liberty occasionally to depart in their instance from the rule of strict abstinence which I have otherwise prescribed to myself, and to

treat them as public property, so long as I say nothing to their disadvantage. On the other hand, the public men of the United States are not created faultless beings, any more than the public men of other countries; it must not, therefore, be considered, when I mention with pleasure anything which redounds to their credit, that I am intending to present you with their full and complete portraits.

It was on the 21st day of October, upon a bright crisp morning, that the "Columbia" steam-packet, upon which I was a passenger, turned the lighthouse outside the harbour of Boston. The whole effect of the scene was cheerful and pleasing; the bay is studded with small islands, bare of trees, but generally crowned with some sparkling white building, frequently some public establishment. The town rises well from the water, and the shipping and the docks wore the look of prosperous commerce. As I stood by some American friends acquired during the voyage, and heard them point out the familiar villages, and villas, and institutions, with patriotic pleasure, I could not altogether repress some slight but not grudging envy of those who were to bring so long a voyage to an end in their own country, amidst their own family, within their own homes. I am not aware I ever again experienced, during my whole American sojourn, the peculiar feeling of the stranger. It was, indeed, dispelled at the moment when their flag-ship, the "Columbus," gave our "Columbia" a distinguished and I thought touching reception; the crew manned the yards, cheered, and then the band played, first "God save the Queen," and then "Yankee Doodle." I spent altogether, at two different intervals, about a month in Boston.

I look back with fond recollection to its well-built streets—the swelling dome of its State-house—the pleasant walks on what is termed the common—a park, in fact, of moderate size, in the centre of the city, where I made my first acquaintance with the bright winter sunsets of America, and the peculiar transparent green and opal tints which stripe the skies around them—the long wooden causeways across the inner harbour, which rather recalled St. Petersburgh to my recollection—the newly erected granite obelisk on a neighbouring height, which certainly had no affinity with St. Petersburgh, as it was to mark the spot, sacred to an American, of the battle of Bunker's Hill—the old elm tree, at the suburban university of Cambridge, beneath which Washington drew his sword in order to take command of the national army—the shaded walks and glades of Mount Auburn, the beautiful cemetery of Boston, to which none that we yet have can be compared, but which I trust before long our Chadwicks and Paxtons may enable us to imitate, and perhaps to excel. These are some of my external recollections of Boston; but there are some fonder still, of the most refined and animated social intercourse—of hospitalities which it seemed impossible to exhaust—of friendships which I trust can never be effaced. Boston appears to me, certainly, on the whole, the

American town in which an Englishman of cultivated and literary tastes, or of philanthropic pursuits, would feel himself most at home. The residence here was rendered peculiarly agreeable to me by a friendship with one of its inhabitants, which I had previously made in England; he hardly yet comes within my rule of exception, but I do not give up the notion of his becoming one of the historical men of his country. However, it is quite open for me to mention some of those with whom, mainly through his introduction, I here became acquainted. There was Mr. Justice Story, whose reputation and authority as a commentator and expounder of law stand high wherever law is known or honoured, and who was, what at least is more generally attractive, one of the most generous and single-hearted of men. He was an enthusiastic admirer of this country, especially of its lawyers: how he would kindle up and flow on if he touched upon Lord Hardwick or Lord Mansfield—"Sir," as an American always begins, "on the prairies of Illinois this day Lord Mansfield administers the law of commerce." He had also a very exalted opinion of the judgments of Lord Stowell, which his own studies and practice had led him thoroughly to appreciate; and I may permit myself to say that he had formed a high estimate of the judicial powers of Lord Cottenham. I must admit one thing—when he was in the room, few others could get in a word; but it was impossible to resent this, for he talked, evidently, not to bear down others, but because he could not help it. Then there was Dr. Channing. I could not hear him preach, as his physical powers were nearly exhausted; but on one or two occasions I was admitted to his house. You found a fragile frame, and a dry manner, but you soon felt that you were in a presence in which nothing that was impure, base, or selfish could breathe at ease. There was the painter, Alston, a man of real genius, who suffices to prove that the domain of the fine arts, though certainly not hitherto the most congenial to the American soil, may be successfully brought, to use their current phrase, into annexation with it. These, alas! have since my visit all been taken away. In the more immediate department of letters there are happily several who yet remain—Mr. Bancroft, the able and accomplished historian of his own country—Mr. Ticknor, who has displayed the resources of a well-stored and accomplished mind in his recent work on the literature of Spain—Mr. Longfellow, with whose feeling and graceful poetry many must be acquainted—Mr. Emerson, who has been heard and admired in this country—and I crown my list with Mr. Prescott, the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Mexico and of Peru, with respect to whom, during the visit he paid to England in the past summer, I had the satisfaction of witnessing how all that was most eminent in this country confirmed the high estimate I had myself formed of his head, and the higher one of his heart.

The public institutions of Boston are admirably conducted. The Public or Common Schools there, as I believe in New England generally, are sup-

ported by a general rate, to which all contribute, and all may profit by. I am not naturally now disposed to discuss the question, how far this system would bear being transplanted and engrafted on our polity; but it would be uncandid if I did not state that the universality of the instruction, and the excellence of what fell under my own observation, presented to my mind some mortifying points of contrast with what we have hitherto effected at home. It is well known that a large proportion of the more wealthy and cultivated part of the society of Boston belong to the Unitarian persuasion; but a considerable number of the middle classes, and especially of the rural population of New England, comprising the six Northern States of the Union, still retain much of the Puritan tenets and habits of their immediate ancestors—their Pilgrim Fathers. Before I leave Boston, let me add one observation on a lighter topic. I lodged at the Tremont Hotel, which was admirably conducted, like very many of those imposing establishments in the chief cities of the Union. Here I learnt that one is apt to receive false impressions at first. I was struck with the clean, orderly, agile appearance of the waiters. "The Americans beat us hollow in waiters," was my inner thought; on inquiring I found that of the twenty-five waiters in the house, four were English, and twenty-one Irish. I could not help wishing that a large number of the Irish might come and be waiters for a little while.

Within three or four days of my landing I grew impatient to see the Falls of Niagara without loss of time; if any sudden event should have summoned me home, I felt how much I should have grudged crossing the Atlantic without having been at Niagara, and I also wished to look upon the autumn tints of the American Forest, before the leaves, already beginning to fall, had entirely disappeared. The Western Railway, which appeared to me the best-constructed that I saw in America, took me to Albany, a distance of 200 miles. The railway carriages, always there called cars, consist of long rooms, rather like a dining-room of a steam-packet, with a stove inside, often a most desirable addition in the American winter, and you can change your seat or walk about as you choose. They are generally rougher than our railways, and the whole getting-up of the line is of a ruder and cheaper character; they do not impede the view as much as with us, as they make no scruple of dashing across or alongside of the main street in the towns or villages through which they pass. But I ought to remark about this as about everything else, that the work of progress and transformation goes on with such enormous rapidity, that the interval of eight years since my visit will probably have made a large portion of my remarks thoroughly obsolete. The New England country through which we passed looks cheerful, interspersed with frequent villages and numerous churches—bearing the mark at the same time of the long winter and barren soil with which the stout Puritan blood of Britain has so successfully contended; indeed, the only staple productions of a district which

supplies seamen for all the Union, and ships over all the world, are said to be ice and granite. Albany is the capital of the state of New York—the Empire State, as its inhabitants love to call it, and it is a name which it deserves, as fairly as our own old Yorkshire would deserve to be called the Empire County of England. It is rather an imposing town, rising straight above the Hudson River, gay with some gilded domes, and many white marble columns, only they are too frequently appended to houses of very staring red brick. From Albany to Utica the railroad follows the stream of the Mohawk, which recalls the name of the early Indian dwellers in that bright valley, still retaining its swelling outline of wood-covered hills, but gay with prosperous villages and busy cultivation. I was perhaps still more struck the next evening, though it was a more level country, where the railway passes in the midst of the uncleared or clearing forest, and suddenly bursts out of a pine glade or cedar swamp into the heart of some town, probably four, three, or two years old, with tall white houses, well lighted shops, billiard-rooms, &c.; and emerging, as we did, from the dark shadows into the full moonlight, the wooden spires, domes, and porticos of the infant cities looked every bit as if they had been hewn out of the marble quarries of Carrara. I am aware that it is not the received opinion, but there is something both in the outward aspect of this region and the general state of society accompanying it, which to me seemed eminently poetical. What can be more striking or stirring, despite the occasional rudeness of the forms, than all this enterprise, energy, and life welling up in the desert? At the towns of Syracuse, of Auburn, and of Rochester, I experienced the sort of feeling which takes away one's breath; the process seemed actually going on before one's eyes, and one hardly knows whether to think it as grand as the Iliad, or as quaint as a harlequin farce. I will quote the words I wrote down at the time:—

"The moment is not come for me yet, if it ever should come, to make me feel myself warranted in forming speculations upon far results, upon guarantees for future endurance and stability: all that I can now do is to look and to marvel at what is before my eyes. I do not think I am deficient in relish for antiquity and association; I know that I am English, not in a pig-headed adhesion to everything there, but in heart to its last throb. Yet I cannot be unmoved or callous to the soarings of Young America, in such legitimate and laudable directions too; and I feel that it is already not the least bright, and may be the most enduring title of my country to the homage of mankind, that she has produced such a people. May God employ them both for His own high glory!"

I am bound here in candour to state that I think what I first saw in America was, with little exception, the best of its kind; such was the society of Boston—such was the energy of progress in the western portion of the State of New York.

At Rochester, an odd coincidence occurred to me, striking enough I think

to be mentioned, though it only concerned myself. After the arrival of the railway carriage, and the usual copious meal of tea and meat that ensues, I had been walking about the town, which dates only from 1812, and then contained 20,000 inhabitants; and as I was returning to the hotel, I saw the word Theatre written up. Wishing to see everything in a new country, I climbed up some steep stairs into what was little better than a garret, where I found a rude theatre, and ruder audience, consisting chiefly of boys, who took delight in pelting one another. There was something, however, at which I had a right to feel surprised. In a playhouse of strollers, at a town nearly five hundred miles in the interior of America, which, thirty years before, had no existence, thus coming in by the merest chance, I saw upon the drop-scene the most accurate representation of my own house, Naworth Castle, in Cumberland.

A great improvement has recently occurred in the nomenclature of this district; formerly a too classical surveyor of the State of New York had christened—I used the wrong term, had heathenized, to make a new one—all the young towns and villages by the singularly inapplicable titles of Utica, Ithaca, Palmyra, Rome; they are now reverting to the far more appropriate, and I should say more harmonious, Indian names, indigenous to the soil, such as Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga.

I thought my arrival at Niagara very interesting. We had come to Lockport, where there is a chain of magnificent locks, on the Erie Canal, one of the great public works of America, and which has done much to enrich this Empire State of New York. The surplus of the receipts enabled them to execute a variety of other public works. We arrived too late for the usual public conveyance. The proprietor of the stage coach agreed to give me, with one or two other Englishmen, a lumber waggon to convey us to the Falls. The Colonel, for he was one, as I found the drivers of the coaches often were, drove his team of four horses himself. I generally found the stage-coach driving in the United States indescribably rough, but the drivers very adroit in their steerage, and always calling their horses by their names, and addressing them as reasonable beings, to which they seemed quite to respond. Altogether, the strangeness of the vehicle, the cloudless beauty of the night, the moonlight streaming through the forest glades, the meeting a party of the Tuscarora Indians, who still have a settlement here, the first hearing the noise of Niagara about seven miles off, and the growing excitement of the nearer approach, gave to the whole drive a most stirring and enjoyable character. When I arrived at the hotel, the Cataract House, I would not anticipate by any moonlight glimpses the full disclosures of the coming day, but reserved my first visit for the clear light and freshened feelings of the morning. I staid five days at Niagara on that occasion; I visited it again twice, having travelled several thousands of miles in each interval. I have thus looked upon

it in the late autumn, in the early spring, and in the full summer. Mrs. Butler, in her charming work on America, when she comes to Niagara, says only, "Who can describe that sight?" and, with these words, finishes her book. There is not merely the difficulty of finding adequate words, but there is a simplicity, and absence, as I should say, of incidents in the scenery, or, at least, so entire a subordination of them to the main great spectacle, that attempts at description would seem inapplicable as well as impotent. Nevertheless I have undertaken, however inadequately, the attempt to place before you the impressions which I actually derived from the most prominent objects that I saw in America. How, then, can I wholly omit Niagara? The first view neither in the least disappointed nor surprised, but it wholly satisfied me. I felt it to be complete, and that nothing could go beyond it: volume, majesty, might, are the first ideas which it conveys: on nearer and more familiar inspection I appreciated other attributes and beauties—the emerald crest—the seas of spray—the rainbow wreaths. Pictures and panoramas had given me a correct apprehension of the form and outline; but they fail, for the same reason as language would, to impart an idea of the whole effect, which is not picturesque, though it is sublime; there is also the technical drawback in painting of the continuous mass of white, and the line of the summit of the Fall is as smooth and even as a common mill-dam. Do not imagine, however, that the effect could be improved by being more picturesque; just as there are several trivial and unsightly buildings on the banks, but Niagara can be no more spoiled than it can be improved. You would, when on the spot, no more think of complaining that Niagara was not picturesque, than you would remark in the shock and clang of battle that a trumpet sounded out of tune. Living at Niagara was not like ordinary life; its not over loud, but constant solemn roar, has in itself a mysterious sound: is not the highest voice to which the Universe can ever listen, compared by inspiration to the sound of many waters? The whole of existence there has a dreamy, but not a frivolous impress; you feel that you are not in the common world, but in its sublimest temple.

I naturally left such a place and such a life with keen regret, but I was already the last visitor of the year, and the hotels were about to close. I was told that I had already been too late for the best tints of autumn (or fall, as the Americans picturesquely term that season), and that they were at no time so vivid that year as was usual; I saw, however, great richness and variety of hue; I think the bright soft yellow of the sugar maple, and the dun red of the black oak, were the most remarkable. These and the beech, the white cedar, the hemlock spruce, the hickory, with occasionally the chestnut and walnut, seemed the prevailing trees in all this district. I can well imagine a person being disappointed in the American Forest; trees, such as those at Wentworth and Castle Howard (may I say?) seem the exception, and not the

rule. The mass of them run entirely to height, and are too thick together, and there is a great deal too much dead fir; still there is a great charm and freshness in the American forest, derived partly perhaps from association, when you look through the thick tracery of its virgin glades.

On my going back I paid two visits at country houses; one to an old gentleman, Mr. Wadsworth, most distinguished in appearance, manner, and understanding, who had settled where I found him fifty years before, when he had not a white neighbour within thirty miles, or a flour mill within fifty; he lived entirely surrounded by Indians, who have now disappeared. On some occasion, there had been a review of a corps of militia. A neighbouring Indian Chief had been present, and was observed to be very dejected; Mr. Wadsworth went up to him, and offered refreshment, which was usually very acceptable, but he declined it. Upon being pressed to say what was the matter, he answered with a deep sigh, pointing to the east, "You are the rising sun"—then to the west, "We are the setting." The face of the country is now, indeed, changed; a small flourishing town, the capital of the county, stretches from the gate; and the house overlooks one of the richest and best cultivated tracts in America, the valley of the Gennessee. I fancy that quotations of the price of Gennessee wheat are familiar to the frequenters of our corn markets. My host was one of the comparatively few persons in the United States who have tenants under them holding farms; among them I found three Yorkshiremen from my own neighbourhood, one of whom showed me what he called the *gainest* way to the house, which I recognised as a genuine Yorkshire term; he told me that his landlord was the first nobleman in the country, which is clearly not an Americanism. While on this topic I may mention that, on another occasion I was taken to drink tea at a farmer's house in New England. We had been regaled most hospitably, when the farmer took the friend who had brought me aside, and asked what part of England Lord Morpeth came from? "From Yorkshire, I believe," said my friend. "Well, I should not have thought that from his manner of talking," was the reply.

My other visit was to Mr. Van Buren, who had been the last President of the United States, and who, I suspect, shrewdly reckoned on being the next. It seemed, indeed, at that time to be the general expectation among his own, the Democratic, or, as they were then commonly called, the Loco-foco party. He was at that time living on his farm of Kirderhook; the house was modest, and extremely well ordered, and nothing could exceed the courtesy or fulness of his conversation. He abounded in anecdotes of all the public men of his country. In his dining-room were pictures of Jefferson and General Jackson, the great objects of his political devotion. On my return through Albany, I had an interview with Mr. Seward, then for the second time Governor of the State of New York. I find that I noted at the time that he was the first

person I had met who did not speak slightingly of the Abolitionists; he thought they were gradually gaining ground. He had already acted a spirited part on points connected with slavery, especially in a contest with the legislature of Virginia concerning the delivery of fugitive slaves.

I approached the city of New York by the Hudson. The whole course of that river from Albany, as seen from the decks of the countless steamers that ply along it, is singularly beautiful, especially where it forces a passage through the barriers of the Highlands, which, however, afford no features of rugged grandeur like our friends in Scotland; but though the forms are steep and well-defined, their rich green outlines of waving wood, inclosing in smooth many-curved reaches the sail-covered bosom of the stately river, present nothing but soft and smiling images. I then took up up my winter quarters at New York. I thought this, the commercial and fashionable, though not the political capital of the Union, a very brilliant city. To give the best idea of it, I should describe it as something of a fusion between Liverpool and Paris—crowded quays, long perspectives of vessels and masts, bustling streets, gay shops, tall white houses, and a clear brilliant sky overhead. There is an absence of solidity in the general appearance, but in some of the new buildings they are successfully availing themselves of their ample resources in white marble and granite. At the point of the Battery, where the long thoroughfare of Broadway, extending some miles, pushes its green fringe into the wide harbour of New York, with its glancing waters and graceful shipping, and the limber, long raking masts, which look so different from our own, and the soft swelling outline of the receding shores, it has a special character and beauty of its own. I spent about a month here very pleasantly; the society appeared to me on the whole to have a less solid and really refined character than that of Boston, but there is more of animation, gaiety, and sparkle in the daily life. In point of hospitality neither could outdo the other. Keeping to my rule of only mentioning names which already belong to fame, I may thus distinguish the late Chancellor Kent, whose Commentaries are well-known to professional readers. He had been obliged, by what I think the very unwise law of the State of New York, to retire from his high legal office at the premature age of sixty; and there I found him at seventy-eight, full of animation and racy vigour, which, combined with great simplicity, made his conversation most agreeable. Washington Irving, a well-known name both to American and English ears, whose nature appears as gentle and genial as his works—I cannot well give higher praise: Mr. Bryant, in high repute as a poet, and others. I had the pleasure of making acquaintance with many of the families of those who had been the foremost men in their country, Hamiltons, Jays, Livingstones. I lodged at the Astor House, a large hotel, conducted upon a splendid scale; and I cannot refrain from one, I fear rather sensual, allusion to the oyster cellars of New York. In no part of the

world have I ever seen places of refreshment as attractive—every one seems to eat oysters all day long. What signifies more, the public institutions and schools are there also extremely well conducted. The churches of the different denominations are very numerous, and well filled. It is my wish to touch very lightly upon any point which among us, among even some of us now here, may be matter of controversy; I, however, honestly think that the experience of the United States does not as yet enable them to decide on either side the argument between the Established and Voluntary systems in religion: take the towns by themselves, and I think the voluntary principle appears fully adequate to satisfy all religious exigencies; then it must be remembered that the class which makes the main difficulty elsewhere, scarcely, if at all, exists in America; it is the blessed privilege of the United States, and it is one which goes very far to counterbalance any drawbacks at which I may have to hint, that they really have not, as a class, any poor among them. A real beggar is what you never see. On the other hand, over their immense tracts of territory, the voluntary system has not sufficed to produce sufficient religious accommodation; it may, however, be truly questioned, whether any establishment would be equal to that function. This is, however, one among the many questions which the republican experience of America has not yet solved. As matters stand at present, indifference to religion cannot be fairly laid to her charge; probably religious extremes are pushed farther than elsewhere; there certainly is a breadth and universality of religious liberty which I do not regard without some degree of envy.

Upon my progress southward, I made a comparatively short halt at Philadelphia. This fair city has not the animation of New York, but it is eminently well built, neat and clean beyond parallel. The streets are all at right angles with each other, and bear the names of the different trees of the country; the houses are of red brick, and mostly have white marble steps and silver knockers, all looking bright and shining under the effect of copious and perpetual washing. It still looks like a town constructed by Quakers, who were its original founders, but by Quakers who had become rather dandified. The waterworks established here are deservedly celebrated; each house can have as much water as it likes, within and without, at every moment, for about 18*s.* a year. I hope our towns will be emulous of this great advantage. I think it right to say that in our general arrangements for health and cleanliness we appear to me very much to excel the Americans, and our people look infinitely healthier, stouter, rosier, jollier; the greater proportion of the Americans with whom you converse would be apt to tell you they were dyspeptic, whether principally from the dry quality of their atmosphere, the comparatively little exercise which they take, or the rapidity with which they accomplish their meals, I will not take upon myself to pronounce. There is one point of advantage which they turn to account, especially in all their new

towns, which is, that their immense command of space enables them to isolate almost every house, and thus secure an ambient atmosphere for ventilation. In my first walk through Philadelphia I passed the glittering white marble portico of a great banking establishment, which, after the recent crash it had sustained, made me think of whited sepulchres. Near it was a pile, with a respectable old English appearance, of far nobler association; this was the State House, where the Declaration of American Independence was signed—one of the most pregnant acts of which history bears record. It contains a picture of William Penn, and a statue of Washington. While I was there, a sailor, from the State of Maine, with a very frank and jaunty air, burst into the room, and in a glow of ardent patriotism inquired, "Is this the room in which the Declaration of Independence was signed?" When he found that I was an Englishman, he seemed, with real good breeding, to be afraid that he had grated on my feelings, and told me that in the year 1814 our flag had waved over the two greatest capitals of the world, Washington and Paris. I looked with much interest at the great Model Prison of the separate system. I was favourably impressed with all that met the eye, but I refrain from entering upon the vexed question of comparison between this and the silent and other systems, as I feel how much the solution must depend upon ever-recurring experience. The poor-house, like that at New York, is built and administered on a very costly scale, and also has a great proportion of foreigners as inmates, and of the foreigners a great proportion Irish. This seems to enhance the munificence of the provision for destitution; at the same time it is not to be forgotten that the foreign labour is an article of nearly essential necessity to the progress of the country. On the only Sunday which I spent in Philadelphia, I went to a church which was not wanting in associations; the communion plate had been given by Queen Anne, and I sat in the pew of General Washington. I was told by some one that his distinguished contemporary, Chief Justice Marshall, said of him, that in contradiction to what was often thought, he was a man of decided genius, but he was such a personification of wisdom, that he never put anything forward which the occasion did not absolutely require. It seemed to me that there was at Philadelphia a greater separation and exclusiveness in society, more resemblance to what would be called a fashionable class in European cities, than I had found in America elsewhere.

My next brief pause was at Baltimore. At a halt on the railroad on the way thither, I heard a conductor or guard say to a negro, "I cannot let you go, for you are a SLAVE." This was my first intimation that I had crossed the border which divides Freedom from Slavery. I quote from the entry which I made upon noting these words that evening:—"Declaration of Independence which I read yesterday—pillar of Washington which I have looked on to-day—what are ye?"

I must now give myself some little vent. It was a subject which I felt during my whole sojourn in America, as I feel it still, to be paramount in interest to every other. It was one on which I intended and endeavoured to observe a sound discretion; we have not ourselves long enough washed off the stain to give us the right to rail at those whom we had originally inoculated with the pest; and a stranger abundantly experiencing hospitality could not with any propriety interfere wantonly upon the most delicate and difficult point of another nation's policy. I could not, however, fail often and deeply to feel, in the progress of my intercourse with many in that country—"Come not, my soul, into their secret; to their council, my honour, be not thou united." At the same time I wished never to make any compromise of my opinion. I made it a point to pay special respect to the leading Abolitionists—those who had laboured or suffered in the cause—when I came within reach of them; at Boston, I committed the more overt act of attending the annual anti-slavery fair, which then was almost considered something of a measure. I was much struck in the distinguished and agreeable companies which I had the good fortune to frequent, with a few honourable exceptions, at the tone of disparagement, contempt, and anger with which the Abolitionists were mentioned; just as any patrician company, in this country, would talk of a Socialist or a Red Republican. I am, of course, now speaking of the free Northern States; in the South an Abolitionist could not be known to exist. My impression is, that in the subsequent interval the dislike, the anger, has remained, and may probably have been heightened, but that the feeling of slight, of ignoring (to use a current phrase) their very existence, must have been sensibly checked. There were some who told me that they made it the business of their lives to superintend the passage of the runaway slaves through the free States; they reckoned, at that time, that about one thousand yearly escaped into Canada. I doubt whether the enactment and operation of the Fugitive Slave Bill will damp the ardour of their exertions. It may be easy to speak discreetly and plausibly about the paramount duty of not contravening the law; but how would you feel, my countrymen, if a fugitive was at your feet and the man-hunter at the door? I admit that the majesty of the law is on one side; but the long deep misery of a whole human life is on the other. What you ought to feel is fervent gratitute to the Power which has averted from your shores and hearths this fearful trial, and, let me add, a heartfelt sympathy with those who are sustaining it.

At Baltimore I thought there was a more picturesque disposition of ground than in any other city of the Union: it is built on swelling eminences, commanding views of the widening Chesapeake, a noble arm of the sea. There are an unusual number of public monuments for an American town, and hence it has been christened the Monumental City. I found the same hospitality which had greeted me everywhere, and the good living seemed to

me carried to its greatest height; they have in perfection the terrapin, a kind of land tortoise, and the canvass-back duck, a most unrivalled bird in any country. With reference to the topic I have lately touched upon, a Slave-holders' Convention was being held at the time of my visit, for the State of Maryland. They had been led to adopt this step by their apprehensions both of the increase of the free coloured population, and what they term their demoralizing action on the slaves. The language, as reported, did not seem to have been very violent, but they very nearly subjected to Lynch-law a man whom they suspected to be a reporter for an Abolitionist newspaper. I trust we are not going to copy that system in this country. I dined with the daughter of Charles Carroll, who, when signing the Declaration of Independence, was told by a bystander that he would incur no danger, as there were so many of the same name—"of Carrollton," he added to his name, and I think it is the only one upon the document which has any appendage. Being thus nobly fathered, it is rather curious that this venerable lady should have been the mother of three English Peeresses. The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Baltimore was one of the company: he wore his long violet robes, which I have never seen done on similar occasions, either in Ireland or in this country.

From Baltimore I transferred myself to Washington, the seat of Government, and capital of the American Union. I never saw so strange a place: it affords the strongest contrast to the regularity, compactness, neatness, and animation of the Atlantic cities I had hitherto visited. It is spread over a very large space, in this way justifying the expression of some one who wished to pay it a compliment, but did not know very well what attribute to select, so he termed it a "city of magnificent distances," over which it extends, or rather sprawls; it looks as if it had rained houses at random, or like half a dozen indifferent villages scattered over a goose common. Here and there, as if to heighten the contrast with the meanness of the rest, there are some very handsome public buildings; and the American Capitol, the meeting-place of the legislature and the seat of empire, though not exempt from architectural defects, towers proudly on a steep ascent, commanding the subject town and the course of the broad Potomac, which makes the only redeeming feature of the natural landscape. In short, while almost every other place which I saw in America gives the impression of life and progress, Washington not only appears stagnant, but retrograde. No busy commerce circulates in its streets, no brilliant shops diversify its mean ranges of ill-built houses; but very few equipages move along its wide, splashy, dreary avenues. I saw it, too, in the prime of its season, during the sitting of Congress. When it is not sitting the members of the legislature and officers of the government dispose themselves over the breadth of the Union, and leave the capital to the clerks of the public offices, and—does it not seem profanation to say it?—the *Slaves*, who are

still permitted to inhabit what should rightfully be the Metropolis of Freedom. It is at least gratifying to know that, in the last session of Congress, the slave trade has been abolished in the district of Columbia, the small portion of territory immediately annexed to Washington. When they are here, the members of Congress are mostly packed together in large and very inferior boarding-houses, a great portion of them not bringing their wives and families over the immense distances they have to traverse; hence it also happens that Washington will appear to the stranger not merely one of the least thriving but also the least hospitable of American cities. I spent nearly a month there, and it was the only place in which I (what is termed) kept house, that is, I resided in private lodgings, and found my own food, a method of life, however, which in the long run has more comfort and independence than that of the huge hotels. It was a contrast, however, to the large armies of waiters to which I had grown accustomed, to have no one in the house but an old woman and a negro boy, the first of whom my English servant characterized as cross, and the second as stupid. I believe it was the policy of the founders of the Republic to place the seat of government where it would not be liable to be distracted by the turmoil of commerce, or overawed by the violence of mobs; we have heard very lately of speculations to remove the seat of the French Government from Paris. Another cause which has probably contributed to check any designs for the external improvement and development of Washington must have been the doubt how far, in a nation which is extending its boundaries westward at so prodigious a rate, it will be desirable or possible long to retain as the seat of Government a spot which will have become so little central.

What gave most interest to my stay at Washington, naturally, was the opportunity of attending the sittings of Congress. The interior of the Capitol is imposing, as well as the exterior; in the Central Hall there were five large pictures, illustrating the prominent points of American history, which must be more agreeable to American than to British eyes. There is also a fine colossal statue of Washington, who is universally and not unduly called the father of his country. The chamber where the Senate meets is handsome and convenient. The general aspect of the assembly, which (as is well known) shares largely both in the legislative and executive powers of the constitution, is grave and decorous. The House of Representatives, the more popular branch of the Government, returned by universal suffrage, assemble in a chamber of very imposing appearance, arranged rather like a theatre, in shape like the arc of a bow, but it is the worst room for hearing I ever was in; we hear complaints occasionally of our Houses of Parliament, old and new, but they are faultless in comparison. In parts of the House it is impossible to hear anybody, in others it answers all the purposes of a whispering gallery, and I have heard members carry on a continuous dialogue while a

debate was storming around them. Both in the Senate and the House every member has a most commodious arm-chair, a desk for his papers, and a spitting-box, to which he does not always confine himself. I came very often, and it was impossible to surpass the attention I received; some member's seat in the body of the House was always given to me, and I was at liberty to remain there during the whole of the debate, listen to what was going on, or write my letters, as I chose. The palpable distinction between them and our House of Commons I should say to be this, we are more noisy, and they are more disorderly. They do not cheer, they do not cough, but constantly several are speaking at a time, and they evince a contemptuous disregard for the decisions of their Speaker. They have no recognised leaders of the different parties, the members of Government not being allowed to have seats in either House of Congress, and the different parties do not occupy distinct quarters in the Chamber, so that you may often hear a furious wrangle being carried on between two nearly contiguous members. While I was at Washington, the question of slavery, or at least of points connected with slavery, gave the chief colour and animation to the discussions in the House of Representatives. Old Mr. Adams, the ex-President of the United States, occupied, without doubt, the most prominent position; he presented a very striking appearance, standing up erect at the age of 73, having once filled the highest post attainable by an American citizen, with trembling hands and eager eyes, in defence of the right of petition—the right to petition against the continuance of slavery in the district of Columbia, with a majority of the House usually deciding against him, and a portion of it lashed into noise and storm. I thought it was very near being, and to some extent it was, quite a sublime position, but it rather detracted from the grandeur of the effect at least, that his own excitement was so great as to pitch his voice almost into a screech, and to make him more disorderly than all the rest. He put one in mind of a fine old game-cock, and occasionally showed great energy and power of sarcasm. I had certainly an opportunity of forming my opinion, as I sat through a speech of his that lasted three days; but then it is fair to mention that the actual sittings hardly last above three hours a day—about four dinner is ready, and they go away for the day, differing much herein from our practice; and on this occasion they frequently allowed Mr. Adams to sit down to rest. All the time I believe he was not himself for the discontinuance of slavery, even in the district of Columbia, but he contended that the Constitution had accorded the free right of petition. One morning he presented a petition for the dissolution of the Union, which raised a great tempest. Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky, a fine and graceful speaker, moved a vote of censure upon him. Another member, whom I need not name, the ablest and fiercest champion whom I heard on the Southern or Slave-holder side, made a most

savage onslaught on Mr. Adams; then up got that "old man eloquent," and no one could have reproached him with not understanding how to speak even daggers. His brave but somewhat troublous spirit has passed from the scenes upon which he played so conspicuous a part, but he has left behind him some words of fire, the sparks of which are not yet extinct. Nothing came of all this stir; I used to meet Mr. Adams at dinner while it went on, very calm and undisturbed. After seeing and hearing what takes place in some of these sittings, one is tempted to think that the Union must break up next morning; but the flame appeared generally to smoulder almost as quickly as it ignited. The debates in the Senate, during the same period, were dignified, business-like, and not very lively; so it may be judged which House had most attraction for the passing traveller. I heard Mr. Clay in the Senate once, but every one told me that he was labouring under feebleness and exhaustion, so that I could only perceive the great charm in the tones of his voice. I think this most attractive quality was still more perceivable in private intercourse, as I certainly never met any public man, either in his country or in mine, always excepting Mr. Canning, who exercised such evident fascination over the minds and affections of his friends and followers, as Henry Clay. I thought his society most attractive, easy, simple, and genial, with great natural dignity. If his countrymen made better men Presidents, I should applaud their virtue in resisting the spell of his eloquence and attractions: when the actual list is considered, my respect for the discernment elicited by Universal Suffrage does not stand at a very high point. Another great man, Daniel Webster, I could not hear in either House of Congress, because he then filled, as he does now, the high office of Secretary of State; but it is quite enough to look on his jutting dark brow and cavernous eyes, and massive forehead, to be assured that they are the abode of as much, if not more, intellectual power than any head you perhaps ever remarked. For many, if not for all reasons, I am well content that he should be again at the head of the American Cabinet; for I feel sure that while he is even intensely American, he has an enlightened love of peace, and a cordial sympathy with the fortunes and glories of the old, as well as the new Anglo-Saxon stock. The late Mr. Calhoun who impressed most of those who were thrown in his way with a high opinion of his ability, his honesty, and, I may add, his impracticability, I had not the good fortune to hear in public, or meet in private society. It is well known that his attachment to the maintenance of slavery went so far as to lead him to declare that real freedom could not be maintained without it. Among those who at that time contributed both to the credit and gaiety of the society of Washington, I cannot forbear adding the name of Mr. Legare, then the Attorney-General of the Union, now unhappily, like too many of those whom I have had occasion to mention, no longer living. He appeared to me the

best scholar, and the most generally accomplished man, I met in all the Union. I may feel biassed in his favour, for I find among my entries, "Mr. Legare spoke to-night of Pope as he ought."

I have not mentioned what might be thought a very prominent object at Washington—the President of the United States. He resides for his term of office at a substantial plain building, called the White House. Mr. Tyler filled the office when I was there, and appeared a simple, unaffected person. Washington is the head-quarters of another branch of the constitution, which works perhaps with less of friction and censure than any other, the Supreme Court of Judicature. The large federal questions between State and State give great weight and interest to its proceedings. I heard an interesting cause between the States of Maryland and Pennsylvania; it was an action to try the constitutional validity of an Act of the State of Pennsylvania, which gave a trial by jury to the fugitive slave. How this subject pursued and pervaded everything! It was argued with great ability on both sides; it was ultimately ruled against the power of the free States to pass such an act; and the recent Fugitive Slave Law may probably have arisen out of some such debateable questions of right; at all events, it has entirely swept away the intervention of a jury.

The last day of my abode at Washington was spent becomingly at Mount Vernon, the residence, and now the grave, of Washington. It is well placed on a wooded hill above the noble Potomac, here a mile and a half broad. The tomb is a sad affair for such a man; it has an inscription upon it denoting that it was erected by John Strutters, marble mason! It is placed under a glaring red building, something between a coach-house and a cage; the Senate once procured the consent of the family to have it removed to the Capitol, when a bricklayer, a labourer, and a cart arrived to take it off one morning, at which their indignation naturally rose. There are few things remarkable in the house, except the key of the Bastille sent by General Lafayette to General Washington, and a sword sent to him by Frederick the Great, with this address, "From the Oldest General of the age to the Best." I was gratified to see a print from my picture of the Three Maries. Did it ever excite the interest and the piety of Washington?

I made a rapid journey, by steamboat and railroad, through the States of Virginia and North Carolina; the country wore a universal impress of exhaustion, desertion, slavery. It appears to be one of the trials for the cupidity of man that slavery, notwithstanding all its drawbacks, has a certain degree of adaptation, not, I trust in the mercy of God, a necessary adaptation, to the culture of fertile soils in hot climates; but in sterile or exhausted soils, where the energy of man must be called out to overcome difficulties, it is evident that slavery has no elastic spring or restorative power.

Richmond, the capital of Virginia, has a certain resemblance in position

to its namesake in Surrey; I saw the local legislature in session; it was very full of coarse-looking farmers from the western portion of the state; it struck me that the acute town lawyers must manage matters much as they choose. I never saw a country so hopeless as all that I passed through in North Carolina—a flat, sandy waste of pines, with scarcely a habitation. I spent a fortnight at Charleston, the capital of her more energetic sister, South Carolina; this town and State may be looked upon as the head-quarters of the slave-holding interest; and repeatedly, when they have thought the policy of the North too encroaching either upon questions relating to what they term their peculiar institution, which is their euphonious description of slavery, or when we should feel a juster sympathy with them, upon questions relating to the protection of the Northern manufacturers in opposition to a liberal commercial policy, they have not only held the very highest tone in favour of a dissolution of the Union, but have proceeded to overt acts of resistance. I am bound to say that I spent my time there very pleasantly; there was much gaiety and unbounded hospitality. I have made no disguise of what my opinions upon slavery were, are, and ever must be; but it would be uncandid to deny that the planter in the Southern States has much more in his manner and mode of intercourse that resembles the English country gentleman than any other class of his countrymen; he is more easy, companionable, fond of country life, and out-of-door pursuits. I went with a remarkably agreeable party to spend a day at the rice plantation of one of their chief proprietors; he had the credit of being an excellent manager, and his negroes, young and old, seemed well taken care of and looked after; he repelled the idea—not of educating them—that is highly penal by the law of the State, but of letting them have any religious instruction. I was told by others that there was considerable improvement in this respect. Many whom I met entertained no doubt that slavery would subsist among them for ever; others were inclined to think that it would wear out. While I was willing not to shut my eyes to any of the more favourable external symptoms or mitigations of slavery, other indications could not come across my path without producing deep repugnance. On the very first night of my arrival, I heard the deep sound of a curfew bell; on inquiry I was told, that after it had sounded every night at about nine o'clock, no coloured person, slave or *free*—mark that—might be seen in the streets. One morning, accordingly, I saw a great crowd of coloured persons in the street, and I found they were waiting to see a large number of their colour, who had been taken up the night before on their return from a ball, escorted in their ball dresses from the gaol to the court-house. Indeed, it was almost principally with relation to the free blacks that the anomalous and indefensible working of the system appeared there to develope itself. I was told that the slaves themselves looked down upon the free blacks, and called them rubbish. I must not omit to state that I saw one

slave auction in the open street, arising from the insolvency of the previous owner; a crowd stood round the platform, on which sat the auctioneer, and beside him were placed in succession the lots of from one to five negroes. The families seemed to be all put up together, but I imagine they must often be separated; they comprised infants and all ages. As far as I could judge, they exhibited great indifference to their changing destiny. I heard the auctioneer tell one old man, whom I could have hardly distinguished from a white person, that he had been bought by a good master. One could not help shuddering at the future lot of those who were not the subjects of this congratulation.

I went into the Head Court of Justice at Charleston, and found seven persons present; five of them were judges, one was the lawyer addressing them, the other was the opposing counsel, who was walking up and down the room. I attended a meeting of the Convention of the Episcopal Church of South Carolina; whether it may be for encouragement or warning to those who wish for the introduction or revival of such synods at home, I mention the point then under discussion; it was how far it was proper to show deference for the opinion of the bishop.

The country round Charleston for scores, and I believe hundreds of miles, is perfectly flat, and full of swamps; but there I had the first indications of the real genius of the South, in the white houses lined with verandahs, the broad-leaved deep green magnolias and wild orange trees in the gardens, the large yellow jessamine and palmeto in the hedges, and the pendant streamers of grey moss on the under-branches of the rich evergreen live oak, which supplies unrivalled timber for ship-building.

I left Charleston in a small American mail-packet, for the island of Cuba I must not dwell on the voyage, which, from our being much becalmed, lasted twelve days, double its due; we were long off the low flat coasts of Georgia and Florida, and I felt inclined to say, with Goldsmith,

"And wild Altama echoed to our woe."

On the 14th of March we passed under the impregnable rock of the Castle, called the Moro, and, answering the challenge from its terraced battlements, we found ourselves in the unrivalled harbour of the Havana. How enchanting, to the senses at least, were the three weeks I spent at Cuba! How my memory turns to its picturesque forms and balmy skies! During my whole stay, the thermometer scarcely varied from 76° to 78° in the shade. I am disposed to wonder that these regions are not more resorted to by our countrymen for enjoyment of life, and escape from death. Nothing was ever so unlike either Europe or America as the Havana: at least I had never been in Spain, the mother country, which I suppose it most resembles. The courts

of the gleaming white houses have a Moorish look, the interiors are much covered with arabesques, and on the outside towards the street they have immense open spaces for windows, in which they generally find it superfluous to put any glass; the carriages are called Volantès, and look as if they had been intended to carry Don Quixote. Then how delicious it used to be, late in the evening, under a moonlight we can scarcely imagine, to sit in the square called the Place of Arms, where in a space flanked by some gleaming palm trees, and four small fountains, a gay crowd listened to excellent music from a Spanish military band. It is certainly the handsomest town I saw in the New World, and gives a great idea of the luxury and splendour of Spain in her palmy days. The billiard rooms and ice-saloons streamed with light; the great theatre is as large and brilliant as almost any in Europe. Again, how full of interest were some visits I paid in the interior, both to Spanish and American households! I cannot condense my impressions of the scenery better than by repeating some short stanzas which with such influences around me I could not help perpetrating. I hope that, while they bear witness to the intoxicating effects of the landscape and the climate, they do not wholly leave out of view the attendant moral.

Ye tropic forests of unfading green,
  Where the palm tapers, and the orange glows,
Where the light bamboo weaves her feathery screen,
  And her tall shade the matchless seyba throws;

Ye cloudless ethers of unchanging blue,
  Save as its rich varieties give way
To the clear sapphire of your midnight hue,
  The burnished azure of your perfect day.

Yet tell me not my native skies are bleak,
  That, flushed with liquid wealth, no cane-fields wave;
For Virtue pines, and Manhood dares not speak,
  And Nature's glories brighten round the Slave.

Among the country houses I visited was the sugar estate of one of the chief Creole nobles of the island—(I do not know whether my hearers will be aware that the proper meaning of a Creole is a person of European descent born in America)—I was treated there with the most refined and courteous hospitality; and what a view it was from the terrace of golden cane-fields, and fringing woods, and azure sea! The treatment of the domestic slaves appeared kind and affectionate, and all the negro children on the estate repeated their catechism to the priest, and were then brought in to dance and romp in

the drawing-room. Generally there does not appear to be the same amount of repulsion between the white and coloured races as in the United States, and there is the pleasant spectacle of their being mixed together in the churches. Still the crying conclusive fact remains, that the average negro population died off in ten years, and had to be recruited by continuous importations, which are so many breaches of the solemn treaties between Spain and us. On one coffee estate which I visited—(and generally the coffee cultivation is far lighter than that of the sugar cane)—a still darker shade was thrown upon the system, as I was told from a most authentic source that there was great difficulty in preventing mothers from killing their offspring. General Valdez, who was captain-general of the island during my visit, is thought to have exerted himself honestly in putting down the slave trade. I believe it has been as much encouraged as ever under some of his successors. The politics of Cuba are rather delicate ground to tread upon just now, and are likely to be continually shifting; it appeared to me that all the component parties held each other in check, like the people who are all prevented from killing each other in the farce of "The Critic." The despotism and exclusiveness of the mother country were complete; every one gave the same picture of the corruption and demoralization which pervaded every department of administration and justice. The Creoles are prevented from rising against this system, from dread of the Negroes rising against them, over and above the large Spanish force always kept on foot there; the Americans, who have got possession of a large proportion of the estates, do not like to hazard any attempt at annexation, without at least adequate aid from other quarters, as they would have to deal with the Spanish army, some of the Creoles, and all the Negroes; and the Negroes, the most deeply wronged party of any, would bring down on themselves, in case of any general rising amongst them, the Spaniards, Creoles, Americans within, and Americans without. May the providence of God reserve for these enchanting shores more worthy destinies than they have ever yet enjoyed!

I availed myself of the magnificent accommodation of one of our West India line-of-packet steamers, which deposited us at the mouth of the Mississippi. I repined at the course of the vessel, receding from the sun, and at first I thought everything looked dingy, after the skies and vegetation of the tropics. I missed especially the palm, the cocoa, and the seyba; but there was still the orange tree, and, what they have not in Cuba, the magnolia, a forest tree in full blossom. The sugar plantations of Louisiana seemed kept in very trim order; we passed the ground made memorable by the victory of General Jackson over the English; and soon drew up among the numerous tiers of masts and steam-boats that line the crescent outline of New Orleans.

The good I have to say of New Orleans must be chiefly confined to the St.

Charles Hotel, which is the most splendid of its kind that I saw even in the United States. When it is at its full complement 560 dine there every day—350 of whom sleep in the house; there are 160 servants, seven French cooks; all the waiters, whites—Irish, English, French, German, and American; the very intelligent proprietor of the hotel told me he thought the Irish made the best; he has them all together every day at noon, when they go through a regular drill, and rehearse the service of a dinner. Nothing can be more distinct than the appearance of the American and French portions of the town; the American is laid out in broad streets, high houses, and large stores; the French in narrow streets, which suits a warm climate better perhaps, and a great proportion of one-storied houses, which they thought a better security against hurricanes. I spent my time not unpleasantly, particularly two days at the plantation of an opulent proprietor, where the slaves seemed the subject of much thoughtful attention as far as their physical condition is concerned; the weather at this season—the middle of April—was delicious, but it is the last place in the world I should choose for a residence. For long periods the climate is most noxious to human life; it is the occasional haunt of the yellow fever; the river runs at a higher level than the town, and the putrid swamp is ever ready to ooze through the thin layer of rank soil above it; and, worse than any merely natural mal'aria, the dregs of the worst type of the French and American character, notwithstanding the more wholesome elements by which their influence is undoubtedly tempered, impart a moral taint to the social atmosphere.

Though in my journey henceforward I passed over immense spaces, and saw great varieties of scenes and men, yet as it became now more of a matter of real travelling, and did not show me so much of the inner social life, it will be a relief to you to hear, especially after the lengthened trespass I have already made on your attention, that I shall get over the remaining ground far more rapidly. I went from New Orleans to Louisville on board the "Henry Clay" steamer, 1500 miles, which lasted six days; the first 1100 miles were on the Mississippi. It is impossible to be on the Father of Waters, as I believe the name denotes, without some emotion; its breadth hardly appears so imposing as that of many far inferior streams; at New Orleans it must be under three-quarters of a mile, but its width rather paradoxically increases as you recede from its mouth; its colour is that of a murky, pulpy, yellowish mud, but still its full deep brimming volume pleases, chiefly, I suppose, from the knowledge that thus it rolls on for 5000 miles, and waters a valley capable of feeding the world; there is little break of outline, but the continuous parallel lines of forest are partially dotted, first by the sugar fields of Louisiana, then by the cotton enclosures of the States of Mississippi and Tennessee, then by the rich meadows of Kentucky. For the last 400 miles

we left the sovereign river, and struck up the Ohio, christened by the French the beautiful river, and deserving the name from the swelling wooded slopes which fringe its current; its soft native name of Ohio means "the gently flowing." Louisville is a flourishing town; thence I dived into the interior of Kentucky, and paid a visit of two or three days to Mr. Clay, at his country residence of Ashland. The qualities which rivet the Senate and captivate his adherents seem to me both heightened and softened by his frank, courteous, simple intercourse. He lives with his family in a modest house, among fields of a deep red soil and the most luxuriant grass, growing under very thriving and varied timber, the oak, sycamore, locust tree, cedar, and that beautiful ornament of American woods, the sugar maple. He likes showing some English cattle. His countrymen seem to be in the habit of calling upon him without any kind of previous introduction. Slavery, generally mild in the pastoral State of Kentucky, was certainly seen here in its least repulsive guise; Mr. Clay's own negro servant, Charles, was much devoted to him; he took him with him on a tour into Canada, and when some Abolitionists there wanted him to leave his master—"Not if you were to give me both your Provinces," was the reply.

My next halt was at the White Sulphur Springs in the western portion of Virginia. The season had not yet commenced, early in May, so I was in sole possession of the place. One of my Southern friends had kindly placed a delightful little cottage at my disposal, and I enjoyed in the highest degree the unwonted repose in the solitude of virgin forests, and the recesses of the green Alleghanies. Here were my brief Farewell Lines to the small temple-like cupola over the bright sulphur well from which I used to drink many times in the day:—

Hail dome! whose unpresuming circle guards
Virginia's flowing fountain: still may health
Hover above thy crystal urn, and bring
To cheeks unused their bloom! may Beauty still
Sit on thy billowy swell of wooded hills,
And deep ravines of verdure; may the axe,
Improvement's necessary pioneer,
'Mid forest solitudes, still gently pierce,
Not bare their leafy bowers! This votive lay,
Like wreath of old on thy white columns hung,
Albeit of scentless flowers from foreign soil,
Scorn not, and bid the pilgrim pass in peace.

I had, at this time, much travelling in the stage coaches, and I found it amusing to sit by the different coachmen, who were generally youths from the Eastern States, pushing their way in life, and full of fresh and racy talk. One said to me, lamenting the amount of debt which the State through which

we were travelling had incurred, "I suppose your State has no debt,"—a compliment I could not quite appropriate. Another, who probably came from New York, where they do not like to use the word Master in speaking of their employers, but prefer an old Dutch name, Boss, said to me, "I suppose the Queen is your Boss now."

I again turned my face to the West, and passed Cincinnati, which, together with all that I saw of the State of Ohio, seemed to me the part of the Union where, if obliged to make the choice, I should like best to fix my abode. It has a great share of all the civilization and appliances of the old settled States of the East, with the richer soil, the softer climate, the fresher spring of life, which distinguish the West. It had, besides, to me the great attraction of being the first Free State which I reached on my return from the region of Slavery, and the contrast in the appearance of prosperity and progress is just what a friend of freedom would always wish it to be. One of my visitors at Cincinnati told me he remembered when the town only contained a few log cabins; when I was there it had 50,000 inhabitants. I shall not easily forget an evening view from a neighbouring hill, over loamy corn fields, wooded knolls, and even some vineyards, just where the Miami River discharges its gentle stream into the ample Ohio. I crossed the States of Indiana and Illinois, looked for the first time on the wide level and waving grass of a prairie—stopped a short time at St. Louis, once a French station, now the flourishing capital of the State of Missouri. I passed the greatest confluence of rivers on the face of our globe, where the Mississippi and Missouri blend their giant currents; the whole river ought properly have gone by the name of the Missouri, as it is by far the most considerable stream, its previous course before the junction exceeding the entire course of the Mississippi both before and after it; it is the Missouri, too, which imparts its colour to the united stream, and for two or three miles you distinguish its ochre-coloured waters as they line the hitherto clear current of the Upper Mississippi. At Jacksonville, in Illinois, I was told a large colony of Yorkshiremen were settled, and I was the more easily induced to believe it, as it seemed to me about the most thriving and best cultivated neighbourhood I had seen. I embarked at Chicago on the great lakes: but here I must desist from pursuing my devious wanderings on those large inland seas, and on the opposite shore of Canada. Many thousands of miles have I steamed away over Lakes Michigan, Huron, Erie, Ontario; the Rideau Canal, the St. Lawrence and Ottowa Rivers; some of these I traversed twice, and they supplied some of the most interesting and picturesque features of my long journeyings. I should have scrupled in any case to touch upon the politics of Canada, and indeed my pauses at any fixed spot were too short to qualify me for the attempt, even if it had been desirable. It is a magnificent region, especially its western portion—happy in climate, soil, and scenery. I will, however, only attempt

to dash off two slight sketches from my Canadian recollections. Here is the first. I stood in a terraced garden on the summit of a high promontory, running with a steep angle into the basin made by the River St. Lawrence, of which it is no exaggeration to say that the water is as clear, bright, and, above all, green as any emerald; here, upon I believe the most imperial site in the world, stand the citadel and city of Quebec: the shipping was lying in great quantity close under the rocky steep, and was dotted for a considerable way along the shining river; in front was the island of Orleans, well-shaped and full-peopled; ridge upon ridge beyond, ending with Cape Tourment, descended on the river; the shore on either side gleamed with white villages, and the town below seemed to climb or almost leap up the straight precipice, broken with high convent roofs and glittering tinned spires. The flag of England waved upon the highest bastion that crowned the rock, the band of the Queen's Guards was playing in the garden, the clearest blue of western skies was above my head, and, rising above the whole glowing scene, was the commemorative pillar to that General Wolfe who on this spot transferred to us Englishmen, by his own victory and death, and with the loss of forty-five men, the mastery of a continent.

The only other scene I will attempt to sketch shall be in the centre of Lake Huron, on one of its countless islands. I am justified in using that epithet, since not long ago our Government ordered a survey to be made of the islands; they counted 40,000, and then gave it up, and some of these were of no contemptible size, one of them being ninety miles long. I was one of the party which at that time went annually up to the lake to attend an encampment of many thousand Indians, and make a distribution of presents among them. About sunset our flotilla of seven canoes, manned well by Indian and French Canadian crews, drew up, some of the rowers cheering the end of the day's work with snatches of a Canadian boat-song. We disembarked on some rocky islet which, as probably as not, had never felt the feet of man before; in a few moments the utter solitude had become a scene of bustle and business, carried on by the sudden population of some sixty souls; tents had been pitched in which we were to sleep; small trees had been cut for fuel; fires had been lighted round which the motley crews were preparing the evening meal; some were bathing in the transparent little bays, some standing on a jutting piece of cliff, fishing; and here and there an Indian in the water, motionless, watching with an intent gaze, a spear in his hand ready to dart on his prey beneath. A large oil cloth had been spread for a party on a convenient ledge of rock; hot pea soup, hot fish, the chace of the day, and large cold rounds of beef, showed that, though we were in the desert, we did not fare like anchorites; and the summer moon rose on the scattered fires, and the gay bivouac, and the snatches of song and chorus that from time to time woke the unaccustomed echoes of Lake Huron.

Entering the United States again, I made a rapid journey, by Lakes Champlain and George, by Ticonderoga and Saratoga, historic names; spent four very delightful days in the most attractive society in a New England village, revived the beauteous impressions of the Hudson, and, taking leave of friends not soon to be forgotten, on the quay of New York, left the hospitable shore.

You will have perceived that in these desultory notes I have not attempted to pronounce any formal judgment upon the American people, or the great experiment they are conducting in the face of the world. The extreme diversity of habits, manners, opinions, feelings, race, and origin, in the several parts of the wide extent of country I traversed, would render the difficulty, great in any case, of such an undertaking, still more subtle and complicated. The striking contrasts in such a shifting and variegated aspect of society make me feel that any such general and dashing summary could only be attempted after the fashion of a passage which I have always much admired in Gibbon, where, wishing to give a fair view of the poetical character of Claudian, he sums up separately his merits and defects, and leaves his reader to strike the just balance. In some such mode it might be stated that North America, viewed at first with respect to her natural surface, exhibits a series of scenery, various, rich, and, in some of its features, unparalleled; though she cannot, on the whole, equal Europe in her mountain elevations, how infinitely does she surpass her in rivers, estuaries, and lakes! This variegated surface of earth and water is seen under a sky warm, soft, and balmy in some—clear, blue, and brilliant in all its latitudes, with a transparency of atmosphere which Italy does not reach, with varieties of forest growth and foliage unknown to Europe, and with a splendour of hues in autumn before which painting must despair. With respect to the moral aspect, I naturally feel the difficulty of any succinct or comprehensive summary infinitely heightened. The feature which is the most obvious, and probably the most enviable, is the nearly entire absence, certainly of the appearance, and in a great degree of the reality, of poverty; in no part of the world, I imagine, is there so much general ease and comfort among the great bulk of the people, and a gushing abundance struck me as the prominent characteristic of the land. It is not easy to describe how far this consideration goes to brighten the face of nature, and give room for its undisturbed enjoyment. Within a mere span of time, as compared with the general growth and progress of nations, the industry, at once steady and persevering, of the inhabitants, has cleared enormous tracts of forest, reared, among their untrodden glades, spacious and stately cities, opened new highways through the swamp and the desert, covered their unequalled rivers with fleets of steamboats and craft of every form, given an extension to canals beyond all previous experience, and filled land and water with hardy miracles of successful enterprise. The traveller, wafted with mar-

vellous ease by steamboats and railways over prodigious spaces, cannot but indulge in what may appear a mere superficial satisfaction at the accommodation he meets with in the hotels of the principal cities, which are regulated on a scale, and with a splendour and even cleanliness which he will find scarcely rivalled in the capitals of Europe. However absorbed in the pursuits of business, agriculture, and trade, the citizens of these young republics may be, and though it would seem to be their obvious vocation in life to cultivate almost boundless wastes, and connect almost interminable distances, circles are nevertheless to be found among them which in point of refined and agreeable intercourse, of literary taste, and general accomplishment, it would be difficult for the same capitals of the elder world to surpass; the Bench and Bar, as well as other professions, can boast both of the solid and brilliant qualities by which they are adorned; and while much occurs in Congress that must be deemed rough and unseemly, the chords of high and generous feeling are frequently struck within its walls to accents of noble eloquence; in the universal fluency of their public speaking they undoubtedly surpass ourselves. In rural life I doubt whether the world can produce more examples of quiet simplicity and prosperous content than would be found, I might say most prominently, in the embowered villages of New England, or the sunny valleys of Pennsylvania. I am sure that I am not wanting in respect for the operative classes of this district, but I cannot conceal from myself that the appearance of the female factory population of Lowell presents some points of favourable contrast. Among the more opulent portion of society, an idle man without regular profession or fixed pursuit is the exception which excites observation and surprise. The purity of the female character stands deservedly high, and society has been deemed by some to be rendered less agreeable by the rigid devotion of the young married women to their households and nurseries. It is something to have travelled nearly over the whole extent of the Union without having encountered a single specimen either of servility or incivility of manner; by the last I intend to denote intentional rudeness. Elections may seem the universal business, topic, and passion of life; but they are, at least with but few exceptions, carried on without any approach to tumult, rudeness, or disorder; those which I happened to see were the most sedate, unimpassioned processes I can imagine. In the Free States, at least, the people at large bear an active, and I believe on the whole a useful, part in all the concerns of internal government and practical daily life; men of all classes, and especially of the more wealthy and instructed, take a zealous share in almost every pursuit of usefulness and philanthropy; they visit the hospitals and asylums, they attend the daily instruction of the schools, they give lectures at lyceums and institutes. I am glad to think that I may be treading in their footsteps on this occasion. I have already mentioned with just praise the universal diffusion and excellent quality of popular education,

as established especially in the States of New England, the powerful Empire State of New York, and, I may add, the prosperous and aspiring State of Ohio. Without venturing to weigh the preponderating recommendations or deficiencies of the Voluntary System, I may fairly ask, what other communities are so amply supplied with the facilities of public worship for all their members? The towns, old and young, bristle with churches; they are almost always well filled; the Sabbath, in the Eastern and Northern States at least, is scrupulously observed, and with the most unbounded freedom of conscience, and a nearly complete absence of polemical strife and bitterness, there is apparently a close unity of feeling and practice in rendering homage to God.

Though it would appear difficult, and must certainly be ungracious, to paint the reverse side of such a country and such a people, a severe observer would not be long at fault. With respect to their scenery itself, while he could not deny that within its vast expanse it contained at times both sublimity and beauty, he might establish against it a charge of monotony, to which the immense continuities of the same surfaces, whether of hill, valley, wood, lake, or river—the straight unbroken skirt of forest, the entire absence of single trees, the square parallelograms of the cleared spaces, the uniform line of zigzag fences, the staring squareness of the new wooden houses, all powerfully contribute. In regard to climate, without dwelling on such partial influences as the mal'aria which desolates the stunted pine-barrens of North Carolina, and banishes every white native of South Carolina from their rice-plains during the entire summer, the hot damps which festoon the trees on the southern coast with a funereal drapery of grey moss, the yellow fever which decimates the quays of New Orleans, and the feverish agues which line the banks of the Mississippi, it would be impossible to deny the violent alternations of temperature which have a more general prevalence, and it is certain that much fewer robust forms and ruddy complexions are to be seen than in our own more even latitudes. Passing from the physical to the moral atmosphere, amidst all the vaunted equality of the American freemen, there seemed to be a more implicit deference to custom, a more passive submission to what is assumed to be the public opinion of the day or hour, than would be paralleled in many aristocratic or even despotic communities. This quiet acquiescence in the prevailing tone, this complete abnegation of individual sentiment, is naturally most perceptible in the domain of politics; but I thought that it also in no inconsiderable degree pervaded the social circle, biassed the decisions of the judicial bench, and even infected the solemn teachings of the pulpit. To this source may probably in some measure be traced the remarkable similarity in the manners, deportment, conversation, and tone of feeling, which has so generally struck travellers from abroad in American society. Who that has seen can ever forget the slow and melancholy silence of the

couples who walk arm-in-arm to the tables of the great hotels, or of the unsocial groups who gather round the greasy meals of the steamboats, lap up the five minutes' meal, come like shadows, so depart? One of their able public men made an observation to me, which struck me as pungent, and perhaps true, that it was probably the country in which there was less misery and less happiness than in any other of the world. There are other points of manners on which I am not inclined to dilate, but to which it would at least require time to be reconciled. I may just intimate that their native plant of tobacco lies at the root of much that we might think objectionable. However necessary and laudable the general devotion to habits of industry and the practical business of life may be, and though there are families and circles in which no grace, no charm, no accomplishment, are wanting, yet it cannot be denied that, among the nation at large, the empire of dollars, cents, and material interests, holds a very preponderating sway, and that art and all its train of humanities exercise at present but an enfeebled and restricted influence. If we ascend from social to political life, and from manners to institutions, we should find that the endless cycles of electioneering preparations and contests, although they may be carried on for the most part without the riotous turbulence, or overt bribery, by which they are sometimes but too notoriously disgraced among ourselves, still leave no intermission for repose in the public mind; enter into all the relations of existence; subordinate to themselves every other question of internal and foreign policy; lead their public men, I will not say their best, but the average of them, to pander to the worst prejudices, the meanest tastes, the most malignant resentments of the people; at each change of administration incite the new rulers to carry the spirit of proscription into every department of the public service, from the minister at a great foreign court to the postmaster of some half-barbarous outpost—thus tending to render those whose functions ought to withdraw them the most completely from party influences the most unscrupulous partizans; and would make large masses welcome war, and even acquiesce in ruin, if it appeared that they could thus counteract the antagonist tactics, humiliate the rival leader, or remotely influence the election of the next President. It is already painfully felt that, as far as the universal choice of the people was relied on to secure for the highest office of the state the most commanding ability or the most signal merit, it may be pronounced to have failed. There may be less habitual and actual noise in Congress than in our own Parliament, but the time of the House of Representatives, not without cost to the constituent body which pays for their services, is continuously taken up, when not engrossed by a speech of some days' duration, with wrangles upon points of order, and angry recriminations; the language used in debate has occasionally sounded the lowest depths of coarse and virulent acrimony, and the floor of the Legislative Hall has actually been the scene of violent personal rencounter.

The manners of the barely-civilized West, where it has been known that counsel challenge judges on the bench, and Members of the Legislature fire off rifles at the Speaker as he sits in the chair, would appear to be gradually invading the very inner shrine of the Constitution. Having done justice to the strictness and purity of morals which distinguish many of the more settled portions of the continent, it cannot be concealed that the reckless notions and habits of the vagrant pioneers of the West, evinced as these are by the practices of gambling, drinking, and licentiousness, by an habitual disregard of the Sabbath, and by more constant swearing than I ever heard anywhere else, fearfully disfigure that great valley of the Mississippi, destined inevitably, at no distant day, to be the preponderating section of the entire Union. It is at this day impossible to go into any society, especially of the older and more thoughtful men, some of whom may themselves have borne an eminent part in the earlier struggles and service of the commonwealth, without hearing the degeneracy of modern times, and the downward tendency of all things, despondingly insisted upon. At the period of my visit, besides the numerous instances of individual bankruptcy and insolvency, not, alas! peculiar to the New World, the doctrine of repudiation, officially promulgated by sovereign States, had given an unpleasing confirmation to what is perhaps the prevailing tendency among retired politicians. I have reserved for the last topic of animadversion the crowning evil—the capital danger—the mortal plague-spot—Slavery. I have not disclaimed the original responsibility of my own country in introducing and riveting it upon her dependencies; I do not disguise the portentous difficulties in the way of adequate remedy to the great and growing disease. But what I cannot shut my eyes on is, that, while it lasts, it must still continue, in addition to the actual amount of suffering and wrong which it entails on the enslaved, to operate with terrible reaction on the dominant class, to blunt the moral sense, to sap domestic virtue, to degrade independent industry, to check the onward march of enterprise, to sow the seeds of suspicion, alarm, and vengeance in both internal and external intercourse, to distract the national councils, to threaten the permanence of the Union, and to leave a brand, a bye-word, and a jest upon the name of Freedom.

Having thus endeavoured, without consciousness of anything misstated or exaggerated, though of much that is wanting and incomplete on either side, to sum up the good and the bad, I leave my hearers to draw their own conclusions from the whole; there are large materials both for approval and attack, ample grounds both for hope and fear. *Causes are occasionally at work which almost appear to portend a disruption of the Federal Union;* at the same time a strong sentiment of pride about it, arising partly from an honest patriotism, partly from a feeling of complacency in its very size and extent may tend indefinitely to postpone any such pregnant result; but whatever may be the solution of that question, whatever the issue of the future destinies

assigned to the great American Republic, it is impossible to have contemplated her extent, her resources, the race that has mainly peopled her, the institutions she has derived or originated, the liberty which has been their life-blood, the industry which has been their offspring, and the free Gospel which has been published on her wide plains and wafted by her thousand streams, without nourishing the belief and the hope that it is reserved for her to do much, in the coming generations, for the good of man and the glory of God.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX I.

Speech of Sir Robert Peel *at a Public Meeting of the Queen's University in Ireland, held in St. Patrick's Hall, Dublin Castle, on the 12th of October,* 1864.

My Lord Chancellor, Ladies, and Gentlemen,

I make no doubt that within these halls there are some persons who are here assembled for the first time, to witness this interesting annual ceremony of the Queen's University; and I make no doubt that there are also here many young men who are here for the first time, and they equally with this distinguished company, as well as those amongst us who are more familiar with the proceedings on these occasions—one and all of us cannot fail to be deeply impressed by the circumstances and consideration with which the Honors of this University are year by year delivered to those who have succeeded in their examination for Diplomas and Degrees. But, Ladies and Gentlemen, in the distribution of Prizes which have been gained by the successful candidates, the students themselves must feel the compliment which is paid to them by this public ceremony in the recognition of their successful academic career—that it is enhanced by the honour which is paid by the hands of my noble friend the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, who is also Vice-Chancellor of this University.

My Lord Chancellor has given us a brief outline of the results of the past year, and he has also, I am happy to say, satisfied us as regards the successful and onward progress of the University. Now, let me, if I can, refer to what took place in this hall last year. Last year, in October, 1863, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in those eloquent words which he could so well make use of, referred to the lamented absence of one of the most distinguished members of the Senate—the late Dr. Whately; and he alluded to him, in that language which I qualify as eloquent, as a man of large qualities, of abundant charity, and, I think his words were, "luminous faith." Dr. Whately, from the very incorporation of our University, was a member of our Senate, and by his constant presence here, and by the continuance of his

support on this and many occasions, he advanced the interests of the University, so that those connected with the University looked up to him with grateful recollections of his services. We have lost three very distinguished members of our Senate—Sir Philip Crampton, Sir Thomas Wyse, and Dr. Whately. Their places can be and have been filled, I hope, by men who will endeavour, as they did, to do their duty to the University; and I, in common with this audience, rejoice to see in place of Dr. Whately that very distinguished man now present, who has succeeded him in the See of Dublin—I mean his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. But, Ladies and Gentlemen, as has been referred to by the Lord Chancellor, there is a gloom spread and hanging over our proceedings on this occasion, in consequence of the absence of one who, on all occasions that he was able, was most conspicuous by his presence. This, I believe, is the twelfth anniversary on which you assembled in this hall, in connexion with the Queen's University: on eight of these occasions Lord Carlisle, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, presided here. How great, then, is his loss on this occasion! This loss has been alluded to by the Vice-Chancellor, who stated that he always came to give us his countenance and support. He was not the only Lord Lieutenant who has done that, because every noble man who has held the rank of Viceroy in this country has done the same. Lord Clarendon I would especially mention, whose name cannot be mentioned within the precincts of this University without gratitude and without respect—to whom we owe, I believe I am justified in saying, the establishment of the Medical Schools in our Colleges. Lord Eglintoun, when he came to Ireland in 1852, also at once consented to preside in this hall. At a meeting on a similar occasion what did he tell his audience? He said—"I have been a very short time amongst you in Ireland—a very few months; but I have lost no time. I have not omitted visiting each one of the provinces, and of seeing the Colleges erected there with my own eyes." He did that, and rejoiced to see the success of those established, and hoped that the University would prosper. In 1853 or 1854 Lord St. Germans came here. He had been Chief Secretary under the Government of Sir Robert Peel, when the Act incorporating this University was passed. On that occasion he referred to the fact, and said:—"When I was Chief Secretary for Ireland, I was instrumental in drawing up the Act which gave the Queen's Colleges to Ireland; and I rejoice as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to witness their success in the country." Although all these several Lords Lieutenant paid every attention to promote the interests which we are here to advocate, there were none after Lord Clarendon who did more service for us than did Lord Carlisle. Lord Carlisle had made the country his home. His whole soul was wrapped up in the service of his Sovereign as Viceroy, and in endeavouring to promote the welfare of this country. There was nothing that could in any way advance the social and material prosperity of this country that he was not anxious to promote;

and therefore I do venture to say that never did a man leave the shores of Ireland towards whom a deeper regret at the affliction which had befallen him was felt than towards Lord Carlisle. The very last official visit, I believe, which he paid in this country was to the Marlborough-street Schools, with his friend Alexander Mac Donnell, in order to prove that he was in favour of that system of united education which has given us such inestimable benefits. I do not know if I may observe on one particular fact connected with his departure, but I would venture to say that there was no person who witnessed the departure of Lord Carlisle from the shores of Ireland who was not affected at the spectacle that was presented. Crowds of people were assembled in Kingstown in silent regret to wish him good-bye; and I have been told that when my gallant friend, the Commander-in-Chief, advanced to bid him a last good-bye, he advanced to him and when he took his hand and grasped it for a few minutes, and said, "God bless you, Sir;" I do not believe there was a dry eye in that crowded assembly that was there to wish Lord Carlisle farewell. He stood till the last moment on the deck of the vessel, and, as it was leaving the shore, he cast a long, lingering look behind him at that country where he had spent almost the whole of his public life, and where his public services had been given. Many a person in that assembly must have recollected those touching lines of Moore, where he says:—

"As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still looked back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving:
So loth we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,
On those we've left behind us."

And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, there were two observations which have been made by Lord Carlisle, and to which I wish to advert; but, first of all, I wish to point out the very eventful period which passed during the time Lord Carlisle was connected with the Government of Ireland. From 1854 to 1863, eight anniversaries in which he presided here as ruler, the advance of the University was of a striking character. In the year Lord Carlisle came to Ireland there were entering the University 178 students, and the number attending in the halls amounted to 410. In the year following there were 179 entries, and 438 attending; whilst last year, 1862-63, there were 273 entering, and 787 attending. During the present year, however, which is conspicuous among all that has passed for the number of young men both entering and attending, we find 289 entering, and 810 students attending the lectures. It is impossible in the brief period that has elapsed that greater success should

have been accomplished. In the year 1857-58 we had a commission to nquire into the conduct of the University. That commission reported that it was impossible but that the University must be successful, because at that moment there were in the halls attending lectures nearly 450 students. What would they not be able to report of it now, when not only that number has been very nearly doubled, but that absolutely the students educated in this University are displaying on almost every occasion, when competitive examination affords them an opportunity, convincing proofs of the advantages they derive from their education?

There are two observations which Lord Carlisle made on almost the last occasion when he addressed this assembly, to which I would wish to refer. He observed on the nicely-balanced division of students as regards the religious denominations in this country. I am happy to say that that has been maintained to a remarkable degree. Lord Carlisle said on a former occasion, in this hall, "I learn with increasing pleasure that the proportion of different religious communions amongst the students continues to be what might be expected and wished." What are the numbers in the College at the present moment? I will take three years—for this is a matter of great importance to those who take an interest in the progress of the University. In the year 1861-62 there were 752 students in all attending the halls. Of these 205 were of the Established Church, 208 were Roman Catholics, 247 were Presbyterians, and 92 belonged to other denominations. In 1862-63 (observe how nicely the number is preserved, with, I am glad to say, an increasing number of Roman Catholics), there were 202 members of the Established Church, 214 Roman Catholics; General Assembly Presbyterians, 277; and of other denominations, 84; and in 1863-64, we find that the number of members of the Established Church is 210; of Roman Catholics, 237 (a very considerable increase); Presbyterians, 260; and other denominations, 103. I think, therefore, that the progress of the University as regards the religious denominations of students fully bears out the anxious desire that Lord Carlisle had expressed, that the proportion should be maintained.

On the last occasion Lord Carlisle presided here he expressed a hope that the time was not far distant when the University would have a building of its own. He said:—"The increasing dimensions and swelling fortunes of this institution, and the growing interest which is felt in it, only make me wish the more eagerly that the time may not be far distant when the University will have a building of its own, duly accommodated to its high days and solemnities." That is a hope in which we all share. I yearn to see the time when we will not have to depend upon the kindness of the Lord Lieutenant (great as our thanks to him must be), but that we shall be able to have, as Lord Carlisle desired, a building of our own, where we could assume the position we are entitled to demand. I do not believe any one would grudge us that

honour. The great Universities certainly would not. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge would be glad to see their sister University advancing to that position which it is entitled to reach. The University of Dublin, I am sure, would be glad to see us occupy a proper position here. I think that, considering this is the last expression of one who took such an interest in our advancement, it is not too much to hope that the Government would grant £30,000 for the building of an institution here. We should then have a building in Dublin. I venture to say I express the opinion of every liberal man connected with the University of Dublin, considering that they have a revenue of about £70,000, or £80,000, or £100,000 a-year, dating from the time of Queen Elizabeth, when I say that they will co-operate with me in urging the Government to give the trifling grant of £30,000, whereby we could have a *locus standi* in Dublin. Having said so much, I hope that when that day shall come, I may have the privilege of addressing the Queen's University in that hall. If I am not connected with Ireland then, I certainly will make it a point to come over here to congratulate the young men of the University on having obtained that which they are entitled to have.

Well, now, what has been done to advance the interests of the University during the last three years? Last year the Government, upon the urgent request of the Irish Government, granted that body of men who so justly deserved recompence—the professors of the Irish Colleges—an important addition to their salaries. Since 1858 that had been a pressing consideration. Year after year it has been brought forward; and I rejoice to think that, with the co-operation of Lord Clarendon and Lord Carlisle, I have succeeded in obtaining from the Government that just remuneration for the value of the services of the professors that they were strictly entitled to receive. Again, last year I considered, in common with other persons who were interested in the matter, the salary and position of one connected with the University, who, from the beginning of his connexion with it until the present moment, has taken the liveliest—I may say the chief part in promoting its interests. I allude to my honourable friend, the Secretary of this University. All the business of the University has to pass through his hands and those of his assistant. They are responsible for the due discharge of that business; and any of those persons who are here to-day who have received Honors and Diplomas would be extremely annoyed and vexed if any irregularity occurred. But errors never occur, so exact is Mr. Stoney in the discharge of his duties; and I am sure there is not a single student of the University that does not join with me in congratulating him on the advance of salary that he has obtained. What do I find? I find that the joint secretaries of the Board of Education have £750 a year. I find that the secretary of the London University has £800 a year. I find that the secretary of the Civil Service Commission has £800 a year. I find that the registrar of Trinity College, Dublin, receives a salary of £1200 or £1500 a year. I therefore thought it my duty to impress

on the Government the necessity of giving Mr. Stoney a position somewhat corresponding to those I have mentioned, and I am glad to find my representations have met with a liberal response, and that the secretary and his assistant now receive an addition to the salary heretofore allotted to them by Government.

I now come to the Queen's College Fund. It is now three years in existence. About £1200 have already been distributed amongst the students of the University. A portion of this fund has been invested in railway stock and a portion in Indian stock; so that I am happy to say that, whilst we can amply, freely, and liberally endow the students at the present time with prizes and rewards, there will remain funds which will carry back to the students of this University a recollection of the liberality of the public, and, I hope, leave some remnant of good-will also towards myself.

Now, we have heard from the Lord Chancellor what the success of the University has been. The success of the students of the Queen's Colleges in the competitive examinations was most remarkable. I will take the last year of 1863-64. There were two competitive examinations for the Public Works, Department in India, and the Queen's University students won the first, second, and sixth out of ten appointments. There was a competitive examination for the Indian Telegraph Department—I only mention these two, but I might mention many others—and the students of the Queen's University actually obtained five out of twelve appointments. I think it is impossible to refer to those details without seeing how remarkably successful we have been in the general competition with students of other Universities.

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, I should be disposed to close these few remarks, but I have observed that in all our successes there is yet wanting something to make them thorough and complete. We see all over Ireland a network of National Schools. I think there are at this moment 6000 odd, with more than 800,000 children attending them. We have three Queen's Colleges in the different provinces of Ulster, Munster, and Connaught. They are doing an immensity of good. As regards the National Schools, it is unnecessary for me to refer to them; but in our criminal statistics we observe what an immense effect they have had by the moral agency and systematic training to which the children are subjected. But I have to deal with the Queen's Colleges, and what I wish to show is, how much needed these Queen's Colleges must be. I will take the two great religious denominations which represent the majority of the people in this country, Roman Catholics and Protestants. Look at the Dublin University Commission. I am not aware that matters are much altered since then, and you will see from that, I think, that while Roman Catholics and Presbyterians represent the overwhelming majority of the people of this country, yet actually in Trinity College only six per cent. of the students were Roman Catholics, and four per cent. Presbyterians. Is not that convincing proof of the necessity we are under of establish-

ing a National University which will embrace all classes in this country? Well, then, between the National Schools and the Queen's University there is a great lack. How is that? We want in this country what they are now agitating for in England—we want Intermediate Schools. In England the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland,* Sir Stafford Northcote, and many others, I am happy to say, have interested themselves in this subject, and what we want here is that we should have a system of Intermediate Schools which should act as a feeder to this University. You have enormous endowments. There are enormous endowments in the Royal Schools and Charter Schools, and many others; but I am sorry to say we all know that the funds of these Schools have been grossly mismanaged. The revenue of these Schools alone amounts to £70,000 or £80,000 a year, but if properly managed they might reach £140,000 or £150,000 a year; and therefore I say, I believe, if you would properly apply them, you have resources to maintain intermediate education which would be most useful and beneficial to the people of this country. It is to the middle classes I address myself. It is they who are most interested in this matter. They have hitherto been deprived of the advantages of collegiate and university education, at least in this country. It depends upon this country generally to stir up this matter as they are doing in England. Attract public attention to it, and I will venture to say that two years will not pass without bringing it that consideration which it is entitled to receive. We all know the discouragement which must result from having this enormous educational fund lost to the country.

We are prospering—prospering as we should do, and why? In whatever channel of action your choice or your inclination may lead you—whether it be in science, whether it be in medicine, whether it be the legal profession, or whether it be in the public service—the avenues of distinction are now open to you. Thank God there are no barriers which you cannot now surmount by patience, perseverance, and industry. I recollect that a learned Judge—a very learned Judge—was once asked how men succeed at the bar. He said, "Some succeed by great talent, some by high connexions, some by a miracle, but the majority by commencing without a sixpence." Never were truer words spoken. Self-help alone makes a man succeed. If he has confidence in himself, he may despise the world, because he is sure to get on by his own determination to succeed. I recollect having read in "Moore's Life" a characteristic letter from Lord Melbourne to Lord John Russell. Lord Russell wrote to Lord Melbourne, asking him to make some provision for one of Moore's sons. This was Lord Melbourne's reply, and it contains a very useful piece of advice:—

"My Dear John,—I return you Moore's letter. Whatever is done should be done

* Lord Wodehouse, who had not as yet entered upon the duties of the Viceroyalty.

for Moore himself. Making a small provision for young men is, of all things, the most prejudicial to themselves. They think what they have much larger than it really is, and they make no exertion. The young should never hear any language but this:—'You have your own way to make, and it depends upon your own exertions whether you starve or not.'—Yours, "MELBOURNE."

There is a good deal of good, sound, common sense there; and I recollect, in this very city—I think at the opening of a railway that was constructed through the energy of Mr. Dargan—a remark made by that gentleman which bears on this subject. Mr. Dargan's health was drunk, and he was wished prosperity, and complimented upon the independence he had acquired by his own exertions. Having returned thanks for the toast of his health, Mr. Dargan made this sensible remark:—"We have heard a great deal lately about the independence we have acquired from this, that, and the other source, but I have given a great deal of attention to industrial independence, and my opinion is, that active industry and careful exactness would be the making of Ireland." There is a great deal of common sense in that suggestion. You will succeed, my young friends, in future life, by showing determination and perseverance, and acting with prudence. Let me then entreat you that in your early life you should make it your study to advance yourselves in those useful and honourable labours in which the rising generation of Ireland are so well fitted to excel by their character, by their intelligence, and by their moral qualities. Do not let it be said that the success of your academic career is ephemeral—that, having gained Honors here, you are contented to rest upon your oars, and pass an idle and listless life. On the contrary, let it be but an earnest of future exertion—a pledge of perseverance, and, no doubt, of success in the business and concerns of active life. And, above all, my young friends, do not forget ever to keep present to your mind that in your persons, and in your position, you represent that great family of the middle classes of the United Kingdom, by whose industrial independence and upon whose moral worth the welfare and the institutions of this free country must ever mainly depend.

APPENDIX II.

Letter to ALDERMAN ATKINSON.

VICEREGAL LODGE, *September* 14, 1861.

MY DEAR LORD MAYOR,

I FEEL that I ought not at least to withhold my expression of admiration for the liberal and munificent hospitality which you evinced in your recent enter-

tainment to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. It would have been very agreeable to myself, if I could have conveyed to you an intimation that you were to receive the same honour which was conferred upon the Chief Magistrate of Dublin upon the occasion of Her Majesty's first visit to that capital. As, however, that precedent was not followed upon her second visit, and as it is our hope that Her Majesty's future arrivals in Ireland may not be looked upon as rare or exceptional circumstances, it has not been thought advisable to adopt the course which was pursued in 1849.

Your Lordship is aware that the highest mark of distinction by which it would be in my own power to prove how much I appreciated at once the general feeling and bearing of the whole population of Dublin during the visits of Her Majesty and her august family, and the manner in which you personally represented and embodied the loyal sentiment of the community would be by conferring upon your Lordship the honour of Knighthood. I do not, however, directly make that proposal to you, in case it might not be agreeable to you to accept it. Upon the slightest intimation, however, that it would not be unacceptable, I need not say how much pleasure I should feel in bestowing it.

I have the honour to be,
My dear Lord Mayor,
With great respect and regard,
Your very grateful Servant,
CARLISLE.

APPENDIX III.

The Address of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Council of the Borough of Morpeth, to the Honorable and Reverend WILLIAM GEORGE EARL OF CARLISLE, VISCOUNT HOWARD OF MORPETH, *and* BARON DACRE OF GILSLAND.

MY LORD,

WE beg to offer your Lordship and the other relatives of the late EARL OF CARLISLE our sincere sympathy on his death. In expressing this, we only echo the feeling which is so general in Great Britain and Ireland as to be almost national; for to know his Lordship was to love, respect, and admire him. But we regard his Lordship as having a more intimate relation with us, as, in looking to the long line of his ancestors until it is lost in the mist of Saxon antiquity, we see the founders of our Corporation and its feudal head

for more than six centuries, and we fondly believe that the best and greatest qualities of that long and noble line were repeated in the late Earl. In him we trace the calm wisdom of his immediate ancestor, and the literary tastes and splendid talents of the LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, and we are certain that in the late Earl were combined all those qualities which caused History to style one of the Greystock branch "THE GOOD LORD WILLIAM;" for every thought, word, and act of him whose loss we deplore, were distinguished by goodness of heart, by kindness and consideration for others, and an entire absence of every selfish object.

Exalted as was the station, and great the possessions of the late Earl, we know that he looked upon these at their true value, and had other and higher hopes, which we trust are now more than realized.

We assure your Lordship that the name and virtues of GEORGE EARL OF CARLISLE will be long remembered and fondly cherished in this Borough.

In testimony whereof, we have caused the common Seal of our Borough to be affixed hereto, this twelfth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

W. WILSON,
Mayor.

APPENDIX IV.

The Address of the Inhabitants of the Borough of Morpeth and Neighbourhood, to the Honorable and Reverend WILLIAM GEORGE EARL OF CARLISLE, VISCOUNT HOWARD OF MORPETH, *and* BARON DACRE OF GILSLAND.

MY LORD,

THE inhabitants of this town and neighbourhood desire to express their sorrow on the death of the late EARL OF CARLISLE. Connected by ancestral and historic associations and extensive possessions, he had scarcely attained his majority when he entered upon public life as the representative of this Borough. He then said, "The principles which shall ever regulate my conduct are loyalty to the king, a sincere attachment to our free and equal constitution, an earnest desire to secure the welfare of every class of my fellow-subjects, and an ardent love of that freedom which has made us the proud and happy people it is our boast to be." The few yet living who listened to that address well remember that the modest, yet eloquent words and graceful bearing of the noble Lord augured a brilliant future, which was more than fulfilled when his Lordship stood in the Castle Yard of York, elected by the

most numerous constituency of the largest county in England to be the colleague of one of the greatest and most popular statesmen and orators of that day. And after ably and consistently maintaining these principles as the chosen of the people and a peer of the realm for nearly forty years, he has departed, having throughout that long period possessed the respect and admiration alike of his political friends and opponents. He received the highest honours which the Crown could bestow, and represented his Sovereign in our sister isle, where he early conciliated and happily retained the affections of a warm-hearted people. Among the republicans of America he inspired feelings akin to those with which he was regarded in his own country; and some of the last lines dictated by the late historian of the southern continent were expressive of his regard for his illustrious friend. In every relation of life, in every society, in every country, he called forth the admiration and respect of all, and has left only pleasant memories: these must pass away with the living, but his eminent public services, and their grateful recognition by those best able to estimate them, will be unmistakeably handed down to future generations, so long as the Irish Roll and Yorkshire Vase shall remain in the library of Castle Howard.

It is not for us to intrude upon domestic relations; but from the sincere respect and heartfelt sorrow expressed by the public, we can readily imagine how warm must have been the affection, how deep is now the sorrow, of those connected by the ties of blood and friendship. With that sorrow we sincerely sympathize.

Entertaining the deepest respect for the memory of the late Earl of Carlisle, as a nobleman distinguished in public life, we shall at the same time gratefully remember him as the kind friend, the indulgent landlord, and the promoter of all that was good, liberal, and enlightened.

W. WILSON,
Mayor.

APPENDIX V.

Education—Royal Grammar Schools in Ireland.—Speech of LORD CARLISLE *at the Royal Portora School, Enniskillen, July 24th*, 1863.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I BELIEVE there has been a rule laid down by rhetoricians for the guidance to public speakers, that they should begin their addresses by endeavouring to conciliate the good will of their audience. I think I am acting in accordance with that precept, when I announce to you that Mr. Steele has been good enough to accede to my request to grant an additional week's holidays. I can with all truth assure you that it has afforded me pleasure of no common kind to have found myself able to accept the kind and friendly invitation of Mr. Steele, and pay this visit to Portora. I need not add, that I could not fail to be gratified and touched by the heartiness of the welcome I have received from all grades and all ages. I wish, indeed, that I could reply to some of the effusions which have been addressed to me in the same harmonious accents and sounding rhythm; but not to me, or such as me,

> "Is that diviner inspiration given,
> The pomp and prodigality of heaven."

And therefore I must beg you all to accept such thanks as I can give you in the most homely, but most truth-telling prose. In one respect I was indeed inclined, even if I had not been confirmed by what has been said to day, boldly to challenge the gratitude of my present audience. I indeed should have felt great scruple in laying claim to the gratitude of any other audience in Ireland, because, in the discharge of my ordinary duties, I must be well aware of my many shortcomings, and of how few—though I must say that I had the will—I have been able to effectually serve. But I do with confidence claim the thanks of an audience at Portora, since it was my happy privilege to place Mr. Steele in the position which he fills, and which he adorns. The best attestation to his merits is the present condition of the School; and all the accounts I have received of it before confirm what has fallen under my personal inspection within the last twenty-four hours, and convince me that I may safely leave this matter to the knowledge of his nearer neighbours, and of those more immediately connected with the welfare of the School. I do indeed feel that it is of no mean importance to the gravest interests of Ireland

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* Portora Royal Grammar School, founded by Charles I., and richly endowed. See page xxxi in the Introduction.

that the rising youth of her gentry and the mercantile classes should receive the advantages of an education that is at once religious, moral, scholarly, and gentlemanlike, whereby our young men would be initiated into all manly studies and all manly sports. I agree with Mr. Steele in the propriety of not setting apart any special classes with a view to particular professions, because I think the aim of a good public School ought to be, so to bring up the young men that are received there, that, when the time comes for leaving it, they shall be qualified by the education they have received—after such special preparation as may subsequently become necessary, and after having had the opportunity of considering the responsibility which attaches to their own choice, which I conceive to be no mean ingredient of success in after life—to enter into any profession or calling, be it the Church, the Bar, the Army, the Navy, Civil Engineering, or the duties of the Counting-house; in short, any calling which a gentleman and a citizen of this free country might choose for himself, and might hope, by performing his duty in it, to confer advantages upon the country to which he owes so much. In one respect I find that the practice of the Portora School differs from the opinion of the Legislature, inasmuch as I find you do occasionally resort to Vote by Ballot, whereas a resolution to adopt the Ballot was negatived last night in the House of Commons. I assure you I rejoice to find that, in addition to all the historic renown of this old and loyal borough, and its associations with the military prowess of the country, it should have secured in Portora a home for the Sciences, and a haunt for the Muses. I seized with eagerness the opportunity that presented itself for coming here, because I do really feel anxious, in accordance with the sentiment that has been expressed by the excellent and accomplished Rector of this town, to employ the whole weight and effect of the high office which it is my honour to fill, in making it a testimony to the great work Mr. Steele is doing in this country. I thank all present very sincerely for the kind and hearty welcome which they have given me; and especially to you, my young friends, I would add to these thanks my most hearty wish and prayer for your credit in the world which you are now about to enter—your credit, and fame, and happiness in this world, and your lasting welfare beyond it.

APPENDIX VI.

*Shakspeare Tercentenary Festival—Characteristic Bill of Fare.**

THE following was the characteristic Bill, of Fare at the Tercentenary Festival of Shakspeare's birth, Stratford-on-Avon, April 19th, 1864, at which Lord Carlisle presided as Chairman.

Grace before meat was said by the Rev. G. Granville, Vicar of Stratford. Part of his prayer was in the words of Shakspeare—

"Now, good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both!"

"Ladies, a general welcome."—*Henry VIII.*, I. 4.

"Pray you bid these unknown friends to us welcome; for it is a way to make us better friends, more known."—*Winter's Tale*, IV., 3.

ROAST TURKEYS.

"Why, here he comes swelling like a turkey cock."—*Henry V.*, V. 1.

PEAFOWL.

"A very, very peacock."—*Hamlet*, III., 2.

ROAST FOWLS.

"There is a fowl without a feather."—*Comedy of Errors*, III. 1.

CAPONS.

"Item, a capon, 2s. 2d."—*I. Henry IV.*, II., 4.

DUCKS.

"O dainty duck!"—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, V., 7.

BOAR'S HEAD.

"Like a full-acorn'd boar."—*Cymbeline*, II., 5.

YORK HAMS.

"Sweet stem from York's great stock."—*I. Henry VI.*, II., 5.

TONGUES.

"Silence is only commendable in a neat's tongue, dried."—*Merchant of Venice*, I., 1.

FRENCH RAISED PIES.

"They are both baked in that pie."—*Titus Andronicus*, V., 3.

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* See page 125.

MAYONAISE OF SALMON.

"Epicurean cooks sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite."—*Anthony and Cleopatra*, II., 2.

MAYONAISE OF LAMB.

"Was never gentle lamb more mild."—*Richard II.*, II., 1.

BRAISED LAMB AND BEEF.

"What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?
A dish that I do love to feed upon."—*Taming of the Shrew*, IV., 3.

ROAST LAMB.

"Come you to seek the lamb here?"—*Measure for Measure*, V., 1.

GALANTINES OF TURKEYS AND FOWLS.

"The Turkish preparation."—*Othello*, I., 3.

DRESSED LOBSTERS AND CRABS.

"There's no meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such a feast."—*Timon of Athens*, I. 2.

POTTED MEATS.

"Mince it sans remorse."—*Timon of Athens*, IV., 3.

POTTED LAMPERNS AND LAMPREYS.

"From the banks of Wye and sandy-bottom'd Severn."—*I. Henry IV.*, III., 1.

ASPICES OF EELS, SOLES, AND SALMON.

"Cry to it, nuncle, as the Cockney did to the eels when she put them i' the paste alive."—*Lear*, II., 4.

DESSERT CAKES, JELLIES, AND CREAMS.

"The queen of curds and cream."—*Winter's Tale*, IV., 3.

TOURTES, MERINGUES, AND CHARLOTTES DE RUSSE.

"They call for dates and quinces in the pastry."—*Romeo and Juliet*, IV., 4.

BEEHIVES.

"For so work the honey bees."—*Henry V.*, I. 2.

FRUIT.

"Hercules did shake down mellow fruit."—*Coriolanus*, IV., 6.

DINNER ROLLS.

"The roll! where's the roll?"—*II. Henry IV.*, III., 2.

DRESSED POTATOES.

"Let the sky rain potatoes."—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, v., 5.

BITTER ALE.

"And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour:
Drink, and fear not your man."—*II. Henry VI.*, II. 3.

CHAMPAGNE, HOCK, CLARET, PORT, AND SHERRY.

"He calls for wine; 'a health,' quoth he."—*Taming of the Shrew*, III., 2.

APPENDIX VII.

Sermon preached by his Grace RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D. D., *Archbishop of Dublin, in the Parish Church of Stratford-upon-Avon, on Sunday, April* 24, 1864, *at the Celebration of the Tercentenary of Shakspeare's Birth.*

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights."—JAMES, i. 17.

IT has, I think, been devised wisely and well that the services of to-day should stand, if possible, in some connexion with the celebrations which will fill up the remainder of the week. You, who have sought that such a connexion should exist, have thus declared many things. You have declared, first, that you have no intention or desire to separate the gift from the giver—to glorify the one, and to forget or leave out of sight the other—to make much of man at the expense of Him who is the God of man, and from whom all the wit, wisdom, intelligence, or goodness that any man has ever possessed, originally came; being, as these are and must be, little fragments, so to speak, of the divine heart or mind. You have declared that for you, in the words so opportunely occurring in the service of this morning, "*every* good gift is from above, from the Father of lights;" so truly the Father of all lights, that each other lesser light can only have been derived from his, and must have been kindled first at his authentic fires.

Nor less do you declare that, as all things come of Him, so we are bound to render unto Him thanks for all; and if for the magnificence of that earth which He has framed for man's dwelling-place, for the hills which He has set so fast with his power, for "the brave overhanging firmament fretted with golden fires;" so it behoves us first and chiefly to praise Him for his most ex-

cellent creature man, "the beauty of the world," the crown of things, the first-fruits of his creatures; and if for man, then most of all for those men who marvellously transcend their fellows, who, "framed in the prodigality of nature," or of grace, reveal to us the possibilities of greatness or of goodness which are in man. Yes, apart from all the pleasure or profit which we may have of these, we are bound to praise Him that He has given such gifts unto men, shown them capable of receiving the same; for such is the fellowship of our race, so intimately are we bound up with one another, that what is given to one may in some sort be considered as given to all, and from that one, glory and honour to redound to all.

It has then, doubtless, been well imagined that the sacred services of to-day, in nothing abating their spiritual character, should yet blend themselves, as harmoniously they may, with the other more festal solemnities of the time. One thing only I could willingly have desired—namely, that on some other, less unequal to the occasion, had devolved the task of tracing the connexion between them, and of weaving the one into the other. But it is often our true humility to do what we are bidden, even while we know how imperfectly we shall do it—this rather than to withdraw from the proffered task in that pride which will not endure to attempt anything that it cannot hope to crown with a perfect success.

And then, once more—to speak, not of what Shakspeare has written, but what Shakspeare was—assuredly we owe him much for the connexion which he has shown may exist between the loftiest genius and the most perfect sobermindedness. He had for ever rendered absurd the notion that genius is of necessity irregular, unable to acquiesce in the ordinary conditions of human existence, or cheerfully to adapt itself to these. Doubtless it has often failed in this. There are too many to whom, whether by their own fault, or by some mysterious destiny, the very gifts of Heaven have been fatal. The shore of human life is strewn with no sadder wrecks than some which these have made: and not without abundant warrant did a poet of our own age sum up the lives of many who had gone before him—"the mighty poets *in their misery dead.*" Yes, mighty, but not the mightiest of all. He who towers above every other is memorable by all which we know of him for the even balance of all his faculties; for the equable and harmonious development of his whole being; for the unpretending simplicity which would not allow him to claim any exemptions, any immunities on the score of genius, for himself. In nothing eccentric, in nothing differing to the common eye from any other burgher of your town, he bought and sold in your streets; portioned his daughters; invested in prudent purchases the fruits of honourable toil; what he had thus fairly earned was prepared, if occasion required, to defend by such just help as the law afforded; shrunk from no humblest duty of every-day life; and

yet all the while knew himself, for he must have known it, the dear heir of a memory which the world should never let die.

You will be asked, before you leave this church to-day, to contribute to the restoring and beautifying of its chancel, in which the dust of Shakspeare, for it is even so near to us, mingles with the common clay. It will be a fit opportunity of testifying that it is not lip-homage only which you render to his name.

One fitness, indeed, I possess—namely, that I am not wholly unaware of the difficulties of my undertaking. To this I shall address myself now; only first on one or two points challenging your considerate forbearance.

Thus, if I *preach* about Shakspeare, and that method of treatment sound somewhat novel and unusual in your ears, you will still remember that this is the very thing which I am set to do; which thus in my office as a minister of Christ, and in His holy house, I could alone consent to do. And then, if in so doing I pass over innumerable aspects in which he presents himself to us, and contemplate him only upon one, though that, indeed, the most important of all, namely, the directly moral—it is not because others are indifferent to me, or as supposing them indifferent to you; but because here I have no right, as certainly I have no desire, to contemplate him in any other aspect than this.

What reason have we, then, to celebrate with a jubilee the fact that three hundred years ago Shakspeare was born? or, to put the question in the form and fashion which this hour and this house will naturally suggest, Why do we thank God, wherein have we just ground to praise Him, that such a man has been among us? what is there in his writings to render them an enduring benefit to us, a possession for ever; such as we feel makes us richer, wiser, and using it aright, better than we should have been without it? This is the question which I propose a little to consider this morning.

If, indeed, the literature of a nation were merely an amusement of the cultivated few, the ornament of their idler hours, then, what the fashion of it was, or what manner of men they were who formed it for us, would be of very slight importance indeed; could scarcely at the best afford matter for serious thanksgiving. We might desire that it should be graceful, as we should desire that the garniture of our houses or of our persons should be graceful, that it should entertain without corrupting: our desires could scarcely extend further. But a nation's literature is very much more than this. The work of its noblest and most gifted sons, the utterance of all which has been deepest and nearest to their hearts, it evokes and interprets the unuttered greatness which is latent in others, but which, except for them, would never have come to the birth. By it the mighty heart of a people may be animated and quickened to heroic enterprise and worthiest endeavour. With the breath of strong and purifying emotions it can stir to a healthy activity the waters

of a nation's life, which would else have stagnated, and putrefied, and corrupted. Having such offices, being capable of such effects as these, of what vast concern it is that it should deal with the loftiest problems which man's existence presents—solve them, so far as they are capable of solution here, point to a solution behind the veil where this only is possible; that, whatever it handles, things high or things low, things eternal or things temporal, spiritual or natural, it should be sound, should be healthy; clear, so far as possible, of offence; enlisting our sympathies on the side of the just, the pure, and the true! Of what supreme concern it is that those who so contribute, frame and fashion a nation's life should be men reconciled with God's scheme of the universe, cheerfully working in their own appointed sphere the work which has been assigned them there, accepting God's world, because it is His, with all its strange riddles and infinite perplexities, with all the burdens which it lays upon each one of us—not fiercely dashing and shattering themselves, like imprisoned birds, against the bars of their prison-house, or moodily nourishing in their own hearts, and in the hearts of others, thoughts of discontent, revolt, and despair!

Such a poet, I am bold to affirm, we possess in Shakspeare. For must we not, first of all, thankfully acknowledge a healthiness, a moral soundness in all, or nearly all, which he has written?—that on his part there is no paltering with the everlasting ordinances on which the moral estate of man's life reposes, no challenging of the fitness of these, no summoning of God to answer for Himself at the bar of man for the world which He has created? Then, too, if he deals with enormous crimes—and he could not do otherwise, for these, alike in fiction and in reality, constitute the tragedy of life—yet the crimes which he deals with travel the common road of human guilt, with no attempt upon his part to extend and enlarge the domain of possible sin; and certainly with no desire to paint it in any other colours than its own. He dallies not with forbidden things. All which the Latins, with so just a moral instinct, styled *infanda* and *nefanda*, things not to be spoken of any more than to be done, these, which thus declare themselves unutterable, remain with rarest exception unuttered by him.

And in his dialogue, if we set him beside those of his age and time, how little, by comparison with them, is there which we wish away from him, would fain that he had never written! There are some of his contemporaries whose jewels, when they offer such, must be plucked out of the very mire; who seem to revel in loathsome and disgusting images, all which, for poor human nature's sake, we would willingly put out of sight altogether! What an immeasurable gulf in this matter divides him from them! while of that which we *must* regret even in him, a part we have a right to ascribe to an age, I will not say of less purity, but of less refinement, and coarser than our

own ; and of that which cannot be thus explained, let us at all events remark how separable almost always it is from the context, leaving, when thus separated, all which remains perfectly wholesome and pure. There are writers—but he is not one of them—whose evil is inwoven with the texture of their writings, the very web and woof of these ; writers who defile everything which they touch ; for whom, and ere long for whose readers, nothing is pure, one foul exhalation and miasma of corruption presently enveloping them both.

But Shakspeare, if he has wrought any passing wrong, or given any just occasion of offence in the matters of which we speak, let us not forget the compensations which he has made—that we owe to him those ideals of perfect womanhood, which are the loveliest, perhaps the most transcendent creations of his art. Shakspeare's women—we have but to mention them, and what a procession of female forms, whose very names make music in our ears, move at once before the eyes of our mind! Surely, if the woman be in God's intention the appointed guardian of the sanctities of home, the purities of domestic life, we owe him much who has peopled the world of our imagination with shapes "so perfect and so peerless" as are these. True it is that we want far more than art, far more than the highest which art can yield, to keep us holy, to preserve us from the sin of our own hearts, from the sin of the world around us ; and there is no more fatal mistake than to forget this. Neither dare we affirm of Shakspeare himself that he was always true to those ideals of female loveliness which he had created, that he never broke faith with them. We have evidence—he himself supplies it—evidence, as I think not to be gainsaid, that there was a period of his life when he laid up much matter of after-sorrow and self-reproach for himself, in his own wonderful words, "gored his own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear ;" for what so dear as innocency and self-respect?—he, too, a diamond only to be polished in its own dust ; and, like so many a meaner man, making in one part of his life work of repentance for another. But with all this we dare affirm an habitual delight in the purest, the noblest, and the fairest on the part of one who, in the workshop of his imagination, forged a Miranda and an Imogen. "Filth savours but itself," feeds, and would fain lead others to feed, on the garbage in which alone it finds pleasure. Of Shakspeare be it said that he who has painted his long gallery of women holy, and pure, and good, walking in fearless chastity through the world, has painted, in anything like full length, only one wanton woman throughout all the ample range of his art, and her only for scorn and contempt.

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But once more—Shakspeare has been found fault with by the critics of

the last century, that, as they complain, "he seems to write without any moral purpose," that he "makes no just distribution of good or evil." It is a shallow view of art, as of life, which could alone have given birth to this accusation. It is true that the moral intention of Shakspeare's poetry does not lie on the surface, is not obtruded; it may and will often escape the careless reader. But it is there, lying deep as do nearly all the lessons which God teaches us through our own lives, or through the lives of others. To no one of the uninspired writers of the world has it been granted, I believe, so strongly to apprehend, so distinctly to make visible, that men reap as they have sown, that the end lies in the beginning, that sooner or later, "the wheel will come full circle," and "the whirligig of time bring round its revenges." Who else makes us so, and with such a solemn awe, to feel that justice walks the world—"delaying," it may be, but "not forgetting," as is ever the manner with the Divine avengers? Even faults comparatively trivial, like that of Cordelia, he does not fail to show us what a train of sorrows, for this life at least, they may entail. Certainly we shall look in vain in him, as we look in vain through the moral universe, for that vulgar distribution of rewards and punishments in which some delight; neither is death, which may be an euthanasia, the divine cutting of some tangled knot which no human skill could ever have untied—not death, but dishonoured life, is, in his estimate, the worst of ills. So, too, if we would recognise these footsteps of God in the world, this Nemesis of life, which he is so careful to trace, we must watch his slightest hints, for in them lies oftentimes the key to, and the explanation of, all. In this, if I may say it with reverence, he often reminds us of Scripture, and will indeed repay almost any amount of patient and accurate study which we may bestow upon him. Let me illustrate what I say. They are but a few idle words dropt at random, which, in the opening scene of "King Lear," make only too evident that Gloster had never looked back with serious displeasure at the sin of his youth, which stood embodied before him in the person of his bastard son; that he still regarded it with complacency, rolled it as a sweet morsel under his tongue. This son, his whole being corroded, poisoned, turned to gall and bitterness, by the ever-present consciousness of the cleaving stain of his birth, is made the instrument to undo him, or rather to bring him through bitterest agonies, through the wreck and ruin of his whole worldly felicity, to a final repentance. Indeed, for once Shakspeare himself points the moral in those words, so often quoted, but not oftener than they deserve:—

> "The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
> Make instruments to plague us."

But for this once that he points the moral of a life, a hundred times he leaves us to point it; as indeed is almost always the manner in that Book of books,

which, like Joseph's kingly sheaf, stands up in the midst of the field, that even the chiefest among the others may make obeisance to it.

Let me note, in connexion with what has just been spoken, that the ideal characters of his art, just as the real characters of actual life, never stand still. They are rising or falling, growing better or growing worse, and ripening thus for their several dooms. Some we behold working out their lives into greater clearness and nobleness, making steps of their dead selves by which they are mounting to higher things. Summoned to the more stern and serious business of life, or brought into the school of adversity, we see them taking shame to themselves that they have played the truant hitherto, learning to look at life as something more than a jest, girding themselves in earnest to its tasks and toil, and leaving for ever behind them the frivolity and the vanity, it may be the folly and the sin, in which hitherto their years were spent. There is no dearer argument with Shakspeare than this, nor one to which he oftener returns.

And then, on the other side, he shows us them who will not use aright the discipline of life, who welcome and allow those downward-dragging temptations which beset us all; these waxing worse and worse, forfeiting what good they once possessed, strengthening in their evil, and falling from one wickedness to another. He shows us a Macbeth, met in that most dangerous hour, the hour of his success, giving place to the devil, allowing the wicked suggestion of the Evil One room in his heart, and then the dread concatenation of crime, one ever drawing on, and in a manner rendering necessary, another, till the end is desolation and despair, the blackness of darkness for ever. Where, I sometimes ask myself as I read, where is there a sermon on the need of resisting temptations at the outset, of treading out the sparks of hell before they have set on fire the whole course of nature, like that?

I will only ask you, as you prepare your offering, each to imagine to himself this England of ours without her Shakspeare; in which he had never lived or sung. What a crown would be stricken from her brow! how would she come down from the pre-eminence of her place as nursing mother of the foremost poet whom the world has seen, whom, we are almost bold to prophesy, it ever will see! Think how much poorer intellectually, yea, and morally, every one of us would be; what would have to be withdrawn from circulation, of wisest sayings, of profoundest maxims of life-wisdom, which have now been absorbed into the very tissue of our hearts and minds! what regions of our fancy, peopled now with marvellous shapes of strength, of grace, of beauty, of dignity, with beings which have far more reality for us than most of those whom we meet in our daily walk, would be empty and depopulated! And remember that this which we speak of would not be our loss alone, or the loss of those who have lived already, but the disappearance as well of all that de-

light, of all that instruction, which, so long as the world endures, he will diffuse in circles ever larger, as the recognition of him in his unapproachable greatness becomes every day more unquestioned, as he moves in the ages which are yet to come, "through ever wider avenues of fame."

But of this enough. Cease we from man. Let no word be uttered by us here, which shall even seem to imply that the praise and honour, the admiration and homage, which a man may receive from his fellows, are or can be the best, the crowning glory of life. Good they are; but they are not the best. Few, in the very nature of things, can be those illustrious sons of memory, dwelling apart from their fellows on the mountain peaks of their solitary grandeur, and dominating from these their own age and the ages to come. To very few it can be granted, that their names shall resound through the centuries, that men shall make long pilgrimages to the place of their birth, gather up the smallest notices of them as infinitely precious, chide an incurious age which suffered so much about them, that would have been priceless to us, to perish for ever, or celebrate with secular solemnities the returning period of their birth. All this must be the heritage of the fewest; but because such, it cannot be the best of all; for a righteous God would never have put his best and fairest beyond the reach of well-nigh all among his children. This is not the best. That is the best which all may make their own, those with the smallest gifts as certainly as those with the greatest—faithfully to fulfil humble duties; to follow Christ, it may be by lowliest paths, unseen of men, though seen of angels, and approved of God; and so to have names written, not on earth, but in heaven; not on the rolls of earthly fame, but in the Lamb's book of life. For, brethren beloved, I should be untrue to that solemn trust which I bear, untrue to those responsibilities from which I can never divest myself, if I did not remind you, above all if I did not remind you on such a day as this, that goodness is more than greatness, and grace than gifts; that men attain to heaven, not soaring on the wings of genius, but patiently climbing by the stairs of faith, and love, and obedience; that the brightest crowns, if all their brightness is of earth, and none from heaven, are doomed to wither; that there is but one amaranthine crown, even that which Christ gives to them, be they high or low, wise or simple, emperors or clowns, who have loved, and served, and obeyed Him.

This crown they have obtained, the serious and sage poets, who have consecrated their divine faculty to the service of Him who lent it. For myself, I am strong to believe that from one so gentle, so tender, so just, so true, as was Shakspeare, the grace to make this highest consecration was not withholden—that we have a right to number him with Dante, with Spenser, with Milton, and that august company of poets

"Who sing, and singing in their glory move."

His intimate, in some sense his profound acquaintance with Scripture, no one can deny, or the strong grasp which he had of its central truths. He knew the deep corruption of our fallen nature, the desperate wickedness of the heart of man; else he would never have put into the mouth of a prince of stainless life such a confession as this:—"I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me, . . . with more offences at my beck than I have words to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in." He has set forth the scheme of our redemption in words as lovely as have ever flowed from the lips of uninspired man:—

> "Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once,
> And He that might the vantage best have took
> Found out the remedy."

He has put home to the holiest here their need of an infinite forgiveness from Him who requires truth in the inward parts:—

> "How would you be,
> If He, which is the top of judgment, should
> But judge you as you are?"

He was one who was well aware what a stewardship was his own in those marvellous gifts which had only been intrusted to him; for he has himself told us:—

> "Heaven does with us as we with torches do—
> Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
> Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
> As if we had them not."

And again he has told us that

> "Spirits are not finely touched
> But for fine issues;"

assuredly not ignorant how finely his own had been touched, and what would be demanded from him in return. He was one who certainly knew that there is none so wise that he can "circumvent God;" and that for a man, whether he be called early or late,

> "Ripeness is all."

Who shall persuade us that he abode outside of that holy temple of our faith, whereof he has uttered such glorious things—admiring its beauty, but not himself entering to worship there? One so real, so truthful, as all which we learn about Shakspeare declares him to have been, assuredly fell in with no idle form of words, when in that last testament which he dictated so shortly before his death, he first of all, and before all, commended his soul to God his

Creator; and this (I quote his express words), "hoping and assuredly believing through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting."

Yes, brethren, he has shown us here the one gate of heaven, and there is no other gate by which man may enter there.

APPENDIX VIII.

Mechanics' Institutions (Yorkshire)—LORD MORPETH'S *Addresses.*

[THESE institutions were designed for the instruction of the working classes, and to supply the want of that early school training, which the more wealthy classes receive.

The chief and primary mention was to give instruction in natural and mechanical philosophy, and the rules and principles of the various arts connected with their avocations.

Dr. Berkbeck, of Glasgow, was the first originator. They were first established in 1800.

In the progress of time it was found necessary to render these institutions more popular by delivering lectures on music, poetry, and light literature.

Lord Carlisle was one of the first to apply himself with energy to the desired object for which these institutions were formed—the education and refinement of the working population, and for many years delivered in the several mechanics' institutes of Yorkshire, and furnished a bright example of an English nobleman endeavouring to elevate the tone and sympathies of the working people of England.

In all his lectures, the cultivation of our higher nature by means of the fine arts and literature is strongly urged.

In this work some of Lord Carlisle's lectures are given. However, the following passages—the first addressed to the Leeds Mechanics' Institute, the other to the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institute at Wakefield—in which he exhorts the working men to perseverence in the pursuit of refined knowledge, and encourages them by numerous instances of successful mental cultivation by men sprung from the working classes, who, by their inventions and scientific attainments vastly contributed to human advancement—are expressed in natural and familiar terms, and are most impressive.]

LORD MORPETH'S ADDRESSES TO THE LEEDS MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

[*Extract.*]

I believe there is scarcely anything which might not be attained, if we could only one and all of us determine to rise up to what we might be. If it could only be felt thoroughly by every one of us, no matter how humble his place, or how contracted his sphere, that each one has his own appointed work and mission—not, assuredly, by indulging in any puffed-up opinion of his own capacity, and endeavouring to escape from his natural place or his allotted business, but by constant and conscientious perseverance, in which he might do much, very much, to smoothe all the troubled elements of the daily life around him, and to aid the general welfare and advancement of his species. I believe that there is nothing at once so ambitious, and yet so humble, as duty; and it is the true, the practical, the Christian philosophy, to endeavour rightly to apportion and attemper the ambition and the humility. It is because I believe that labour affords the main occasion and chief exercise-ground of duty, and because I see what labour has already done, and stretch my eyes forward to the yet greater things which it has to do in the world, that I said that, if I had lived in the olden times, I should have been ready to build temples and altars in its name. But when I give thi merited praise to labour, I believe, at the same time, that, with a view to the interests of labour itself, with a view to its vigorous, and permanent, and cheerful exercise, we ought not to exact too excessive and engrossing a service; but that breaks and relaxations are desirable, and salutary, and even necessary to its own proper development and support. It is, therefore, that I love to read occasionally of the expeditions made by the monster trains which convey large numbers far away from the smoke and confinement of their own streets and shops, to see whatever may be worthy of note, upon the many points of that great network of railways by which we are in the process of being surrounded—to the crowded quays of Liverpool, or the gothic aisles of York; and I should not repine—let me say it with the peace of Mr. Wordsworth—if a protracted line of railway should, on some sunny afternoon, carry a large bevy of the tradesmen of Leeds to the soft margin of Windermere or Ullswater. It is on the same ground that it has given me peculiar pleasure to have the privilege of witnessing and sharing the celebration of this evening, in the midst of such a community as I have already adverted to, and in the presence of such a company as that which I now see around me. It has, indeed, fallen to my lot often to be present at what are termed fashionable amusements in various quarters of the globe, and I have always found that they are pretty much the same thing wherever in the world it might be—whether

amongst the courtier circles of St. Petersburgh, or the Republican dandies of New York. I do not mean to assume any very severe moralizing tone with respect to the attempts of people to amuse or enliven themselves; but I must say that I have generally found these very polished amusements to be rather listless, unmeaning, and unsatisfying things, where people seemed to come because they had nothing better to do, and to find it a great relief when it was time to go away. But an assembly like this, confined to no class or walk in life, comprising very many of what are termed the middle and labouring classes of society, those who keep the business of daily life really going, brought and kept together by no other tie than the love of knowledge, the wish to attain it and to communicate it, to acquire for themselves, and to dispense to others, the reciprocal benefits of instruction and advancement—this, to say nothing of its being more useful and more ennobling, seems to me a far fresher, livelier, heartier thing, than the high-flying entertainments I have adverted to—the morning battu or the midnight polka.

LORD MORPETH'S ADDRESS TO THE YORKSHIRE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, WAKEFIELD, MAY, 1844.

In your busy and engrossing occupations, toiling at your daily task, and for your daily bread, you may certainly be without those opportunities and aids to advancement in study or in discovery which belong to studious ease, or to learned leisure. But it is not from these quarters that the most brilliant contributions to human advancement have been always made; it was not from these classes that Watt, or Brindley, or Fulton, or Burns, or Chantrey came. In my travels on the great continent of North America, I chanced to fall in with a blacksmith in one of the interior states, who, while he most assiduously performed all the requirements of his calling, accomplished the mastery of, so as to be perfectly able to read, about fifty languages. I have just put down an extract which was made from the journal of this blacksmith linguist; it is a diary of his daily business for five days, taken by chance in the course of the year. The extract is from the commonplace book of Elihu Burritt, in 1838. "June 5th. Read fifty lines of Hebrew; thirty-seven of Celtic; six hours of forging. June 6th. Read thirty-seven lines of Hebrew, forty of Celtic; six hours of forging. June 7th. Read sixty lines of Hebrew, sixty lines of Celtic; fifty-four pages of French, twenty names of stars; five hours of forging. June 8th. Read fifty-one lines of Hebrew, fifty lines of Celtic, forty pages of French, fifteen names of stars; eight hours of forging. June 10th (Sunday). Read a hundred lines of Hebrew, eighty-five pages of French, four services at church, Bible-class at noon." For many days he was unwell, and sometimes worked twelve hours at the forge; so that it seems that he did not come within the "ten hours" bill. Now, lest you should be tempted to

think that the concerns of his handicraft interfered with or were prejudicial to his course of study, I shall subjoin a remark which was made with respect to him by Mr. Combe, the eminent phrenologist, who travelled in America, and who gave the greatest attention to the developments of the human head and to the conditions of human health. Mr. Combe says—"One thing is obvious, that the necessity for forging saved this student's life; if he had not been forced by necessity to labour, he would in all probability have devoted himself so incessantly to his books that he would have ruined his health, and been carried to a premature grave."

APPENDIX IX.

Memorial to Lord Carlisle.

A preliminary meeting was held at Malton, pursuant to requisition, on the 22nd June, 1865, for the purpose of erecting a suitable memorial.

Mr. John Hopkins, Borough Bailiff, in the Chair.

The following resolution, moved by Mr. E. V. Harcourt; seconded by the Rev. W. Carter; was unanimously adopted:—

"That although a considerable time has elapsed since the death of the lamented Earl of Carlisle, this meeting considers that the feelings of respect for, and admiration of, his many noble and excellent qualities have not in the smallest degree abated; and that it is desirable to give expression to those feelings by some enduring monument to his lordship's goodness and kindness of heart, that future generations of his lordship's own family, and also those who may hereafter see the memorial, may be stimulated in their endeavours to imitate so praiseworthy an example, by pursuing a similar life of usefulness to their fellow-men."

It was also resolved that a district committee be formed to co-operate with the other district Committees to be formed for the same object; and, finally, proposed that a general meeting of the county should be held.

Arrangements being made, and a requisition signed by most of the noblemen, and by the most distinguished landed proprietors, a general meeting of the county of York was held in November, to concert measures, and adopt the best mode of proceeding, in order "to commemorate the public and private virtues of the deceased nobleman."

GREAT MEETING IN YORKSHIRE.

This influential and numerous assembly of the nobility and gentry of the county was held at York.

Earl FITZWILLIAM presided.

The noble Chairman, in introducing the object of the meeting, said—He was glad to see the ridings of the county of York so well represented. They all admired Lord Carlisle's character, and he hoped as Yorkshiremen, and as Englishmen, they would raise a memorial worthy of him, and that that memorial would be placed in the most suitable situation that could be selected.

The first resolution—

"That this meeting, composed of gentlemen holding various political views, unite in paying a tribute of their respect to the eminent virtues and noble qualities which marked the public and private character of the late Earl of Carlisle, the conscientious fidelity with which he served his Sovereign and his country, his active zeal in advancing religious education and every social improvement, his large benevolence and philanthropy, his true piety, and those personal qualities which endeared him to all classes of his countrymen; and the meeting desire to record their sense of the great loss which his friends and the country have sustained in his death"—

was proposed by the Earl of ZETLAND; seconded by Earl CATHCART, and supported by Lord WENLOCK.

The Archbishop of YORK proposed the next resolution:—

"That in order to perpetuate a life so nobly and usefully spent, it is desirable to erect some lasting memorial which shall testify the affectionate regard of his contemporaries, and extend the benefit of his example to posterity."

The Archbishop said—Lord Carlisle continually cultivated those rare and refined powers with which he was gifted, and raised himself even higher and higher in the knowledge of good works, and in the use of them. . . . . In every case his voice was lifted up in behalf of some plan connected with the advancement of mankind, the education of the young, the reclamation of the criminal, and the general civilization of the human race. And it had been well said that it was that real sympathy which characterized the man, that was the leading feature in his character. . . . To hand down the example of Lord Carlisle to posterity was a good thing. They would find few like him. He was a man of such a high and pure temper, so incapable of resentment, so full of refinement of mind, and such intense necessitude for loving, that perhaps there would not be one man in a century that should come near him. And therefore it was a good thing that the noblemen and gentlemen of the country should meet to commemorate one that was indeed noble and gentle in the truest and highest sense of the words.

Lord HOUGHTON, in seconding the resolution, said—He had known Lord Carlisle during the whole of his (Lord Houghton's) political life. He knew him first at a time when they differed very much in opinion, but perhaps at a time when Lord Carlisle won his best and truest laurels as member for the West Riding. And he must recall to their recollection that at that time it was difficult to say which was most prominent in his character—his zeal for his friends, or his tolerance for his opponents. That was the legitimate consequence of the extreme amiability of character, which he thought it well for all of them to honour in the somewhat hard school of English statesmanship. It was no easy thing for a man to keep alive his sympathies, and to be at once an active and powerful Minister, and a sympathizing friend of his fellow-men.

These resolutions were unanimously adopted. Other resolutions of a formal nature for carrying out the objects of the meeting being passed,

A vote of thanks to Earl Fitzwilliam for presiding on the occasion was moved by F. MILBANK, Esq., M. P.; and seconded by Sir GEORGE STRICKLAND CHOLMELEY, who alluded to the late Earl as a philanthropist, and spoke of the most striking and eloquent passages in everything he said or wrote, one of which he quoted as being expressive of his Lordship's delight on seeing a slave from the deck of the ship in which he was sailing make a splendid leap on to the shore of Canada—the land of freedom and of British liberty.

APPENDIX X.

Transatlantic Telegraph.

"THE *pathway to great achievements has frequently to be hewn out amidst risks and difficulties. Preliminary failure is ever the law and condition of ultimate success. In the very design and endeavour to establish the Atlantic Telegraph there is almost enough of glory.*"—LORD CARLISLE at the Déjeuner at Valentia, 4th August, 1857.

This great enterprise his Lordship happily termed "a material link between the old world and the new," and invited the guests (amongst whom were a great many American citizens) to pledge themselves to eternal peace and lasting friendship.

5th August.—On this memorable day Lord Carlisle assisted in hauling the cable ashore, fervently exclaiming at the eventful moment—

"Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."

A few words of congratulation between the Queen and the American President passed along the electric wires, and augured well for the successful issue of the enterprise; but, alas! for human hopes and human aspirations, the electric current ceased to flow—the magic voice, remonstrant, faintly articulating some vague syllables, was heard no more.

The improvement in science and the application of new principles of construction will, no doubt, at some future and perhaps not distant period, crown this splendid design with complete fulfilment. The actual transmission of the Queen's message, and the President's reply, seem reasonably to warrant the presumption that a successful result will be ultimately attained; and that the noblest project of ancient or modern times—fully to develope and utilize to the utmost extent, for the welfare of mankind, the wonderful powers of electricity—will be finally and auspiciously accomplished.

APPENDIX XI.

York Minster.

On the restoration of York Minster after the fire in 1839, a public meeting was held in York, to consider whether the screen under the great tower should be removed.

EXTRACT FROM LORD MORPETH'S SPEECH ON THE OCCASION.

After some observations as to the right of the subscribers generally to express their opinions as to the reality and expediency of the suggested improvement, his Lordship proceeded:—

"The question, then, to which I now turn is—'*Whether the proposed removal would be an improvement.*'

"To the exclusively antiquarian part of the question I do not think it necessary for myself to advert: it is one to which, I own it frankly, I do not attach the same importance which is attached by others. All this part of the case has been investigated by persons whose opportunities, as well as abilities for research, are greater than any which could possibly be at my command; and I believe it to be satisfactorily made out that the present position of the screen is far from being the original position—far from being the position contemporary with the rest of the edifice. [No, no.] Well, it is at all events a matter of dispute and of opinion; but for this I should not so much care, even

if it had been the original contemporaneous position; further, even if were the uniform position of all existing screens in all existing cathedrals, which it decidedly is not, the variety of their position being infinite. But, allowing every claim and every hypothesis which the opponents of removal may advance, still, if it was satisfactorily made out that neither the stability of the general edifice nor the convenience of public worship would suffer—and we are assured by those most competent to inform us that they would not—then, these two essential and primary points being secured, if it should appear that an obvious improvement in the general effect would be accomplished by the removal of the screen, let it be removed. But then, in default of any particular objection to the removal, we have the grand general objection, 'Will you alter what has been so long admired?—will you venture to alter anything in so fine a building?' As to the propriety of not altering upon the sole ground of long standing, I fear it would be reckoned very petulant and irreverent to throw any slight upon the *old* wisdom of our ancestors' line of argument. I may just be permitted to observe that, however incompetent we poor degenerate moderns may be to execute anything like the splendid works of other days, still the very excellence of those works has enabled, and as it were educated, our eye to judge of the comparative merits, the comparative nearness to perfection which those works display. The same refined and accurate taste which enables Mr. Markham and Mr. Morritt so justly to glory in the matchless beauties of the Minster, may qualify another person to point out an obvious improvement in their disposition, which would enhance and heighten them. The question for consideration will always be, 'Is it an obvious improvement?' Again—'But the Minster is so very fine a building, that it is sacrilege itself to make any alteration.' I will put a parallel case. Mr. Markham is a travelled man, and we have often together admired the Church of St. Peter's, at Rome. Far from me be it to decide what style of architecture is best adapted to the purposes of religious worship. Some will declare for the clustering shafts and vaulted aisles of York; some, for the marble floors and golden roofs of the Vatican. Be that as it may, there can be less dispute that one is at the head of all Gothic—the other, of all Grecian or Roman ecclesiastical architecture. But it is well known that the exterior of St. Peter's is disfigured by a very heavy and ill-placed attic. Suppose some calamity like that of fire to have befallen that noble edifice; suppose that the means and munificence of the Roman world sufficed for its repair; and suppose, once more, that, in the course of the repair, it should appear that the vicious attic could be removed, and the full majesty of the vast dome be suffered to expand.—Should a Cardinal then step out and say, 'I am satisfied with the St. Peter's of my youth; I despair of making it better, and I will stand or fall by the attic'—I should think or speak most favourably of his zeal, but I should doubt in

this instance the practical wisdom of its application. The question, then—the only question—whither every separate point I take up steadily converges—is, whether the proposed removal would be an obvious improvement? This, of course, is a point in which one person cannot dictate to another. Every one must use his own eyes, form his own judgment, pronounce his own decision. I must avow, for my part, that my own examination of the plans, of the drawings, and the spot, leads me to the irresistible conclusion that the removal in question would be a great and manifest improvement. We have heard great admiration of the screen. With that admiration I am not disposed to quarrel; but I must, at the same time, observe that however great the merits of the screen may be—however elaborate and exquisite its workmanship and details may be—still, if they are brought into comparison with the general effect of the noble pillars of the centre, and the massive tower—consequently with the general effect of the whole building—they must at once give place; aye, even if the screen, instead of being moved twenty feet back, were to be totally lost to our sight; and I should say the same if it were ten times as beautiful as it confessedly is, if the materials had been ten times as precious, if the statues of the monarchs which adorn it had been each the work of Phidias or of Chantrey. Bring a stranger into York Minster—for it is by first and fresh impressions that all questions of general effect are best to be decided, and it is only the long-accustomed and satiated eye that condescends to the minute particulars;—place any enlightened stranger in any open spot of the Minster, and observe whether his admiration will be most riveted by the beautiful littlenesses of the screen, or by the bold, stately, palmlike spring of those centre columns, which form, in my mind, the main characteristics and attraction of the whole fabric:—

> 'Tho' the same sun, with all diffusive rays,
> Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze;
> We prize the stronger effort of his power,
> And justly set the gem above the flower.'

So it is pre-eminently in architecture. I must always prefer the awfully vast to the elegantly little. These are the chief reasons which have induced me to adopt the recommendation of Mr. Smirke, and to vote for the original motion. I hope that, in expressing them, I have adhered to my declared intention of doing so with all possible respect to my opponents, and to the meeting at large. I hope still more that, whatever the result may be, the irritation which, in the progress of the question, has arisen, will speedily subside, and totally disappear. There is a price at which even the beauties of the Minster would be bought too dearly. Hints, I know, have been thrown out that subscribers would re-demand their money. I cannot bring myself to feel great uneasiness on this head; I cannot but think that, when the agitation of

the contest shall have passed away, and when the finished work of our restored Minster shall be presented to the admiration which it will so justly claim, both on account of the public spirit which furnished the means, and of the admirable execution which has accomplished the work of restoration—very few will be found who will be willing to forego their own share in an undertaking which reflects so much credit on the liberality, the taste, I may even add, the piety of our countrymen."

APPENDIX XII.

Lord Carlisle *at Oxford.*

"The undergraduate body of Christ Church in my time contained more than one of our existing notabilities. We had also several members of the aristocracy who have since created a reputation for themselves, though under names which have since been merged in hereditary or acquired titles. Lord Derby, as Mr. Stanley, was of a former generation, though his fame was still vigorous. There were, however, the present Lord Stanley of Alderley, then Mr. Stanley; Mr. Robert Grosvenor, now Lord Ebury; and Lord Ashley, now Lord Shaftesbury. But by far the most distinguished of the aristocratic coterie was George Howard, who, as Lord Carlisle, has lately passed away from this earthly scene. In the year 1821 he became the *monstratus digito prætereuntium*, as the most successful competitor for both the undergraduate prizes. The subjects were 'Eleusis' and 'Pæstum;' and the latter was really a beautiful poem on the far-famed temples of Southern Italy, which made so great an impression on me, that I could even now recite it off by heart. I have a kindly remembrance of Howard, for he was always very civil to me. He bore an irreproachable character as an undergraduate, and united, to an extent remarkable in a young man, a dignified bearing with affable and amiable manners. I wrote for both the prizes which he gained, and each succeeding year for the Newdigate, which I never was so fortunate as to get."—*Personal Recollections of an Old Oxonian, from* "*The Month*" (Nov., 1865), Simpkin and Marshall.

Monumental Inscription in the Kilkenny Cathedral, written by Lord Morpeth, 1833.

WITHIN this hallowed aisle, 'mid grief sincere,
Friends, brothers, comrades laid young Howard's bier.
Gentle and brave, his country's arms he bore
To Ganges' stream, and Ava's hostile shore.
His God in war and shipwreck was his shield,
But stretched him lifeless on a peaceful field.
Thine are the times and ways, all-ruling Lord:
Thy will be done, acknowledged, and adored!

APPENDIX XIII.

Pedigree of the Family of HOWARD, EARLS OF CARLISLE.

THE following genealogy of Lord Carlisle is taken from a Genealogical and Heraldic Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage of the British Empire, by Sir Bernard Burke, LL. D., Ulster King at Arms:—

CARLISLE, EARL OF (William George Howard), Viscount Howard, of Morpeth, co. Northumberland; Baron Dacre, of Gillesland, senior co-heir of the Barony of Clifford, and co-heir to a moiety of the Barony of Greystock; in holy orders, Rector of Londesborough, co. York; *b.* 23 Feb. 1808; *s.* his brother as 8th Earl, 5 Dec. 1864.

LINEAGE.

LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, 2nd son of Thomas, 4th Duke of Norfolk, was restored in blood, by act of Parliament, in 1603, and having *m.* Elizabeth, dau. of Thomas, and sister and co-heir of George, Lord Dacre, of Gillesland, became in her right proprietor of Naworth Castle, in Cumberland, the ancient seat of the Dacre family. His lordship acquired also, in the same manner, Hinderskelle, the site of Castle Howard. He had *inter alios*

I. PHILIP (Sir), *m.* Margaret, dau. of Sir John Carryl, of Hastings, in Sussex; and dying before his father, left, with other issue, WILLIAM, who *s.* his grandfather.

II. FRANCIS (Sir), of Corby Castle, in Cumberland, ancestor of the HOWARDS, *of Corby*.

Lord William, who was warden of the western marches, and known by the name of Bald Willy, or Belted Will Howard, *d.* in 1640, and was *s.* by his grandson,

Sir William Howard, Knt., who *m.* Mary, eldest dau. of William, Lord Eure, by whom he had several children; of his daus., Mary, *m.* Sir Jonathan Atkins, Knt., and from this marriage derive the families of Atkins, *of Fountainville, Firevill, &c.*, co. Cork (*see* Burke's *Landed Gentry*), and was *s.* by his eldest surviving son,

Charles Howard, who was created, 20 April, 1661, *Baron Dacre, of Gillesland, Viscount Howard of Morpeth*, and Earl of Carlisle. His lordship was subsequently ambassador to the Czar of Muscovy, and deputed to carry the ensigns of the order of the Garter to Charles XI., King of Sweden, from which latter mission returning, he was installed as his Majesty's proxy at Windsor. He was afterwards made Governor of Jamaica. He *m.* Anne, dau. of Edward Lord Howard, of Escrick, by whom (who *d.* 1696) he had issue,

Edward, his successor.

Frederick Christian, *b.* in Denmark, 5 Nov. 1664, slain at the siege of Lutzemburgh, and buried in Westminster Abbey 11 Oct. 1664.

Mary, *m.* to Sir John Fenwick, Bart., who was executed for high treason 27th Jan., 1697. She *d.* 27 Oct., 1708.

Anne, *m.* to Sir Richard Graham, Bart., Viscount Preston.

Catharine, *d. unm.*, and buried in Westminster Abbey, 11 Oct., 1684, The Earl *d.* 24 Feb. 1686, and was *s.* by his son,

Edward, 2nd Earl; who *m.* Elizabeth, dau. and co-heir of Sir William Uvedale, of Wickham, Hants, and relict of Sir William Berkely, Knt., and was *s.* 23 April, 1692, by his only surviving son (his only dau. Mary *d. unm.*),

Charles, 3rd Earl. This nobleman filled the high offices of First Lord of the Treasury, Constable of the Tower, and Governor of Windsor Castle. His lordship *m.* Anne, dau. of Arthur, 1st Earl of Essex; and dying 1 May, 1738, was *s.* by his eldest son,

Henry, 4th Earl, K. G., *b.* in 1694; who *m.* 1st, 27th Nov., 1717, Lady Frances Spencer, dau. of Charles, 3rd Earl of Sunderland, and heir of her mother, Arabella, one of the co-heirs of Henry Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, by whom he had with three sons (who all died in the lifetime of the Earl), two daus., viz.,

Arabella, *m.* to Jonathan Cope, Esq., son and heir of Sir Jonathan Cope, Bart., of Brewerne Abbey, co. Oxford, to whom her ladyship conveyed the seat and manor of Overton-Longueville, part of the Newcastle estate, and *d.* in 1746.

DIANA, *m.* to Thomas Duncombe, Esq., of Helmesley, co. York, and *d.* in 1770.

His lordship *m.* 2ndly, 8 June, 1743, Isabella, dau. of William, 4th Lord Byron, by whom (who *d.* 22 Jan. 1795) he had,

FREDERICK, 5th Earl.

Anne.

Frances, *m.* in 1768 to John Radcliffe, Esq., and *d.* in April, 1808.

Elizabeth, *m.* 1st, in 1769, to Peter Delmé, Esq.; and 2ndly, 13th Jan., 1794, to Captain Charles Garnier, R. N., who was unfortunately drowned, 16 Dec. 1796. Her ladyship *d.* in June, 1813.

Juliana.

The Earl *d.* 4 Sept. 1758, and was *s.* by his son,

FREDERICK, 5th Earl; *b.* 28 May, 1748, elected a Knight of the Thistle in 1768, and installed a Knight of the Garter in 1793. His lordship *m.* in March, 1770, Margaret Caroline, dau. of Granville-Leveson, 1st Marquess of Stafford, K. G., and by her ladyship (who *d.* 27 Jan. 1824), had issue,

I. GEORGE, 6th Earl.

II. William, *b.* 25 Dec. 1781; *d.* 25 Jan. 1843.

III. Frederick, *b.* in 1785; major of hussars, killed at Waterloo; left issue by Frances Susan,* his wife, only dau. of William Henry Lambton, Esq., of Lambton Hall, an only son,

FREDERICK JOHN, Private Secretary to the Earl of Carlisle, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, *b.* 1 March, 1814; *m.* 1 July, 1837, Lady Fanny Cavendish, sister of the Duke of Devonshire, and has issue, 1. William Frederick, *b.* 26 June, 1838; 2. George Francis, *b.* 28 April, 1840; 3. Frederick Compton, *b.* 23 Jan. 1847; 4. Alfred John, *b.* 14 Oct. 1848; 5. Gerald Richard, *b.* 7 Nov. 1853; 1. Louisa Blanche; 2. Margaret Fanny; 3. Edith Susan Louisa.

IV. Henry Edward John, D. D., Prebendary of York, Dean of Lichfield, and Rector of Donington, co. Salop, *b.* 14 Dec. 1795; *m.* 13 July, 1824, Henrietta Elizabeth, dau. of Ichabod Wright, Esq., of Mapperley, co. Notts, and has,

1. George, *b.* 20 June, 1826, barrister-at law, *m.* in May, 1852, Marion, only child of Edward Southam, Esq., M. D., and widow of W. Leigh Bennett, Esq.
2. John Henry, Com. R. N., *b.* 30 Nov. 1827.
3. Edward Henry, Capt. R. N., *b.* 7 June, 1832.

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* She *m.* 2ndly, 16 June, 1819, Hon. H. F. C. Cavendish, and *d.* in 1840.

4. Charles John Henry, 71st Foot, *b.* 28 Sept., 1834; *m.* 3 July, 1862, Lilla, dau. of the late Captain E. L. Durrant, Madras army, and granddau. of George Durrant, Esq., of Tong Castle, Salop.
5. Henry Frederick, *b.* 9 Nov., 1844.

1 Julia Maria, *m.* 1 May, 1860, to the Rev. Peter S. King Salter, of Gorleston, Suffolk.
2. Charlotte Henrietta, *m.* 29 Sept., 1853, to the Hon. and Rev. Archibald George Campbell, 2nd son of the Earl of Cawdor.
3. Emily Georgiana.
4. Caroline Octavia.
5. Elizabeth Henrietta.

I. Caroline Isabella, *m.* to John, 1st Lord Cawdor, and *d.* in 1848.
II. Elizabeth, *m.* to John Henry, Duke of Rutland; and *d.* in 1825.
III. Gertrude, *m.* in 1806, to William Sloane Stanley, Esq., of Paultons, co. Hants, who *d.* 11 April, 1860.

The Earl, who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1780 to 1782, *d.* 4 Sept., 1825, and was *s.* by his son,

GEORGE, 6th Earl, K. G., Lord Lieutenant of the East Riding of Yorkshire; *b.* 17 Sept., 1773; *m.* 21 March, 1801, Georgiana, eldest dau. and coheir of William, 5th Duke of Devonshire, K. G., by whom (who *d.* 8 Aug., 1858) he had,

GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK, 7th Earl.

Frederick George, an officer in the army; *b.* 8 June, 1805; accidentally killed, 18 Nov. 1834.

WILLIAM GEORGE, present Earl.

Edward Granville George, Vice-Adm. R. N., *b.* 23 Dec. 1809; *m.* in 1842, Diana, only dau. of Hon. George Ponsonby.

Charles Wentworth George, *b.* 27 March, 1814; M. P. for E. Cumberland; *m.* 8 Aug. 1842, Mary, 2nd dau. of the Right Hon. Sir James Parke, Baron Wensleydale, late one of the Barons of the Exchequer, and by her (who *d.* 26 Aug. 1843) he has a son, George James, *b.* 12 Aug. 1843; *m.* 4 Oct., 1864, Rosalind Frances, youngest dau of Edward John, Lord Stanley of Alderley.

Henry George, late Secretary of Legation at Paris, *b.* 22 May, 1818; *m.* 29 May, 1845, Mary Wellesley, dau. of John Mc Tavish, Esq., of Montreal, which lady *d.* 21 Feb., 1850.

Caroline Georgiana, *m.* in 1823, to the Right Hon. W. S. S. Lascelles (2nd son of the Earl of Harewood), who *d.* 2 July, 1851.

Georgiana *m.* 7 March, 1822, to George James Welbore, 1st Lord Dover, who *d.* in July, 1833. She *d.* 17 March, 1860.

Harriet Elizabeth Georgiana, *m.* 27 May, 1823, to George Granville, Duke of Sutherland, K. G.

Blanche Georgiana, *m.* 6 Aug. 1829, to Lord Cavendish, now Duke of Devonshire, and *d.* 27 April, 1840.

Elizabeth Dorothy Anne Georgiana, *m.* 12 Aug. 1840, to the Hon. and Rev. Francis Richard Grey.

Mary Matilda Georgiana, *m.* 13 July, 1852, to the Right Hon. Henry Labouchere, now Lord Taunton.

The Earl *d.* 7 Oct., 1848, and was *s.* by his eldest son,

GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK, 7th Earl, K. G., P. C., a distinguished statesman, orator, and writer, who was *b.* 18 April, 1802. His lordship was Chief Secretary for Ireland from April, 1835, to September, 1841; Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests from July, 1846, to March, 1850; and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster from March, 1850, to Feb. 1852. The Earl was constituted 28 Feb. 1855, LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND, held that high office until 12 March, 1858, and was again appointed to it 18 June, 1859, and retired in 1864. This gifted, kind-hearted, and in every way excellent nobleman, who was one of the best and most popular viceroys Ireland ever had, was forced by ill-health to relinquish his government, and, to the general public regret, *d.* soon after, 5 Dec., 1864. He was never married, and was *s.* by his next surviving brother, WILLIAM GEORGE, 8th and present EARL OF CARLISLE.

Creation.—20 April, 1661.

Arms.—Quarterly of six: 1st, HOWARD, gu., on a bend, between six, cross-crosslets, fitchée, arg., an escocheon, or, charged with a demi-lion, rampant, pierced through the mouth within an arrow, within a double tressure flory-counterflory, of the first, a mullet for difference; 2nd, BROTHERTON, gu., three lions passant-guardant, in pale, or on a chief, a label of three points, arg.; 3rd, WARREN, chequy, or and az.; 4th, MOWBRAY, gu., a lion, rampant arg., armed and langued, az.; 5th, DACRE, gu., three escallops, arg.; 6th, GREYSTOCK, barry of six, arg. and az.; over all three chaplets, gu.

Crest.—On a chapeau, gu., turned up, erm. a lion, statant-guardant, the tail extended, or, ducally gorged, arg., a mullet, sa., for difference.

Supporters.—Dexter, a lion, arg., differenced with a mullet; sinister, a bull, gu., armed, unguled, ducally gorged, and lined, or.

Motto.—Volo, non valeo.

Seats.—Castle Howard, co. York; Naworth Castle, Cumberland.

APPENDIX XIV.

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'Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade;
Where grateful science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade.'

"How often to scattered old Etonians, amid the multiplied walks of busy life, and in all quarters of the globe, have these few simple descriptive lines, since they were first written, now above 100 years ago, recalled that well-remembered spot—that sward, green as any in all green England—those venerable elms, that appear, as they probably are, coeval with the grey towers to which their deep green lends its softening contrast—that more than classic stream, our own Father Thames, its clear waters, as yet pure of London sewage, unequalled even among mightier rivers for the beauty of its dimpling ripples; or, immediately above, those royal turrets of Windsor, looking the embodiment of British monarchy, ancient, gentle, strong: the whole scene, with all its accompaniments, tending to make even these early days of education, both in their actual experience, and in their abiding retrospect, romantic while they are careless, and conservative while they are expansive.

"I may mention, that I felt so strongly the kind of identification which this brief ode gives to the Muse of Gray with the memory of Eton, that upon a proposal being lately made, that a collection of busts of the principal worthies of Eton should be placed in the large schoolroom there, most of which were contributed by some of their descendants or connexions, I requested permission to present a bust of Gray, though certainly I could make out no plea of consanguinity, or any other but very sincere and fervent admiration."—LORD CARLISLE'S *Lecture on the Writings of Gray.*

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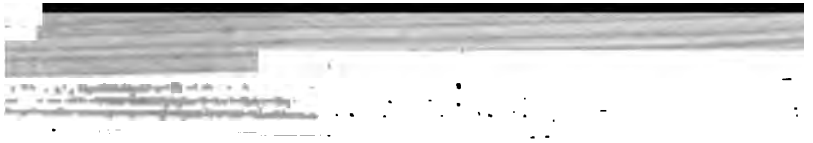

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ETC.,

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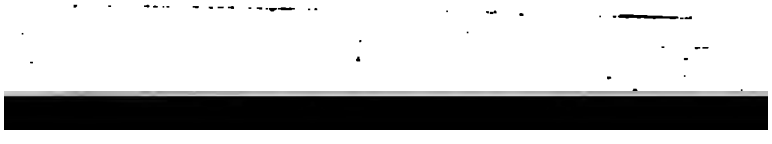
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